Liberty

MAY 5, 1945
10c

Frances Tipton Hunter

Book: A TIME TO DIE
Murder in Polite Society

JAPAN'S LAST HOPE:
Suicide Squads

First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Reserve
RESERVE
THREE FEATHERS
Blended Whiskey
RESERVE

Enjoy this fine Whiskey . . .

AT ITS PRE-WAR BEST!

Rare pre-war *whiskies in Three Feathers are skillfully blended with the choicest American grain neutral spirits. Three Feathers . . . at its pre-war best . . . is deservedly termed "First Among Fine Whiskies". Try it today!

Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., N. Y. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. *The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits.

FEATHER YOUR NEST . . . HOLD THE WAR BONDS YOU BUY!

TYPICAL EVIDENCE FROM OUR FILES

50,000 MILES — A Goodyear synthetic tire on my cab has now run approximately 50,000 miles with two recaps on it. It went over 25,000 miles before the first recap was necessary.

John D. Williams,
Chillicothe, Missouri

33,000 MILES — After running this distance two of our first Goodyear synthetic tires are now being recapped — the best service ever received from any tires on our cabs.

W. L. Burghard Jr.,
Mansfield, Ohio

30,732 MILES — My first Goodyear synthetic tire gave this mileage before needing recapping; another went 29,548 miles — and both have many miles left.

Sam K. Black,
Springfield, Mo.

29,000 MILES — Two Goodyear synthetic tires on our squad car have now about 29,000 miles to their credit. Apparently they are good for many thousands more miles.

Martin Duffy,
Clinton, Iowa

27,190 MILES — We are very pleased with this mileage, before recapping, from a set of Goodyear synthetic tires in the hard usage of taxi service.

Yellow Cab & Baggage Co.,
Great Falls, Montana

25,775 MILES — I drive a 110-mile round trip daily carrying six or seven passengers to a war plant. At 25,775 miles my Goodyear synthetics do not show too much wear.

Robert Smith,
Lake George, New York

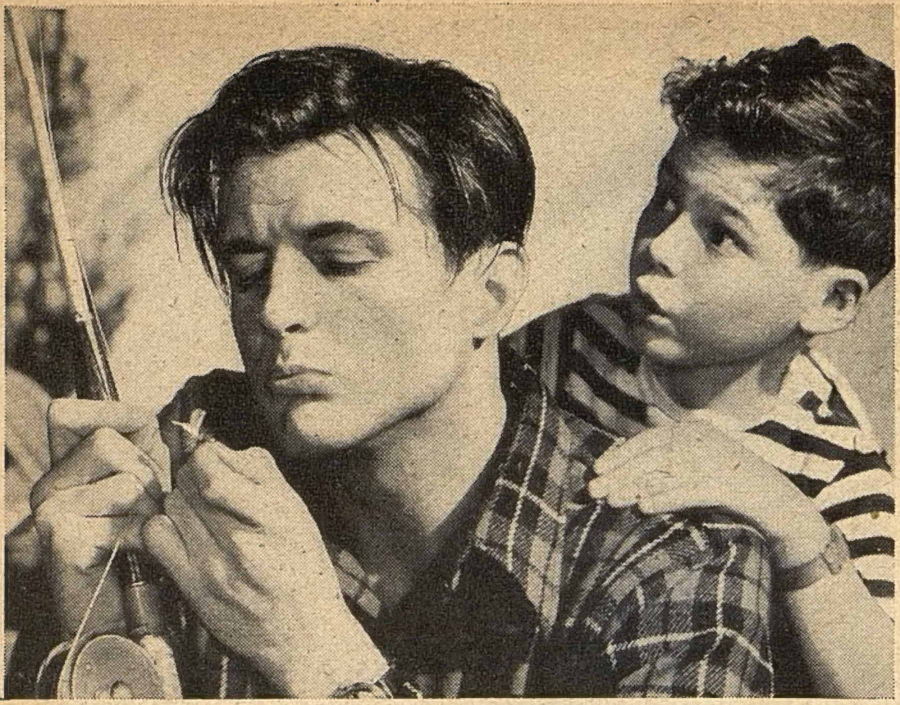
25,000 MILES — As a veterinarian I cover the entire state of New York in all kinds of weather. At 25,000 miles my Goodyear synthetic looks good for another 5,000 or more miles.

James H. Ennis Jr.
Brownville, New York

STRAIGHT FROM THE HIGHWAYS comes a rising tide of proof that Goodyears are the best tires built today. On essential cars in every state, and in every type of service, they are rolling up mileages rivaling prewar averages—performance made possible by Goodyear's long leadership in the art of synthetic rubber compounding. Isn't such standout service the best reason for making Goodyear tires and Goodyear tubes your choice, too?

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND



Dry Scalp is nature warning you...

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
5 drops a day
check Dry Scalp

help nature give you good-looking hair!

YOUR HAIR TELLS THE STORY! Dry Scalp is often the cause of lifeless-looking hair and loose dandruff. Take heed! Supplement natural scalp oils with five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day. It checks Dry Scalp. Your hair gets that natural, "just-combed" look. Your scalp feels better. Try 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic with massage before shampooing, too. Remember, it contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients.

Vaseline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
HAIR TONIC
double care... both scalp and hair

More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic

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Painted by Frances Tipton Hunter

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HAMILTON STANDARD PROPELLERS

500,000 HAMILTON STANDARD PROPELLERS GO TO WAR

More than 500,000 propellers bearing the Hamilton Standard emblem have been delivered to the armed services by the wartime team of Hamilton Standard Propellers and its American licensees — Frigidaire, Nash-Kelvinator, Remington Rand and Canadian Propellers. They comprise more than three-quarters of all propellers on American warplanes.

In addition, two-thirds of all propellers on British-built warplanes are of Hamilton Standard design.

★ ★ ★

These modern propellers are the result of intensive research, development, and gruelling test in actual service. Always looking ahead, Hamilton Standard engineers have kept pace with the rapid increase of aircraft engine horsepower, and have efficiently harnessed that horsepower to make American airplanes fly ever faster, higher and farther.

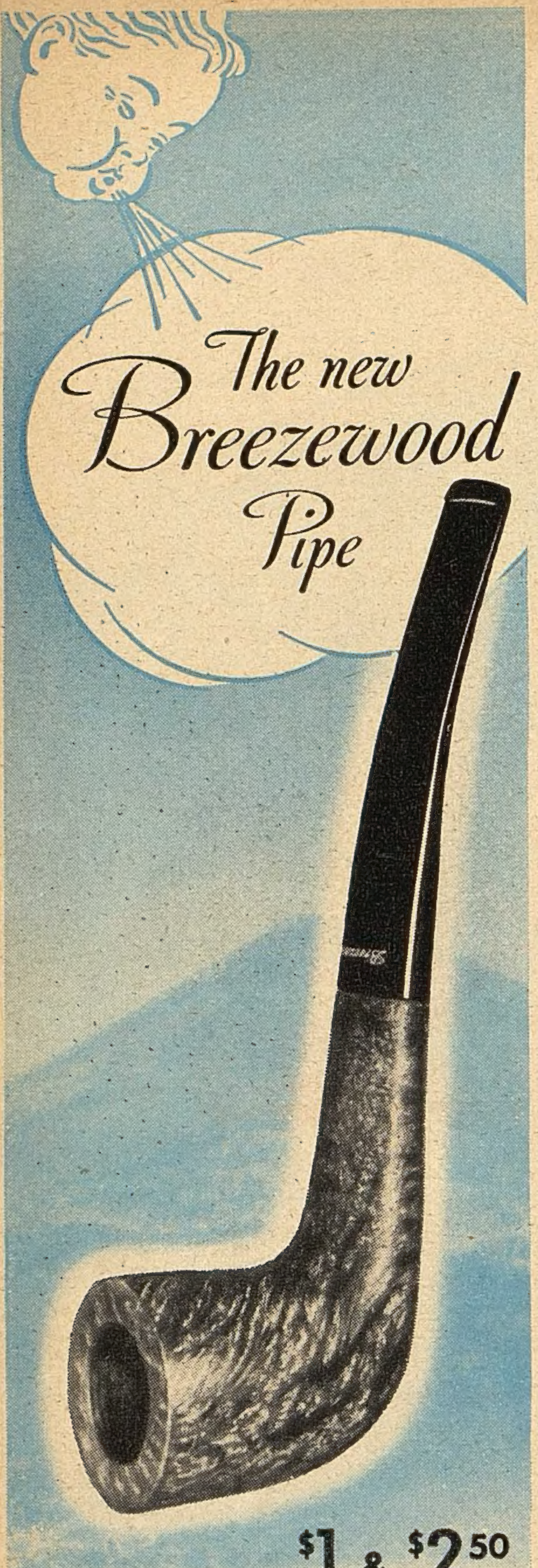
When war came, the basic Hamilton Standard Hydromatic propeller was thoroughly proved and ready for quantity production. And even as this type was rolling off the production lines, Hamilton Standard engineers were completing development of an entirely new and improved type of propeller for the superior airplanes of tomorrow.

★ ★ ★

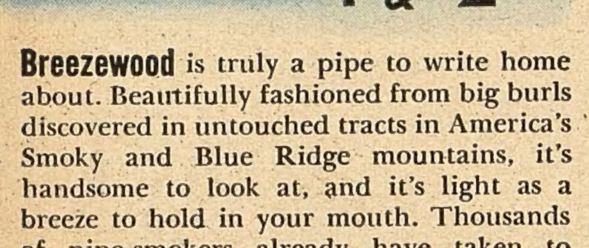
Similar continuing and aggressive development by the entire aircraft industry has helped make America supreme in the air today. It must be continued without interruption, to keep America secure in the skies.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
EAST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

PRATT & WHITNEY ENGINES • HAMILTON STANDARD PROPELLERS • CHANCE VOUGHT AIRPLANES • SIKORSKY HELICOPTERS



Breezewood is truly a pipe to write home about. Beautifully fashioned from big burls discovered in untouched tracts in America's Smoky and Blue Ridge mountains, it's handsome to look at, and it's light as a breeze to hold in your mouth. Thousands of pipe-smokers already have taken to Breezewood with satisfaction. Ask your dealer today to show you Breezewood, America's own pipe, $1 and $2.50.



No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than an ounce and a quarter!

Free your Hands for Other Tasks. The new Breezewood pipe is pleasant to keep in your mouth. Doesn't fatigue you when your hands are busy.

THE BREEZEWOOD PIPE COMPANY
630 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 20, N. Y.

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

NOBODY TOLD HIM BEFORE

Honolulu, Hawaii—For years I have purchased each issue of Liberty, spent a half hour very enjoyably deciphering Shane's brain twisters, and then laid the magazine aside, to begin an anxious wait for the next issue. Now a friend tells me that in addition to Shane's delightful puzzles, you also publish some fair-to-middling reading material. Is this true? Have I been missing something all this time?—*James H. McLeod.*

PLANE SLIP-UP

Vincennes, Ind.—I enjoyed reading your condensation of Damned to Glory, by Colonel Robert L. Scott, Jr. (March 3). But there's one slip-up in it. Major Frank Schiel went down in a stripped-down P-38, not a P-40.—*Sgt. Bill Hines.*

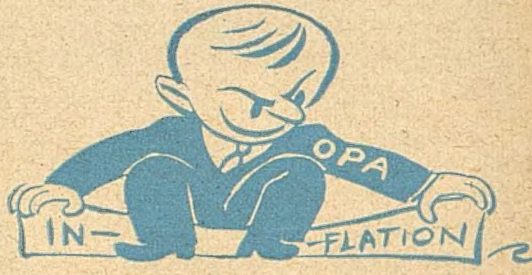
TWO WRONGS DON'T MAKE A RIGHT

Sheppard Field, Texas—In the March 17 Vox Pop, John A. considers Erika Mann's article, Our Newest Problem—German Civilians (February 3), one of the early signs of U. S. softness toward a beaten foe. He says that there is only one way to treat the Germans and that is to send them to the countries they conquered and to let those countries do unto them as they have been done unto. I don't believe I've ever heard such an un-American and inhumane statement. Persecution may have been one of the main German atrocities, but I don't believe John A. has the right idea on how to treat a conquered nation. Occupation of German soil and the running of the German government is one thing, but sending the Germans as slaves to other countries or exterminating them is downright undemocratic.—*Pvt. J. C. C., RO/AACS.*

THE CASE FOR THE PROSECUTION

Altus, Okla.—Ordinarily, Mr. Hunter's editorials are based on facts gained from firsthand information, but his information for The Much Maligned OPA (March 17) evidently came directly from Washington, since Washington is the only source that would undertake to make the following statement from Mr. Hunter's editorial: "Despite constant pressure for inflation, OPA has succeeded in holding down prices to an extent not thought possible. Price rises during this war can't hold a candle to those that took place during World War I. We must conclude that OPA has done a masterful job in holding the line."

I dispute that. In World War I, I was food administrator in Oklahoma and have the records. For one example: In 1918, prices for pears to consumers in Oklahoma were $1.50 to $2 a bushel. Today, pears are $4 to $5 a bushel. The same holds true for any number of other commodities.



The OPA has done a wonderful job, but they have spent a wonderful lot of dollars doing it. In World War I, each county had a food administrator who served without pay or an expense account. He had absolute charge of price control and quantity purchases. It cost Jackson County exactly $25 a month, paid by the government, and $50 paid by our local chamber of commerce.—*J. A. Walker.*

Forks, Wash.—It is with some disgust that I note Paul Hunter's complete defense of OPA. True, the OPA was necessary, and local boards have shown wonderful self-sacrifice and fairness. However, the national board has blundered again and again. When it canceled stamps that housewives had every reason to believe would continue valid indefinitely, it really stole from the careful and provident, and favored the slipshod and wasteful. Will housewives again save up stamps? No! They will spend every one from now on, whether they need them or not. They would do the same with money if they found their savings valueless at the caprice of some bureau. As for equality under rationing, who has seen it? Farmers who can produce their own meat get the same number of stamps as anyone else.

Why is a man who is rich enough to afford three cars given three times as much pleasure gasoline as the man who can afford only one? Why is the man who lives in town given the same amount of gas as the man who has to drive fifty miles to get to his grocery store?

For these reasons and many more, OPA is not so wonderful as you would have us think.—*Lena Fletcher.*

THEY GET A BONUS

Fort Bragg, N. C.—I have an answer for George Jack Kessel who wants an organization, like the American Legion, for the veterans of the merchant marine (March 24 Vox Pop).

First, I realize that the merchant marine has had, and will continue to have, severe casualties. But these men don't give the complete story when they ask for the same benefits as service veterans. They are not required to enter the maritime service, but if they do, they are exempt from the draft and receive wages on a much higher scale than ours. Thus they are able to save something for the future, and are not subject to rigorous military discipline. That in itself is quite a bit. And why is it that when a transport ship is attacked by air or submarine the U. S. Navy men have to man the guns while the civilian sailors go below? Also, they get extra money for having been on a boat which was attacked. Do our men on the beaches of Iwo or the banks of the Rhine get a bonus when the enemy attacks? No!—*Cpl. R.*

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—I have just read the editorial, It's Not Time to Relax—Yet (December 2). This is the first chance I have had to read a copy of Liberty in five months, as we have been very busy in the jungles.

I'm writing this from a hospital for all the boys in my ward as well as for myself.

Believe me, you hit the nail on the head. I'd like to see that editorial printed again so that everyone would be sure to see it.

Thanks for understanding us guys over here. Keep up the great work.—*Pvt. Arthur B. Alkins.*

HANDSOME IS THE PBY

SEATTLE, WASH.—I want to express my appreciation for Handsome Is, Berton Braley's poem about the PBYs (March 17).

My husband was a pilot of a PBY at the time the Japs attacked Dutch Harbor. His PBY was the first in Alaska to shoot down a Jap fighting plane. A few days after that, he was missing in action.

Before the war he used to come home every week with a copy of Liberty, so I think it was rather fitting to find this poem about his beloved PBYs in Liberty. I'm saving this poem for his little son to read when he grows older, because it will tell him better than I can about the plane his father flew.—*Mrs. W. B. Laing.*

MILITARY POLICEMEN

HAWAII—It seems to us that after the war is over, the men who are in the armed forces at present will have had their fill of military life without being further burdened by the job of policing conquered territories.

Why not release these men and give the eighteen-year-olds a crack at this job for a year? If they are to be given military training anyway, let them be doing something constructive.

The major gripe will be that they are too young, but how old were a lot of the men who gave their lives during the war? —*Jack R. B., PhM 2/c; Robert H. K., PhM 2/c.*

THUMBS UP FOR THE ARTIST

CALLAO, MO.—I like very much the clever thumbnail illustrations in your Vox Pop columns.

(*Continued on page 8*)

75% of all dogs
brought to
veterinarians are
victims of
nutritional ills
— VETERINARIAN'S REPORT
ADD WATER, THEN FEED
NET WT. 5 LBS.
ALL YOU NEED
ANY SIZE
ANY BREED
WATCH YOUR DOG GO FOR . . .
Armstrong
DOG MEAL
ARMSTRONG FOOD CO., INC.
SHERBURNE, N.Y.
In 2 lb •
5 lb bags

Take warning, Boss... Feed me Armstrong Dog Meal from now on!

Look for your dog to be healthier and happier when fed this new miracle food

Compare Armstrong Dog Meal with any other food of any type or price ...and see the difference yourself! Feed Armstrong regularly . . . *exclusively* . . . for 30 days, and just see if your dog isn't a healthier, happier, more responsive companion.

It's That Better Food You've Been Hoping For!

Armstrong Dog Meal is a *really complete* food for dogs of all sizes and breeds. Rely on it *exclusively*—for days, months, and years! Armstrong can do what no other dog food can do because it contains special ingredients no other dog food contains. In addition, it contains more than twice the quantity of vitamins dictated by established minimum needs . . . plus all other food factors dogs are known to need. In fact, it effectively helps make feeding simpler, safer and surer than ever before!

Buy Armstrong At Your Dealer's Today!

Start now to feed your pet Armstrong, the new dog food that guarantees results you can see for yourself! Your dealer has Armstrong in 2- and 5-lb. bags. It costs no more, may cost you less. Or if you'd like to start with a free sample, your dealer probably can provide you with one. If not, you can get a free sample simply by sending your name and address on a post card to Armstrong Food Co., Inc. Sherburne, N. Y. Dept. C-5

● *One, two...and You're Through!*

● *Just add water...then feed.*

● *Really a complete food.*

Armstrong
SHERBURNE, N. Y.

This advertisement prepared by C. Wendel Muench & Company, Chicago

by Speidel
JEWELRY FOR YEARS TO COME

You'll treasure your Speidel watchband more, as time goes by. For these bands of beauty are made with infinite pains and knowing touch, by the same Speidel craftsmen who have made Speidel famous for 80 years for jewelry of beauty, long life and distinction.

Watchband shown on woman's wrist — $9.00
Men's Watchbands — $12.50 FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

(Continued from page 7)

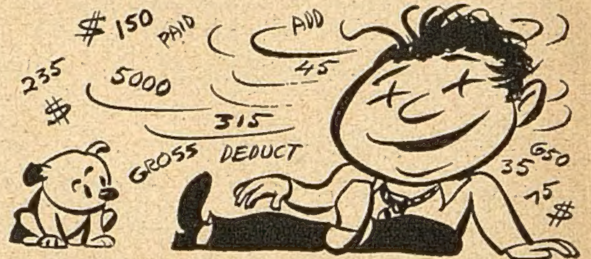
I think I am not alone in wishing to know the identity of the artist who signs himself F. C.—*G. E. Colman.*

The artist's full name is Freddie Cooper. And, incidentally, if you miss his usual clever cartoons in the next few issues, don't be alarmed. Mr. Cooper is in the hospital right now, but he'll be back with us soon. In the meantime, Al Ross has taken over for him.—Vox Pop Editor.

FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

Terrell, Texas—I have hurriedly read the article, Millions Coming in Tax Refunds, by Frederick G. Brownell (March 17), and I'm still trying to decide whether the author is careless, uninformed, or just plain income-tax-slaphappy.

He states that on March 15 twenty million American wage earners would receive 800 million dollars in the form of refunds from Uncle Sam. He qualifies this farther on by mentioning that there might be a little delay. The truth is that the refunds come from six weeks to nine months later for about 75 per cent of the customers, with the balance dribbling along even after that. This one branch of the federal government—the Income Tax Division—is greatly understaffed and overworked.



Mr. Brownell says that if little Mary earned $175, her old man could deduct for her as a dependent. This is true only if dad paid over half of Mary's cost to live.

Again, he states that one could not deduct for the cost of a hearing device. And here he was plainly in error. Hearing devices, dental work, artificial limbs, wheel chairs, and all similar contraptions are grouped with doctor, hospital, and drug costs, and provision is made for an unfortunate person to secure some relief on this score.—*J. W. Caldwell.*

BEST OF ITS KIND

Mount Vernon, N. Y.—My husband and I have just read the condensation, Assistant Hero, by Gene Coughlin (March 17), and we are agreed that it is without a doubt the best and most amusing war story we've read to date.—*Mrs. John Shevlin.*

ILLEGITIMATE MARINE

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.—I couldn't help but notice an error on the cover of Liberty (February 3). Obviously the little girl is holding up a letter from a private first class in the Marine Corps. The one glaring mistake on that letter is that there are *no* serial numbers that start with a *seven* in the Marine Corps. A five, or any number from zero to five, or an eight or a nine would make that private first class in the Marine Corps a legal-numbered guy.

We enjoy your magazine very much. Everyone reads it whenever possible. You can readily see why we (being Marines) would notice a little thing like this.—*Cpl. R. A. Sims, U. S. M. C. R.*

Liberty went out of its way to cook up a fictitious serial number that couldn't be associated with that of any real marine.—Vox Pop Editor.

THEY'RE MAD.. about each other!

She says she wants to be a kissless bride...!

M.G.M.
presents

SPENCER TRACY • KATHARINE HEPBURN

Without Love

He agrees—but always walks in his sleep...!

And she never remembers to lock her door...!

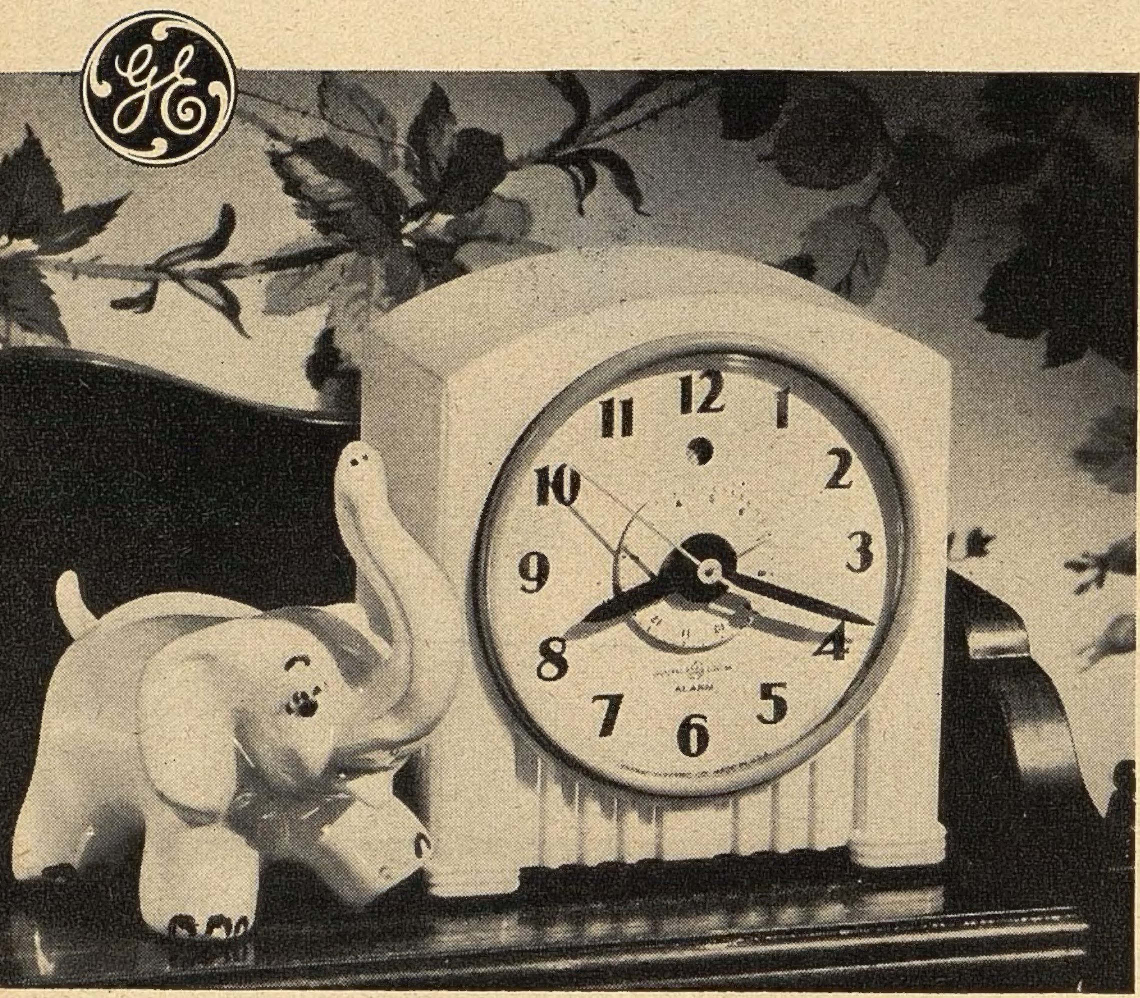
Oh, Mr. Tracy!
Oh, K-K-K-Katy!

with **LUCILLE BALL**

KEENAN WYNN • CARL ESMOND • PATRICIA MORISON • FELIX BRESSART

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart • Based on the Play by Philip Barry
Directed by HAROLD S. BUCQUET • Produced by LAWRENCE A. WEINGARTEN • An M-G-M Picture

you can forget about this Alarm Clock ..it won't forget about you



Now available in limited quantities—this model—Price $4.95. Exclusive of Tax.

A GENERAL ELECTRIC Alarm Clock never forgets. Electricity keeps it going day after day . . . eliminates the nuisance of winding and adjusting.

Just set your G-E Clock . . . plug it in . . . and the self-starting G-E motor does the rest.

Electricity keeps your G-E Clock *accurate*, too. It's checked electrically every hour by a master clock at the power company!

The sealed-in, self-oiling General Electric motor gives troubleproof service for years and years. No springs to wear down or make your clock run fast or slow. No balance wheel to get out of kilter.

And this General Electric beauty is really QUIET. No tick-tock to annoy you. Only the big sweep second hand tells you it's on the job.

Only a limited quantity of these fine G-E Clocks are available right now. We're not curtailing our war production in any way to produce these clocks. So please be patient with your dealer if he can't supply a G-E Alarm Clock today. General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

TUNE IN: "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E.W.T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E.W.T., NBC. "The World Today," news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., E.W.T., CBS.

FOR VICTORY . . . BUY WAR BONDS NOW

General Electric Clocks

GENERAL ELECTRIC

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

GLOBE-TROTTER

THE author of EVERYBODY KNOWS THE MAYOR, John Dos Passos, has gone through life with a passport in his hand. He began his travels as a child, with school in England and visits to Belgium and Mexico. Graduated from Harvard in 1916, he went to Spain to study architecture, but ended up in "a couple of ambulance services" and later the Medical Corps during World War I. Correspondent and free-lance writer in the years after the peace, he covered most of Europe, the Near East, and the United States. Best known for his novels, he is currently reporting on the war from the Pacific area.

AUTHOR'S ODYSSEY

MAXINE DAVIS is probably the only person on record who could fly almost 35,000 miles, work like a beaver, and gain a pound! That, and THE WAR AND ME add the lighter touches to her recent overseas odyssey through England, France, Belgium, Italy, Egypt, India, and China. The author of several books, Miss Davis began her career as a newspaper reporter. With politics as her beat, she scurried from city hall to Washington to Geneva until 1932; then switched to medical articles. A noted magazine writer now, she lives in Georgetown with her sixteen-year-old son and her husband, Col. James M. McHugh, U. S. M. C.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
Book: WEDDING DAY—A Sparkling Spring Novel
ARE WE WINNING THE FIGHT AGAINST RACE PREJUDICE?

WITHOUT it, England might have lost the Battle of Britain, the Jap Navy might still prowl the Pacific, and our bombs would not be falling with such deadly accuracy on Berlin and Tokyo. Here, after a two-years news blackout, is the story of RADAR by Robert N. Farr. . . . Brigadier General Carlos P. Romulo sees a new PARTNERSHIP IN THE PACIFIC, born of those desperate days when thousands of Filipinos fought and died under the Stars and Stripes. . . . Elizabeth Wilson tells why all the world stomps and cheers when Gracie Fields, THE ASPIDASTRA GIRL, swishes her bustle and exercises her lungs. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, WEDDING DAY, by Edwa Moser, tells the dramatic story of a couple forced by their daughter's coming marriage to straighten out their own muddled lives.

authentic!

as only the truth can be!

Japs on Burma Road get their first strafing.

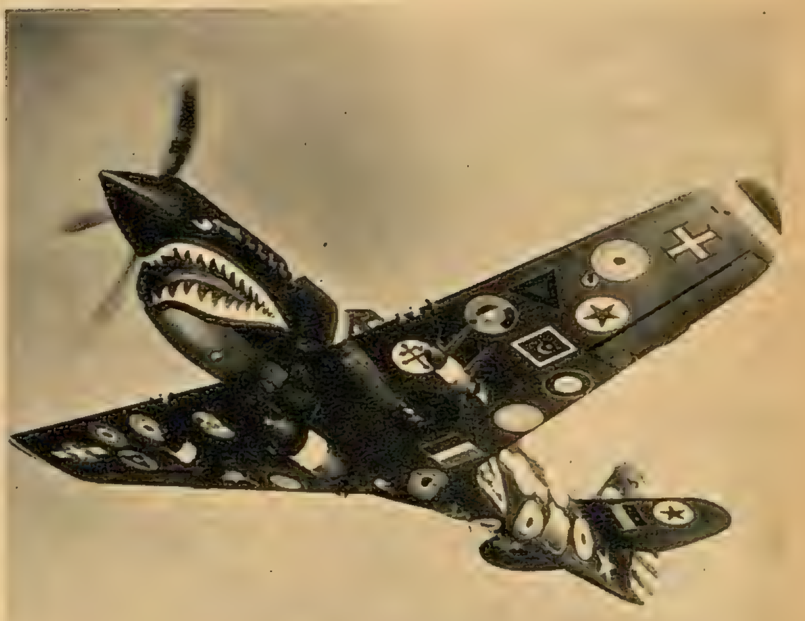
the magnificent...

story of the flyers who first stopped the Japs...

DENNIS MORGAN AS COL. ROBERT L. SCOTT IN

"God is my Co-Pilot"

a Warner Brothers' Epic Picture of gallant fighting men...and their stout-hearted Curtiss P-40's



The 15,000th Curtiss-built fighter of World War II. Insignia show the 28 Air Forces with which Curtiss planes have served all over the world.

THIS is a story generations of Americans should come to know by heart. It is the historic drama of the little group of American Flying Tigers who, against frightful odds, won our first air victories against the Japs in Burma and China.

Told first in Col. Robert L. Scott, Jr.'s, moving book, "God Is My Co-Pilot," it now becomes a great motion picture, splendidly acted by a fine cast which includes Dennis Morgan, Dane Clark, Raymond Massey, Alan Hale, Andrea King.

You won't want to miss it. We, the men and women of Curtiss-Wright, who built the plane these heroic men flew and loved — the Curtiss P-40 — feel that when you see this picture you will understand better than ever before how much we all owe to the gallant men of the Air Forces.

CURTISS WRIGHT

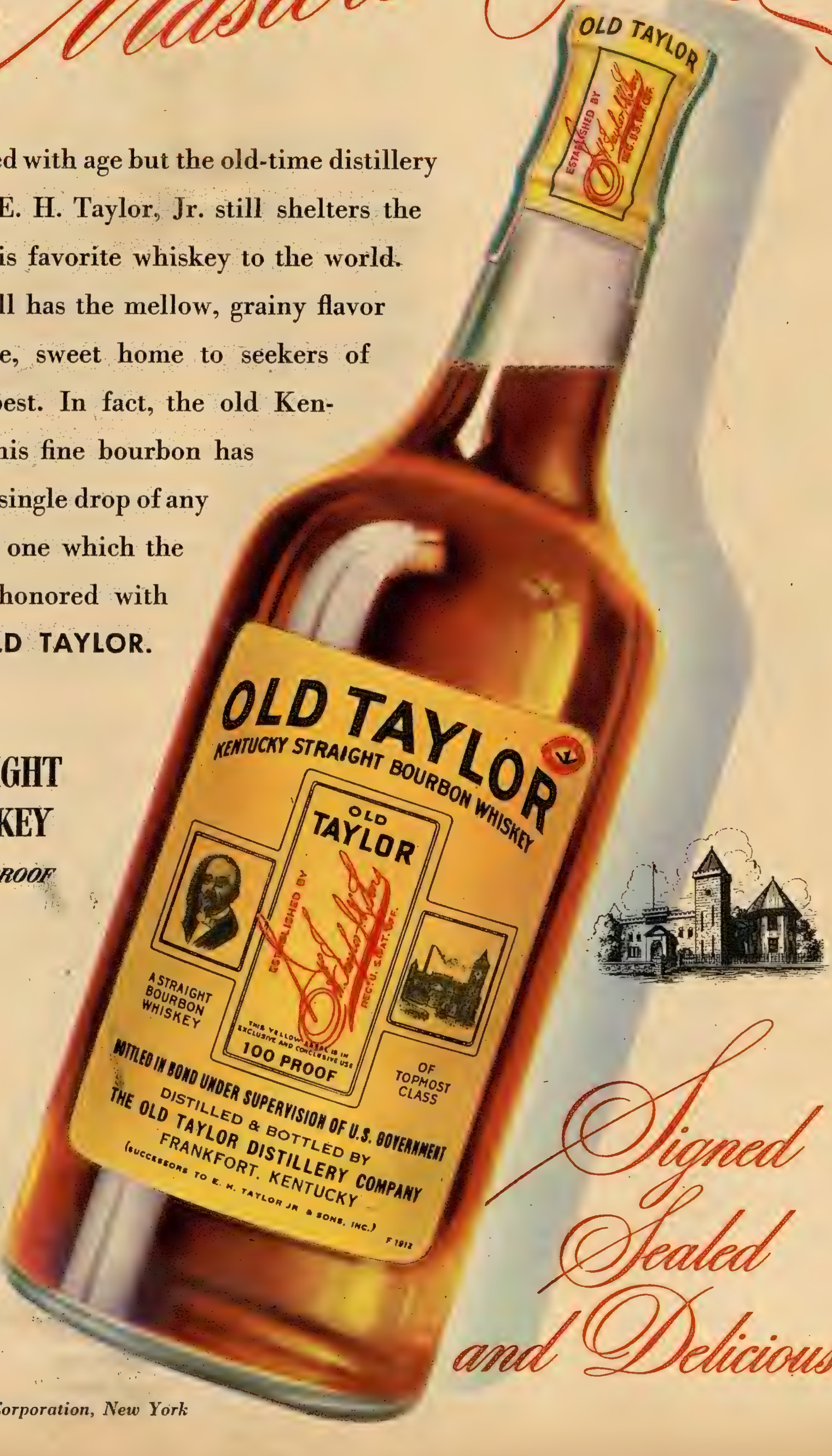
AIRPLANES
WRIGHT ENGINES
PROPELLERS

The Master's Choice

Its walls are grayed with age but the old-time distillery of the late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr. still shelters the skill that gave his favorite whiskey to the world. **OLD TAYLOR** still has the mellow, grainy flavor that means home, sweet home to seekers of bourbon at its best. In fact, the old Kentucky home of this fine bourbon has never produced a single drop of any whiskey save the one which the famous Colonel honored with the name of **OLD TAYLOR.**

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

BOTTLED IN BOND-100 PROOF


OLD TAYLOR
ESTABLISHED BY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD
TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
ESTABLISHED BY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THIS YELLOW LABEL IS IN EXCLUSIVE AND CONCLUSIVE USE
100 PROOF
OF TOPMOST CLASS
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
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F 1912

Signed
Sealed
and Delicious

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Believe it or not, they're both grandmas—and Mrs. Cocanougher, mother of an A. A. F. pilot, is teaching Mrs. Ray (left) how to fly an Aeronca Chief!

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Many Happy Returns—to Pick Up

The nation's most unusual air line, All American Aviation's air pick-up service, will be six years old on May 12.

The system of delivering and picking up mail and express without the planes making landings was started as an experiment authorized by Congress in an effort to find a practical way to extend air-mail service to communities off the main air-transport system.

In six years All American Aviation, Inc., of Wilmington, Delaware, has grown from two experimental routes 1,040 miles long, which served fifty-six communities, to a system of five routes extending 1,568 miles and serving 118 communities on schedules which require 5,068 miles of flying every day.

Pick-up equipment like that used on the mail routes, but larger, has been used by the Army Air Forces in Europe and Burma in launching gliders carrying troops and supplies, in evacuating battle casualties by gliders and retrieving gliders stranded in isolated places, and in picking up human beings.

Expansion of the air pick-up system to many foreign countries for commercial postwar use is scheduled. The du Pont-backed All American company now is completing the organization of its own Brazilian company for this purpose, and in recent months government representatives and others from France, Sweden, Norway, Great Britain, Australia, and Canada have investigated the possibilities of launching pick-up service.

The present network of routes on which All American's "rural mailmen of the air" swoop low over the stations, hook the mailbags, and draw them up into the plane by windlass, extends through Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, New York, Delaware, and the District of Columbia.

The air pick-up planes in the past year flew 1,296,472 revenue miles, making the six-year total 5,166,434 miles, to which should be added another million miles flown by the company's military cargo planes. During the year 70,488 pick-ups and deliveries were made for a six-year total of 295,609.

Mail transported during the year amounted to 954,000 pounds; air express to 181,000 pounds. The mail volume represented an increase of 71 per cent.

The service long ago emerged from the experimental status, coming out of the subsidy class three years ago, and the Post Office Department is now making a substantial profit on the service.

The pick-up air line, under the direction of its president, Major Halsey R. Bazley, has on file with the Civil Aeronautics Board applications for a system of sixty-nine routes covering 20,064 miles and serving 1,321 cities and towns in twenty-four states east of the Mississippi River. Combination passenger pick-up service is planned over some of the routes. The company also is studying the feasibility of commercial glider operations.

"Old," New, and Super

A whisper heard a mile away has become a reality. The scientific achievement is now being put to use at military airports and will have wide application at postwar air terminals.

Nicknamed "Old Loudmouth," this new General Electric super-loud-speaker can carry a whisper a mile and audible speech three miles under average weather conditions. Under ideal conditions it has been heard up to eighteen miles. The speaker uses mechanical adaptations of human speech, utilizing compressed air in a manner similar to the use of the lungs in speech, which gives it great power.

Thus in postwar years, if a passenger is late for his plane, it will be within the realm of possibility for him to hear himself being paged when he is still some distance from the airport.

Will Your Town Follow Suit?

The little town of Eldon, Missouri, with its population of 2,500, is a center of national aviation interest today. Eldon has voted, by a nine-to-one majority, a $25,000 bond issue to build an air park, and state and federal agencies and various aeronautical organizations are all co-operating to make the Eldon project a model for all such small communities in the nation.

(*Continued on page 15*)

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A happy home makes a happy child...

Impressions received at home have a direct effect upon a child's nervous and physical development. The happier the home, the brighter a child's future.

7-Up has an honored place in the home life of millions because it is a happy, good-natured drink. There's a fresh, clean taste and a merry sparkle that puts the whole family into a smiling mood. Morning, noon, or night, it provides a "fresh up" . . . a "fresh up" that's wholesome and good for young and old.

Order a case of 7-Up for the family today. Tell them that it's too good to gulp. Tell them to sip it slowly and let it roll over and under the tongue. Any store displaying the 7-Up signs will supply you.

Order a case from your dealer

Copyright 1945 by The Seven-Up Company

(Continued from page 13)

When completed, the air park will consist of two turf landing strips, one 300 by 2,000 feet and the other 300 by 2,300; a small combination administration-service building; aircraft and automobile parking facilities; and space for exhibits to be placed by aviation manufacturing interests for demonstration purposes. It will also include a small park and a nine-hole golf course. The entire area, 101 acres, will be landscaped.

Can communities of 2,500 population make such an air park self-sustaining? Both Eldon and the national organizations think so. The 101-acre tract costs $11,000. The other $14,000 will go for construction, landscaping, and the small building. The air park will then be leased to an operator who will manage, operate, and maintain it without expense to the city. Eldon's tax levy is not being increased for the project. In the heart of the Ozark region, Eldon believes that local, itinerant, and vacation business will more than justify the air park, as well as put the town on the air map.

Coming Up: 160-Ton Luxury Liners

That 400-passenger airplane we told you about last year is moving ahead toward reality, though instead of 400 passengers (it actually will have room for that many), it probably will be built to accommodate 204 passengers in luxury. But don't expect to fly in it next year.

It will weigh about 320,000 pounds, it's 182 feet long, and its wing span of 230 feet is equal to the height of a twenty-story building. It is to have six engines, and the cruising range is estimated at between 310 and 342 miles an hour according to altitude and power output. The total pay load is estimated at 50,000 pounds. Pan American Airways has announced that it has signed a contract for a fleet of perhaps fifteen. It's one of the several big postwar commercial planes in the offing.

"Safe" Bullet? It's a Fact!

As you will have heard—though it can hardly have seemed logical to you—the A. A. F. has actually developed a "safe" plastic bullet for firing at our own men. What was wanted was ammunition which, in training, could be fired at a lightly armored plane without injuring the crew. It took time for the engineers to evolve and produce a plastic .30-caliber bullet which was frangible—that is, would break up on contact with the target without penetrating it, and which could be used on armor as light as a one-eighth-of-an-inch dural plate.

Such a bullet really has a good use in training. An airplane flies evasively, while attacking fighters fire these "safe" bullets at it. Aerial gunners can thus learn to shoot far more accurately.

FIVE years of war and oppression in other lands have left millions of the population in rags. You've seen their pitiful pictures. Clothes patched and repatched, turned and turned again, and often reinforced with old paper, straw, bits of waste—anything. Winter exposure has killed many of these unfortunates. Bear this in mind when your community committee representing the United National Clothing Collection asks for the wearables you won't use. That old suit, that old dress, those old shoes can give comfort and happiness to some of the 125,000,000 men, women, and children of the war-ravaged lands.

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS
PAA
The System of the Flying Clippers
CHAMPION

PAN AMERICAN PRESTIGE BRINGS
NEW PRESTIGE TO

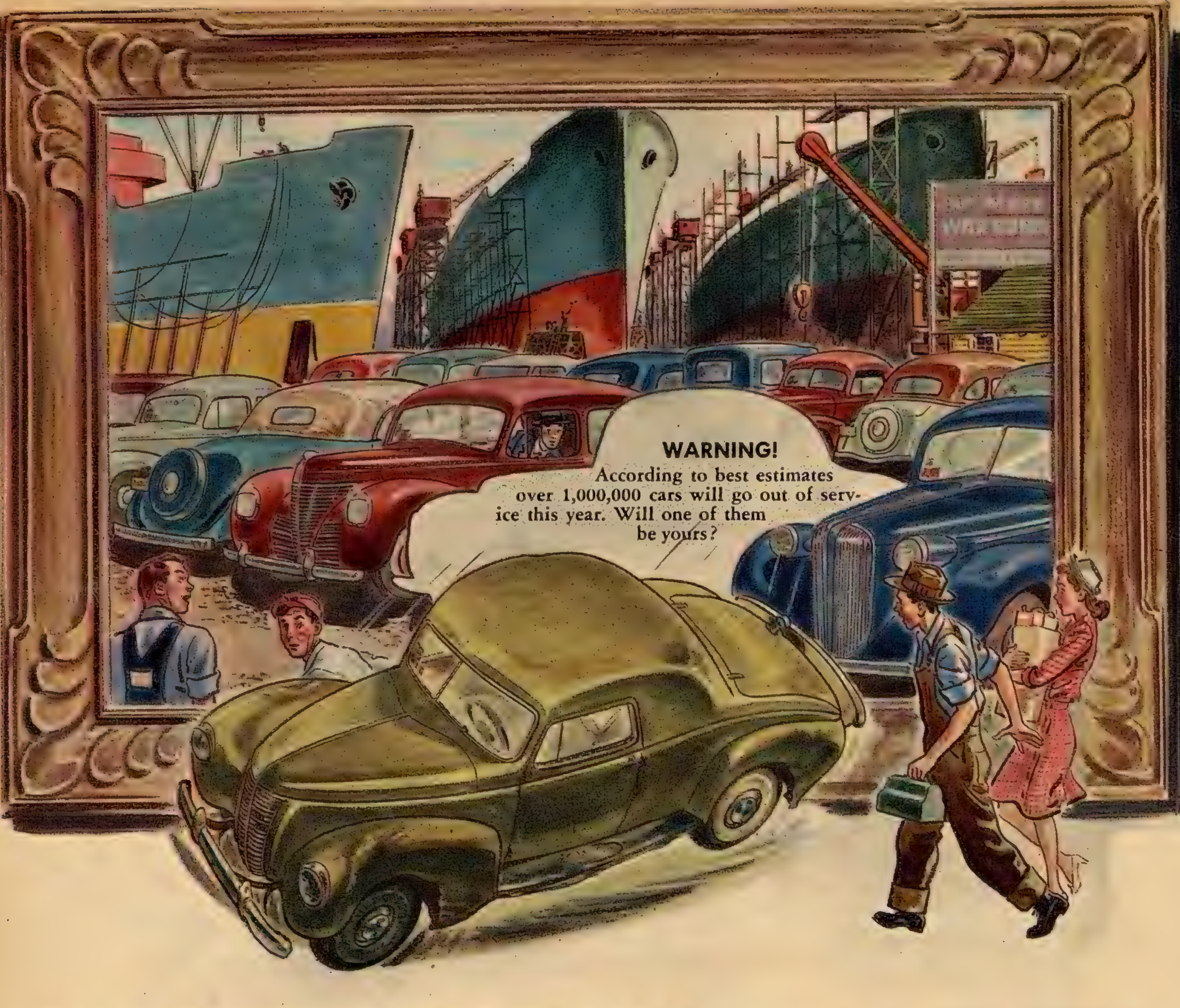
CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

In its far-flung operations to the outposts of the world, Pan American Airways has been operating under stringent wartime restrictions and equipment limitations. It has nevertheless compiled an outstanding performance record in both contract work for the Army and Navy and in maintenance of its own commercial routes.

This achievement bespeaks a painstakingly scientific maintenance and service program. The small but vital spark plug naturally came in for close study because of its direct bearing on engine economy, performance, and dependability. Out of these studies and records emerged conclusive and dramatic evidence of superior performance, longer life, lower costs, lower maintenance and servicing time with Champion Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs.

The Champion Spark Plugs you buy for your car today are blood brothers to those used in Pan American's far-flying clippers. They are products of the same research and engineering, exclusive materials and processes; and, as a result, they bring an extra measure of performance and dependability to every engine.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO


WARNING!
According to best estimates over 1,000,000 cars will go out of service this year. Will one of them be yours?

OUT OF THE PICTURE! *Is your car next?*

ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR . . . sedan, coupe, big car, little car . . . tick-tock, tick-tock . . . one every 22 seconds, almost 4,000 a day, more than a million a year . . . out they go, out of the picture, out of use!

Is your car next? Not if your Texaco Dealer can help it. And *how* he can help!

He'll act to prolong the life of your car with MARFAK, the long lasting chassis lubricant . . . with HAVOLINE MOTOR OIL or TEXACO MOTOR OIL, both *insulated* against excessive engine heat . . . with REGULAR CHECK-UPS and SKILLFUL ATTENTION to tires, battery, cooling system and many other vital points.

Tick-tock, tick-tock . . . don't take chances with your car . . . it's time to see your Texaco Dealer!

You're welcome at

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THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Japan's Last Hope

Casting about for a last desperate weapon to stem the tide of defeat, Tokyo's war lords have come up with something that goes Hitler one better—human robot bombs

BY IRVING WALLACE

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO

A Jap torpedo bomber breaks apart in flaming ruin while attempting to crash-dive the carrier Yorktown in the battle of the Philippine Sea.

RADIO Tokyo is on the air.

"News flash! News flash from Tokyo! The Imperial Headquarters announced at two thirty o'clock this afternoon that the Kamikaze Special Attack Corps has sunk one American battleship, three large transports, and damaged one battleship or cruiser in Leyte Gulf.

"Our six fliers successfully penetrated enemy fighter-plane defenses and headed for enemy transports, which were escorted by battleships and cruisers.

"One of our planes plunged into an American battleship, and just as the big ship shook from the impact, a second plane crashed into it. A huge fire soon enveloped the vessel. The four other planes raced toward the enemy transports. In swift succession they plunged into them, sinking three and setting ablaze another large ship, which last was seen emitting a pillar of black smoke.

"Among the six Kamikaze fliers who died in this attack, three men—Matsui, Terashima, and Kawashima—are not yet twenty years old. The spirit of these young fliers crash-diving on their objectives is admirable."

This news report—typical of recent daily reports—discloses Japan's last hope.

With Allied sea and air power slowly strangling Japan, the Tokyo war lords cast about for some last-resort weapon. They observed that Hitler had pulled one out of his ordnance hat; but that his V-1 and V-2 robot bombs, though frightening and damaging, were not enough to stop the Allies. They decided to go Hitler one better. They had *human* robot bombs.

Determined to capitalize on the willingness of their young men to die, the Japanese leaders organized the Navy's Kamikaze Special Attack Corps. Suicide assaults by Japanese infantrymen and fliers were already familiar occurrences. But with the Kamikaze, Japan made the first modern effort by any army or navy to send vast numbers of trained men to premeditated suicide.

Kamikaze is Japan's god of the wind. The word itself means "Divine Wind," and it stands for much in Japan. Six and a half centuries before Nimitz, the mighty Mongol, Kublai Khan, threatened Japan with 300 warships and 200,000 men. At the eleventh hour it happened that a real wind, a typhoon, bore down on his armada, smashing and sinking it. Ever since, the Japanese have been taught that when in danger a Divine Wind would save them.

But this time the Japanese leaders knew they could not depend on a typhoon. They knew they must create their Divine Wind. And so they created the Kamikaze Special Attack Corps, dedicated to death—for itself and Americans.

"Today, each of our planes in this Special Attack Corps," explains Radio Tokyo, "is piloted by one Kamikaze pilot whose mission is to crash-dive into a warship or transport with the object of sinking that ship at the cost of one plane and the life of one pilot. . . .Unlike a mechanical bomb, the living torpedo that has eyes, ears, and brains behind it is something that cannot be duplicated by any mechanism."

The Kamikaze Special Attack Corps was first thrown into action two weeks after General MacArthur waded onto Philippine soil with his infantry veterans.

General Tomoyuki Yamashita, German-educated conqueror of Singapore and Bataan, opposed MacArthur, proclaiming that the Kamikaze would turn the trick. Even as Leyte fell, he reassured the folks back home in Tokyo. "That our forces," he said, "with (comparatively) small strength and small amount of material supplies, were able to achieve such brilliant war results is all due to the traditional spirit of offering one's life and carrying out deliberate crash-dive attacks on the enemy. . . . If one of our fighter planes should bring down one enemy B-29 by a deliberate crash-dive attack, it would be proportionately one to ten. Then again, if one plane should sink or damage one enemy aircraft carrier or one battleship, it would be one to 100, 1,000, or 10,000. No matter how the enemy would come against us with his superiority in materials, if the enemy is met with this deliberate crash-dive spirit, then it could be concluded that the enemy could be completely defeated."

Desperately the Kamikaze pilots catapulted their bomb-laden planes into our warships and supply ships off Leyte, Mindanao, and Luzon. The American Navy soberly admitted some losses. The Japanese ecstatically claimed half of all our shipping. The truth? There is only one truth. Today, again, we dominate the Philippines. Today we stand astride the Pacific. Quite obviously Japan's Divine Wind has not been enough.

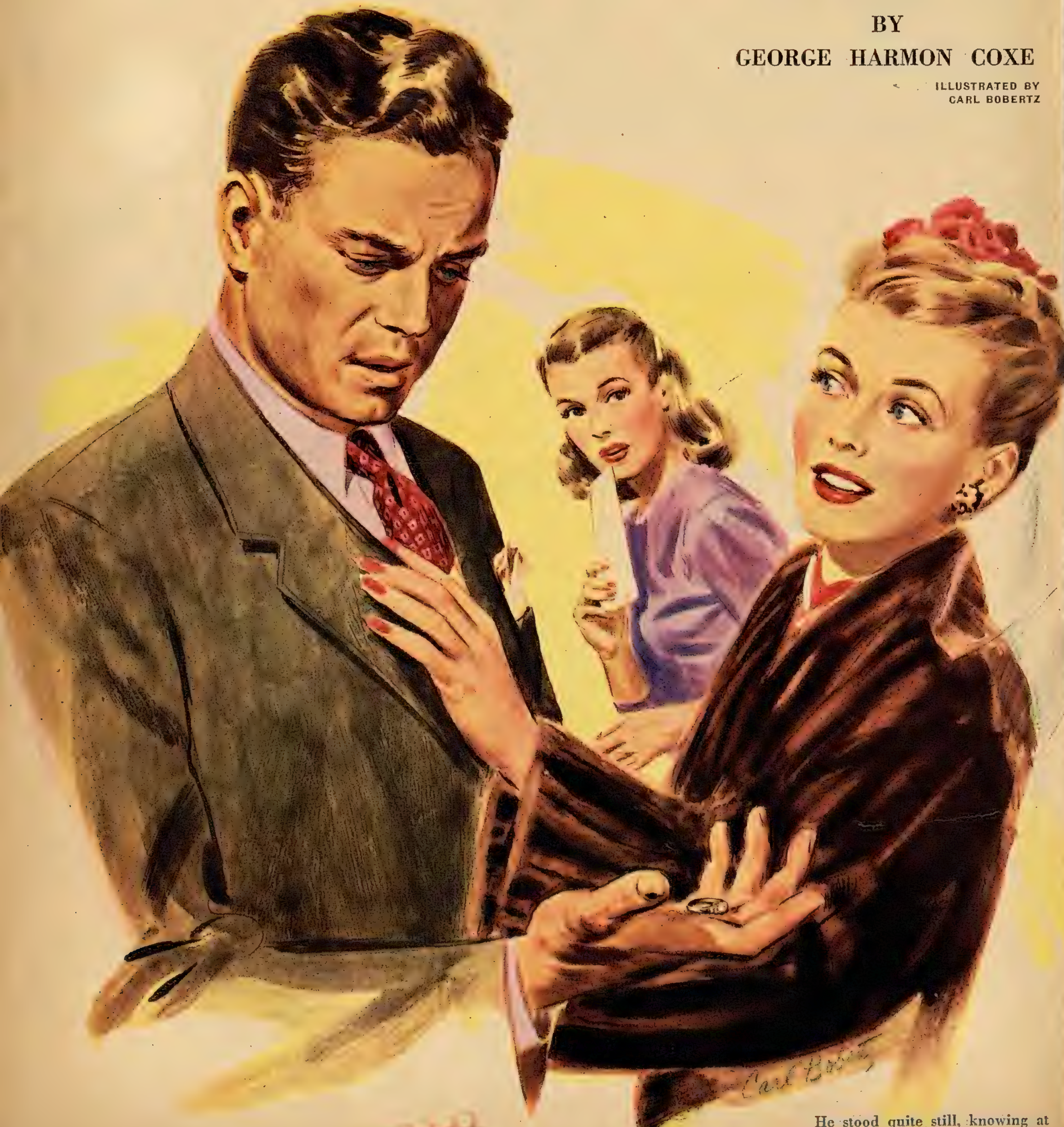
(Continued on page 60)

"No—not tonight!" he prayed as the man moved toward him through the crowd. Then—almost before he knew it—he was dangerously involved in the murder of a voluptuous redhead

The

BY
GEORGE HARMON COXE

ILLUSTRATED BY
CARL BOBERTZ



He stood quite still, knowing at last that he had really lost her.

Painted Nail

THE Thursday-night crowd which had turned out to see Bright Harvest in its final week filled the lobby of the Lyceum quickly after the second-act curtain, and Dr. Standish smiled proudly about him as he brought out cigarettes.

There was a fine glow of expansiveness inside him, standing there with Louise Allison, knowing she was his girl. He liked the way people looked at her, the way their glances approved of her cool fragile beauty. For perhaps thirty seconds the glow he felt was warm and bright. Then he saw Barry Beauchamp. So did Louise.

"There's Barry," she said. "Barry, you're not just getting here?"

"Hello," Barry Beauchamp said, and grinned. "Had to work on a thing."

He took the girl's hand and held it, and Standish, missing nothing, decided sourly that the movies could have cast him, just as he stood, as a successful young advertising man. Which he was: The Beauchamp Studios—Say It with Photographs.

"What a shame!" Louise said.

"How's the show?" Beauchamp asked. "Any point in seeing the third act?"

Paul Standish didn't hear Louise's reply, for just then he saw a solid-looking man in a blue coat start through the crowd, his glance sweeping the lobby.

Standish turned quickly, his spirits diving. Oh, no! he prayed. Not tonight, lieutenant. This is my night for fun. I promised Louise.

Seconds later a hand touched his arm. A quiet voice said, "See you a minute, doc?" And then Standish turned and looked into Lieutenant Ballard's keen gray eyes.

Ballard lifted his hat. "Hello, Miss Allison."

"Now really, lieutenant!" The girl's voice was annoyed. "Don't tell me you've found another body."

Ballard colored and his voice was embarrassed. "I'm sorry."

Standish sighed. He tried to sound casual. "Be back in a minute, darling," he said, and went with Ballard to the edge of the crowd.

"The James Apartment on Oak Street," Ballard said. "A suicide. A dame. The sergeant says it's cyanide."

Paul Standish stood there a silent moment, a lean man with a bony face and dark wavy hair. Somehow he had known something like this would happen.

"Fine," he said. "Great. Of course you had to find her now."

"You're the acting medical examiner," Ballard said. "We can't move her until you say so."

Standish nodded. "O. K., Tom," he said.

Louise was waiting with Barry Beauchamp as the lights in the lobby blinked to warn the smokers it was curtain time.

"Look, honey—" Standish began.

"I know," Louise said. "You have to go."

"I won't be long," Standish said. "I'll be back by the time the show is over."

"Say, that's too bad!" Barry said. "Tell you what. Since you're not going to be here, I'll use your seat."

"If we should miss you," Louise said, "we'll be at the Blue Parrot." . . .

The James Apartments was an imposing beige brick building, with a lobby switchboard attended by a sallow-faced youth who told Ballard where to go. The apartment he wanted was on the fourth floor, and when Standish followed the lieutenant through the door he was vaguely aware that there were three men in the room. But he saw first the in-a-door bed and the woman who lay there, clad in a slip and a black, maribou-trimmed negligée.

A blocky blunt-jawed man sitting on a chair arm said, "Hi, doc."

Standish said hello to Sergeant Kane from Station 5, nodded to a plain-clothes man he did not know. The third man stood up.

"You're Dr. Standish, aren't you?"

"This is Mr. Fielding," Kane said.

Ballard acknowledged the introduction. So did Standish, finding Fielding a stout, balding man neatly dressed in a brown Shetland suit that looked imported.

"Mr. Fielding found her," Kane said. "The kid on the switchboard downstairs came up with him and unlocked the door when she didn't answer her phone."

STANDISH went to the bed, seeing now something familiar about the girl who lay there—a slimly voluptuous girl, tall and well proportioned. Her hair was red, and he knew that in life she would have the milk-white complexion that so often went with that hair; now there was a marked cyanosis of the face and neck, and on one cheek a faint off-color mark.

"Who was she, Mr. Fielding?" Ballard asked.

"Brenda Delmar," Fielding said. "She was a model for Beauchamp Studios."

Listening to Fielding's story, remembered things came back, and Standish knew why the girl seemed familiar.

The Beauchamp Studios specialized in advertising photographs, and in most of these there was a girl. Not merely in a decorative sense, to glamorize some prosaic product, but as model for a product. For here in Union City were two companies making women's foundation garments and another which made underwear. As a result, Beauchamp illustrations and Beauchamp girls could be seen in any women's fashion magazine.

Arthur Fielding managed one of these companies which his wife had inherited—the Nu-Form Company. And Nu-Form was a client of Beauchamp. All of which added up to make the dead girl familiar to Standish. He had seen her with Beauchamp in restaurants and night clubs.

"She used to work in some dress shop here in town," Fielding was saying, "and Beauchamp spotted her and put her to work posing for underwear. She was out to our place several times to model our line. That's how I got to know her."

Paul Standish bent over the dead girl. He was at once aware of the odor of bitter almonds that came from her mouth as he took her head in his hands and moved it gently, testing the *rigor.* He did the same with the arms. Then, as he examined the hands, he saw that on the right one the pointed tip of a red-painted nail had been torn from the middle finger.

He straightened finally and glanced at the glass on the table beside the nail-polishing kit. There was an inch or so of liquid in the glass, and he leaned over and sniffed, smelling whisky and the unmistakable odor of cyanide.

Arthur Fielding was still talking when Standish finished calling the morgue. Brenda Delmar, Fielding explained, had phoned him in the afternoon and said she wanted to see him. She would not tell him why. He did not know whether she sounded distraught or not. He did know that she was divorcing her husband, a lieutenant in the Army who had returned from overseas the day before.

"I don't know if that had anything to do with it or not," he said. "I told her I'd be late, but she said she'd wait. When I came, I had the boy downstairs call her. He didn't get any answer, but he said he was pretty sure she was in, so we came up to see if anything was wrong."

When Fielding left, Sergeant Kane went downstairs to question the youth on the switchboard about the dead girl's soldier husband.

Ballard moved over to the table next to the bed and sniffed the glass. "No doubt about the cyanide, is there?"

Standish shook his head and moved about the room. He noticed then that there was a small kitchen beyond the dinette, and when he strolled out there he saw a half-filled bottle of whisky. When he came back Ballard was looking down at the dead girl.

"A good-looking doll, all right. You going to do a p.-m.? When?"

Standish had been thinking about this very thing and the result was discouraging. For he also thought of Louise Allison enjoying the third act of Bright Harvest with Barry Beauchamp—and he found the mental picture distasteful. He looked up at Ballard scowling and the door opened and the men from the morgue came in.

Paul Standish supervised the removal of the body, seeing then the two small red spots on the sheet and, up at the head of the bed, the larger smear. Cataloguing the first two as polish from newly painted nails and the other as lipstick, his mind moved on to other things.

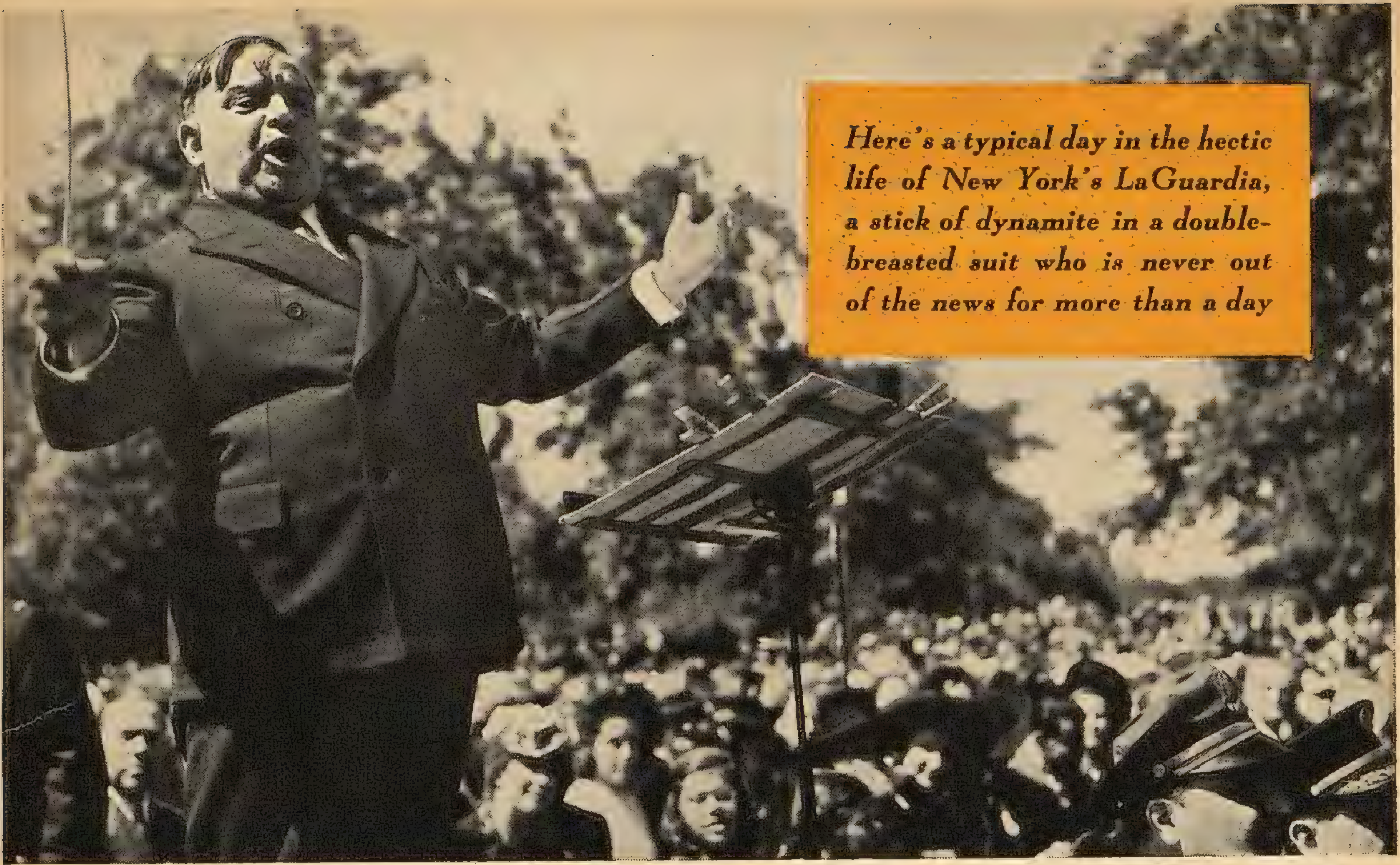
If he left now it would be a cinch to break up the Louise-Barry combination at the Blue Parrot. Here, apparently, was a cut-and-dried suicide with ninety-five per cent of the evidence supporting such a conclusion. All he had to do was sign a certificate as to the cause of death. He was about to say so when something he could not explain stopped him.

THERE was just one thing that did not satisfy him, and only by a post-mortem could he be sure. And then he remembered old Doc Lathrop, who was recuperating in Vermont; he recalled the promise he had given. There was, he knew, an obligation here, not only to Lathrop but to the job and his own self-respect. Maybe with luck he could still make the Blue Parrot before closing time.

"Yeah," he said, "I'll do a p.-m. I'll do it tonight."

As it turned out, his optimism was unjustified. It was five after two when he drove past the Blue Parrot, to find it dark. Not until he was in bed could he accept philosophically his personal disappointment over his interrupted date and be truly thankful that he had made the right decision. For the autopsy he had performed, with the help of a young interne from City Hospital, had shown conclusively that Brenda Delmar had not died a suicide. She had been murdered.

(*Continued on page 63*)



Here's a typical day in the hectic life of New York's LaGuardia, a stick of dynamite in a double-breasted suit who is never out of the news for more than a day

He likes to run the show. New York's colorful little Mayor "Butch" LaGuardia wields the baton at a patriotic celebration in Central Park.

Everybody Knows the Mayor

BY JOHN DOS PASSOS

As I slosh up through the dripping park to the Gracie Mansion, a tall cop in a rubber raincoat steps in my path to ask if I have an appointment and leads me up to the front door under the high white porch of the old-time country house. There he turns me over to a maid, who ushers me through the white-paneled hall into a side room that looks spacious and empty in the gray morning light that comes in off the river.

A small, broad-shouldered, heavy-faced man, buttoned into a double-breasted blue suit, sits behind the desk at the end of the room. He is smoking a long cigar while he goes over a pile of papers. He has the look of a man who has enjoyed his breakfast. His dark eyes, behind black-rimmed horn spectacles, are eating up the typewritten sheets. He gets to his feet to say How do you do, pulling off his glasses as he does so. His manner is absolutely without pretension. He offers me one of his cigars, saying a friend sent them from Jamaica, then sits down again.

A marvelous place for a quiet interview, I think to myself as I light my cigar. The first question I'll want to ask is just forming in back of my lips when the Mayor hops to his feet. "Well, it's time to go to work," he says. "Come along."

Following him out into the hall, I say something about what a handsome old house the city has given him to live in. He stops in his tracks and looks up at the elaborate moldings of the ceiling. "It's tough on my wife," he says, "keeping it up. The Metropolitan Museum fixed up these lower rooms in good taste. They gave me a rare old antique carpet for the hall. When the King of Greece came to call, he dropped right down on his knees to feel it with his hand, and said it was so valuable it ought to be hung on the wall." The Mayor drops down to the floor and imitates the way the king put on his eyeglasses to see better. "I told the museum to take it away because the kids got the habit of running down the stairs and jumping on it."

He snatches up his broad-brimmed rancher's hat of light tan felt and we duck into the driving rain. While the tall cop holds open the car door, we squeeze in beside the driver of the white single-seated police roadster. Speeding down the East River Drive, we start to talk about children. Obviously the Mayor likes to talk about children. One thing he feels he can boast about, he says, is that the children of the city are better fed, better clothed, cleaner and healthier today than they were ten years ago.

This is great, I think; he's really going to talk. But he has hardly started when a voice begins to croak out of the two-way radio. He reaches for the telephone receiver on the dashboard and is lost in a conversation with his office. When I am able to get his attention again, we're already way downtown opposite the Navy Yard, speeding toward the old bridges that hum with early traffic. The Mayor points out parks and playgrounds and the staggered blocks of the new housing. "People live better. There's no doubt about it," he says. I begin to say something about missing the excitement of Manhattan's old swarming East Side.

"You never had to live in it," he answers.

Before I can explain what I mean, the car turns in through a brick-paved street lined with warehouses, around the tall marble buildings that house the law courts of the city and state, and draws up in the middle of the park before the arched entrance of the old City Hall.

The Mayor jumps out of the car and runs at a jog trot up the steps into the vestibule. Reporters in raincoats converge on him there and hold him in a huddle for a second. He breaks away and darts off past the desks of the receptionists, then turns into a narrow passage clogged with typewriters. Handing his hat to a tall man in uniform with gilt braid on the shoulder, he waves me to a chair and plops down behind his enormous desk. We can talk later; first, he's got to go over the day's mail. Three girl stenographers, who have followed him into the office, sit alert and smiling on the edges of their chairs.

Immediately there's a hush of concentration in the room. There is no sound but the jangle of downtown traffic filtering through the closed windows. From the walls, portraits of former mayors in their silk stocks look down out of their gilt frames. The Mayor sits under a great crystal chandelier. On the desk in front of him stands his calendar. Both sides of the desk are piled with reference books and folders full of documents. A small gavel lies handy. On the wall opposite there's a large-scale civilian defense map with a diagram of an enemy bomb bursting in Brooklyn and the resulting action. Around the walls, chairs and settees wait for visitors. Over to the right of the desk a group of armchairs still hold the attitude of respectful attention of those who last sat in them the afternoon before.

The Mayor looks up from the pile of various colored sheets, pulls on his half-smoked cigar, and starts dictating replies in a low quiet voice. Now and then a serious-looking man comes in with an old-fashioned black ledger and opens it under the Mayor's nose to check on an appointment. A young fellow with pencils in his breast pocket shows the Mayor clippings pasted on cardboard. When there's someone on the phone he ought to speak to, a young woman secretary comes in and whispers in his ear. He trots out into the other room and is back in an instant at his dictating again. While the minutes tick into hours I sit there, feeling like a man who has found himself by some accident on the stage after the curtain has gone up on a play.

At ten thirty the stenographers slip out. I begin to phrase a question, but already city officials have moved into the room and into the group of armchairs. Two small dark men have slid silently onto the settees in the back of the room. The Mayor starts reading a document in a rapid perfunctory voice. The words "statutory public hearing" stand out. It's something about changing the name of a street somewhere in Queens. In three minutes it's over. The little men in back vanish as silently as they came.

Now maybe there'll be a lull, I think, and start stirring in my chair. But the secretary is already introducing a visitor. The period of conferences has begun.

"What have you got?" the Mayor asks sharply as the visitor settles in his seat. This gray-haired man can't seem to disentangle himself from the details of the problem surrounding an easement for a sewer. The Mayor's voice goes shrill as he cuts him off in the middle of a sentence: "All right. That ends that." The visitors come thick and fast. Two men and a woman chat about how the borough presidents are going to vote in the Board of Estimate. The chief of police reads a report. A red-faced man in uniform goes over the Fire Department's troubles in getting enough men to man the stations at the beaches. A brisk young man is asking whether they shouldn't plant apple trees at the reform school. A young lady with glasses is talking about relief clients, case loads, limited employability.

The Mayor pushes his glasses up on his forehead and leans back in his chair to listen. "Nobody ever sees these people." He drags the words out. "Are you sure they are unemployable?" His face wrinkles up. "Why I'm so worried is, one morning we are going to wake up and be hit between the eyes. That's why I want to save every cent I can, to be ready when the time comes."

When he talks he gestures with the hand that holds the cigar. Often there's a coaxing whine in his voice as he ends a conversation. "We've got to go in with one eye open and know what we're doing." Or a sharply phrased question: "Is it on the level?" Or admonishingly he shakes the surprisingly long forefinger of his stubby hand. "Be alert on this, won't you, please?"

I keep forgetting my questions as I watch the show. As the morning goes on the feeling of pressure rises. Business has to be speeded up, decisions hastened. Secretaries and assistants run in and out. The Mayor looks down, sometimes frowning or pouting, at papers laid down in front of him. Now and then he pulls off his glasses and chews on the earpieces. Wisps of black hair begin to shake down on his forehead.

At twelve o'clock a secretary brings him a cup of black coffee in a heavy white porcelain cup. The visitor gets a sandwich with his cup of coffee. Now this ought to be a good time for a talk, I think. But somebody sets the typewritten copy of a

(*Continued on page 58*)

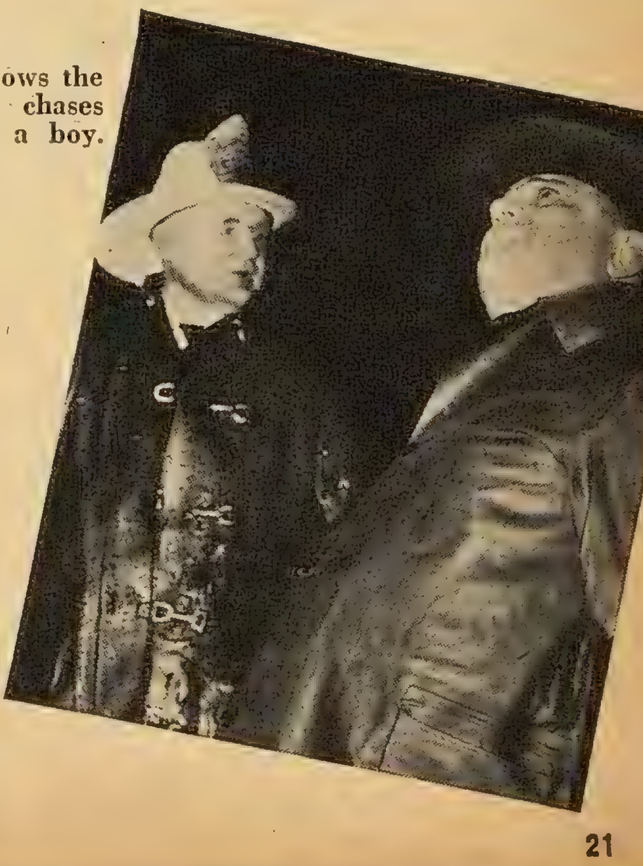
This little skit by His Honor dramatized the food stamp plan.

When scrap doesn't roll in fast enough, he goes out and gets it.

INTERNATIONAL, ACME, PRESS ASSOCIATION

From his City Hall office, the bustling Little Flower directs municipal affairs.

Every fireman knows the Mayor, too. He chases the engines like a boy.



Replacement for Pinky

It was his first mission as a tail gunner. The crew was hostile and he was lonely and afraid—until he remembered the song in his heart

BY S. L. GOMBERG

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

FREDDY looked up from the V-mail letter he was writing. A loud murmur had come from the men playing poker on the bed across the barracks. One of them—the waist gunner named Martino—wanted a round of draw instead of stud. He was voted down, and the game went on.

Freddy picked up the letter and reread what he had written.

"Dear Mary," it said: "Today I met the crew of the ship I am assigned to. It is a B-24 called Bloomer Girl, and I am to be the tail gunner. The fellows are nice and must be a good crew since they have already flown twenty missions together. It should be great, flying with them."

What else could he say, he wondered. It would only worry her if she knew that the gunner he was replacing—a New Jersey boy called Pinky—had been killed two days ago on a China Sea mission. And it would be foolish to write about the cold reception the crew had given him when he reported in. Not that he expected to be greeted with a brass band. But they could have been friendly, at least. It wasn't his fault their buddy had gotten it, or that he had been assigned to them right from a replacement base.

Yet they seemed so uninterested, so stone-faced, when he was introduced, as though he was horning in where he didn't belong. Even the officers—pilot, co-pilot, navigator, and bombardier—even they acted the same way.

Freddy glanced over at the men around the bed. They still weren't smiling or laughing. Just playing cards, not talking much at all. It was easy to understand how they felt about Pinky. But they didn't have to hold it against him, did they?

He was just writing Mary about how different the Chinese kids were from the kids in India, when Feinstein, the ball turret gunner, tapped him on the shoulder. Freddy jumped up so fast he dropped his pen.

"We're going over to the PX for awhile," Feinstein said. A warm glow poured right through Freddy. "And that's where we'll be in case the lieutenant or somebody wants us." Feinstein picked up his flight jacket from the next bed and joined the others, who were already starting for the door. Freddy watched them leave, then reached down for his pen. Maybe he should write something about the funny-smelling market places in China. Mary might enjoy that. . . .

They were briefed for the mission just after midnight. Outside, engines were coughing and getting "run-ups." Freddy listened hard to everything. Their target was an important railroad bridge, and the Intelligence officer warned of ack-ack defenses and maybe some fighter opposition. It would be cloudy part of the way, but not around the target area. If they stayed on schedule, they would unload their bombs at dawn. Take-off time was in an hour. Freddy's throat was dry and his legs trembled a little when he got up to follow everyone else out of the room. The Bloomer Girl loomed like a crouching winged monster in the darkness as her crew arrived in a truck. Freddy almost fell, hopping down with his parachute and extra equipment in his arms. Lieutenant Novack, the pilot, watched his men climb into the B-24. He spoke a few low words to some of them or patted their backs. But all he said to Freddy was, "Keep your eyes open. Japs are tricky." Nothing else. No other hints for a guy on his first mission. Not even a little encouragement for a guy who felt alone and scared.

There wasn't much to see on the way to the target. The night was heavy with clouds. Over the intercom, Freddy could hear the rest of the crew talking. Thomas, the radio operator, complained about static trouble. Feinstein reported that number two engine sounded rocky. The co-pilot checked and said it would be all right. After a while Lieutenant Schultz, the navigator, mentioned that he had mailed the letter to Pinky's folks. Nobody else said anything then.

Freddy strained his eyes to see against the lightening sky behind them. Maybe they missed Pinky so much because he had been the first one to spot fighters coming their way and always warned them in time. That kind of gunner was valuable to any crew. Or it could be that Pinky had never missed any Jap coming in for a tail attack. He might have been a deadeye, a gunner his buddies could depend on, no matter how rugged the going was.

Freddy gripped his gun handles until his hands trembled. He swung the turret up and down, back and forth. And he prayed for a Jap, even a whole formation of Japs, to try coming in at him. He was ready to prove anything they'd want.

Then he began feeling doubts. Supposing he didn't spot the Jap fighters coming in? What would happen then? Or he might miss his aim entirely and let the crew down that way. Scanning the skies, Freddy tightened his grip on the guns and tried his microphone button and prayed, hard.

Over the target vicious bursts of flak rocked the Bloomer Girl. Freddy stared with helpless fascinated eyes as the black puffs just missed them. Lieutenant McCabe, the bombardier, yelled, "Bombs away!" Then they turned east, into the new sun, homeward bound.

As they roared toward friendly territory, Freddy relaxed just a little. If only the crew would break down—laugh, or joke, or anything. His first mission was almost over, and so far they were all safe. Down below, the gray night mist was rolling back from the land as the day took hold. So he planned a new letter to Mary.

Mary—sweet, warm Mary who loved him. He hadn't seen her in a year, but he had only to close his eyes and she was there, always. Even after a year away from her, twelve long months. Yes, he'd write that. . . . Freddy stiffened on the gunner's seat. He had said good-by a year ago, on Easter Sunday, 1944, on the last day of his last furlough. And today was Easter Sunday again; he had just realized it.

THEY had walked to the station together that Easter Sunday, at about this same time of morning. They were holding hands and she wanted to cry. He knew it. But they sang, instead:

> "In your Easter bonnet, with all the
> frills upon it,
> You'll be the grandest lady in the
> Easter parade. . . ."

Freddy looked down in horror. His thumb was on the microphone button. They had heard him singing! Everyone in the crew had heard him! His throat became dry suddenly, and he released the button.

"What's the matter back there?" It was Lieutenant Novack.

"Why'd you stop singing?" Feinstein wanted to know. "Anything wrong?"

Freddy stuttered that he was all right.

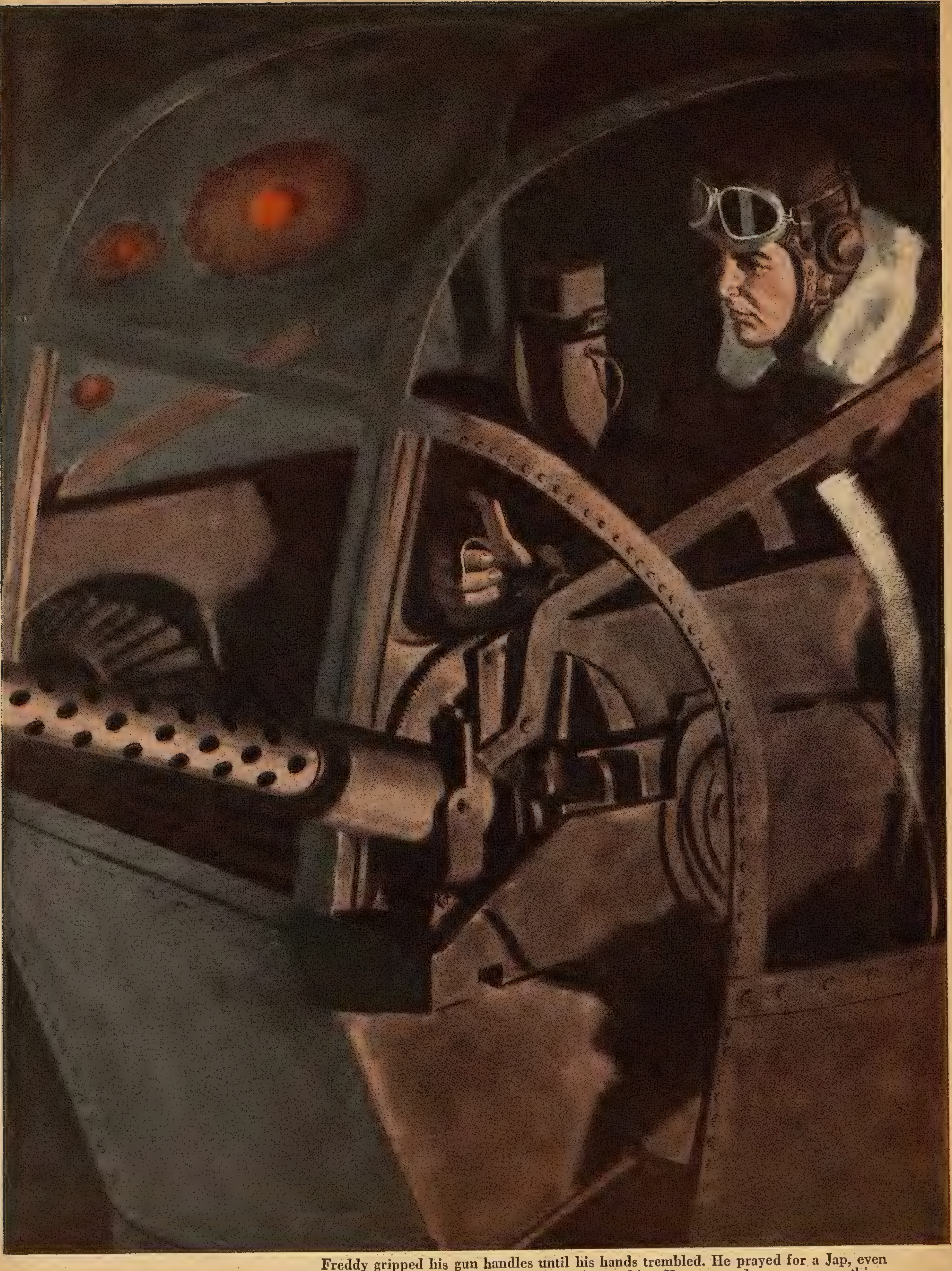
"Then go ahead, kid," Lieutenant Schultz broke in; "finish it."

"Sure, finish it, and sing more," Martino called. "Pinky always sang back there—especially on the way home!"

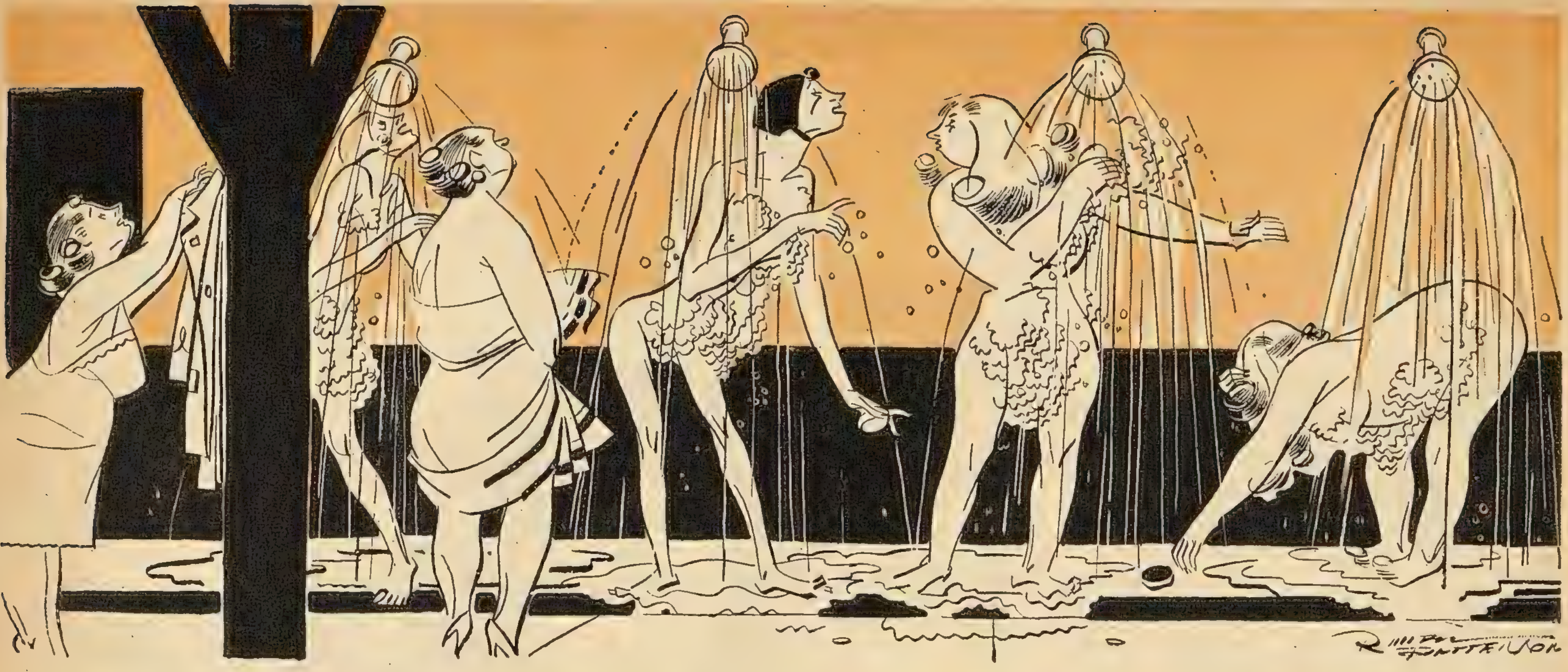
"Let's hear it, Freddy," somebody else yelled. "Sing out!"

So Freddy sang to his new crew. Then they all harmonized, with Feinstein singing a pretty good bass.

THE END



Freddy gripped his gun handles until his hands trembled. He prayed for a Jap, even a whole formation of Japs, to try coming at him. He was ready to prove anything.



The showers for women are clubby. You toss cheery remarks to friends and strangers, and see many extraordinary shapes and proportions.

The War and Me

BY MAXINE DAVIS

Though she has been a newspaper and magazine reporter since she was sixteen, Maxine Davis is frankly a home-loving type. At the request of the Army Air Force, she recently made a 35,000-mile trip overseas to gather material for a book on Air Medicine. But that is another story. This is a hilarious account of some of her more personal, but nonetheless memorable, adventures on that journey

I WENT overseas recently on an assignment for the War Department. I flew nearly 35,000 miles and visited seven theaters of operations.

Most of my friends and associates envied me this experience, refusing to believe me when I said I had accepted the assignment without enthusiasm. In the first place, I detest traveling. The only fun I have ever found in it is the joy of getting home. I am one of those women who normally start out with thirteen or fourteen pieces of baggage, and who acquire more as they proceed. On this journey I was allowed, like everyone else, sixty-five pounds in which to telescope my seventeen-pound typewriter and equipment for four months and many climates. I knew I would have to live through long flights on stripped-down planes in which the only accommodations are torture devices I'd heard of but never seen: bucket seats.

Above and beyond all this, there was the war. Few women my age can face the immediate realities of war with equanimity. Reading casualty lists in the newspapers gives you a lump in your throat. But standing in a long hospital ward, watching litter after litter bearing boys with shattered bodies brought in, watching nurses draw up with competent finality that last sheet, makes war anything but academic. Indeed, the memory long bleaches the color out of living and leaves only a blazing white indignation.

I am a woman of scant courage, moral or physical. Still, I steeled myself as best I could for the tragedy and the dangers that were ahead of me. I was, therefore, mentally and spiritually prepared for the grim experiences I envisioned. But I was wholly unprepared for the smaller difficulties that I, together with most women who travel in war areas, was about to cope with. These I shall always remember even when I have long forgotten my more dramatic moments.

I cannot now evoke the agony of terror I felt when I stumbled unexpectedly onto the front, when someone yelled, "Get *down!*" and shoved me flat on my face. I cannot relive the paralysis of fear I suffered when I heard the nasty *zzzz-zzz* of a buzzbomb in England, or the awful cold that clutched my stomach when an engine cut out over the Indian Ocean. But I can always feel the anguish I knew when I reflect on some of my personal tribulations.

For instance, the simple business of keeping clean and relatively decently groomed at once loomed as a major problem. At first I tried to rise above the depressing olive-drab WAC officer uniform that women war correspondents are obliged to wear. I had never realized before how much my morale depended upon my earrings and my fur coat and the results of an occasional shopping spree. After a short while, however, I ceased to mourn my lost glamor and just concentrated on occasionally getting clean.

CARTOONS BY RUSSELL PATTERSON

It was cold in Europe. Lord, it was cold! There was no heat in my building, and no hot water. I would wake up in the morning convinced there were icicles on my nose. The moment would inevitably come when I absolutely *had* to have a bath. I was sure that if I didn't ultimately get a bath, they would send me home. Now, I can take a hot bath in a chilly bathroom, or I can, if I must, take a cold tub in a nice warm bathroom. But an icy bath in an arctic bathroom defeats all my better instincts. However, I finally evolved a system!

I would bring a bottle of cognac into my room, run a tub, and settle down with my book and my bottle. After a good deal of cognac, I would think, Woof! Who's afraid of a little cold water? and plunge.

You might expect that cold unheated quarters would drive one into bed at the earliest possible moment. Not at all. Getting into bed took a good deal of arranging. If you just came into your room, undressed, and climbed in, as I did my first night in Paris, you got frozen to your marrow. The sheets were chill as shrouds. After a bit, however, I found out what to do. I would sit on the bed, spot by spot, until it was warm enough to scuttle into. If you ever let yourself think of the boys you'd seen sleeping in foxholes, you never did get warm.

There were blankets and nice fat eiderdowns in Paris. In other places, however, there are often insufficient covers. In many towns in France the Germans have taken the quilts and blankets from hotels and inns. Frequently I would find I had only a cotton bedspread to protect me from the rigors of November nights. Then I would put off the evil moment as long as possible, and at last I would take off my shoes, put on my field coat, get under the flimsy coverlet, drink brandy to keep my feet warm, and wonder if I were becoming a solitary drinker and what my mother would say.

However, one adjusts oneself with amazing facility to unusual conditions. I had, for instance, never shared a bedroom for more than a few nights at a time with anyone in my whole life. Now I found myself sharing quarters with anywhere from one to seven strange females. Often I never even saw them. Plane schedules are so wickedly arranged that you are always leaving or arriving at billets between two thirty and four thirty in the morning. You learn to tiptoe in, take off your shoes and blouse and tie, and slip under questionable blankets as you are.

Eventually I even got used to sleeping with strange men on planes. I learned to roll up in a blanket and sleep like a baby on floors of airplanes on long hops. Sometimes there weren't enough blankets aboard to go around and people had to share what there were. I thought nothing of bundling with some transient male. And goodness knows, in my wrinkled olive drab, no man could possibly find me anything more than cozy. One night a strange bedfellow woke me up. "Listen, babe," he admonished. "Stop talking in your sleep; you're bothering people. You keep asking for your pocketbook, and you're using it for a pillow."

Riding in airplanes was rarely pleasant, and sometimes it was not even the speediest mode of travel. Take, for instance, my journey from a forward air strip back to Paris. The distance was about 200 miles. I had it all figured out. I was billeted on the ninth floor of a hotel, with no elevator. I would carry my bag downstairs before seven in the morning, walk the twelve blocks to breakfast by seven fifteen. I would see the commanding general at seven thirty. By nine o'clock I would have a jeep and be on my way to Paris in time for an afternoon appointment.

WELL, I got to breakfast according to plan. But the general had a staff meeting. After the staff meeting we talked. He was vastly concerned by my sniffles and my cough. How was I returning to Paris? By jeep? No, a thousand times no! A frail flower like me must not be exposed to the rigors of a jeep ride. I must take his own private plane. I looked at the gray threatening day, but the general was adamant.

I gave up, phoned the Public Relations officer and told him the bad news. Fine! He would go with me. But at first, because the command had just moved here (bases were always moving in France), we couldn't find the plane, and then, when we had located the plane, we couldn't find the general's pilot. So we settled for a Polish pilot who was attached to G-2.

By this time it was noon, so we went to mess, then started for the airfield, which we reached after a number of wrong turns. Eventually they began to warm up the motor of the general's little three-seater Fairchild. "Don't you think you'd better check the weather?" I said, shivering. But no, that Pole had flown in *much* worse weather, and besides, it was only forty-three minutes to Le Bourget. We climbed in. The radio was out of commission. So, without confiding our plans to the control tower, we took off.

After flying about thirty minutes we could not even see the nose of that little plane. The ceiling was on the ground. Even the Pole conceded he might not be able to find Le Bourget and was persuaded to turn around. In a few minutes, out of the fog came a flock of B-26s, whizzing just below us. We were still flopping around in their prop wash when a covey of P-51s passed us. This, I thought, is the end. In a minute we're going to meet a herd of Forts, head on.

But we didn't. Nothing happened. The Pole somehow found the field. Combat ships of every description were coming home to roost, because of the weather. We were without communication with the control tower, but, blandly and safely, that Pole put us down. I went back to the motor pool, got me a jeep, and reached Paris—at nine thirty that night!

During this trip, and indeed during all my travels, I was constantly preoccupied with the problem of what our young delicately call "felicity." I thought of any and every expedition in terms of "felicity." I was to go to Reims? Splendid; a city with adequate plumbing. I was to go to a fighter base near Bar-le-Duc? I shuddered; there would be no facilities. My search for "felicity" threaded my entire journey. A place where there were arrangements for women was heaven, even if the mattresses were made of lumps of cannel coal and scorpions nested in my shoes.

There were not too many such places. Even in England I began to notice that. I'd spent one day in an important Headquarters there. It is housed in a famous girls' school, and its outlook was civilized and placid. Cows grazed on gentle hillsides colored the faded yellows and russets of an English autumn, and swans idled on the mirrored surface of a little lake. There were handsome old Norman buildings; there were clipped yews and a boxwood-bordered garden—but there were no doors labeled "Women." After five or six hours I sneaked away from my last general and began a hysterical search. I saw an orderly scrubbing a floor and I asked breathlessly: "Is there a women's washroom around?"

The orderly dumped his brush into his bucket, wiped his hands, and inquired amiably, "What do you want to do, lady?"

I confess I was taken aback. I was, in fact, speechless. The orderly became irritable. "Do you want to take a bath?" he demanded. I shook my head. "Well, lady," he queried, "just what *do* you want to do?"

I was still rather delicate in my language when I first went to France. I have lived in France, and it never occurred to me that the details of life there might be complicated. Indeed, I was not yet really felicity-conscious. It took several expeditions to teach me to plan ways and means routinely as I planned my day's work. I visited several forward airfields before I grasped the fact that men living in tents pitched in knee-deep mud, breaking the ice in pails before they washed in the morning, were likely to forget the Victorian niceties. Once I was quite close to the front, plowing through that inevitable mud for hour upon weary hour. As the time passed I became more and more concentrated on my problem. Finally, just before mess, I quavered:

"Colonel, is there any place around where I could wash my hands?"

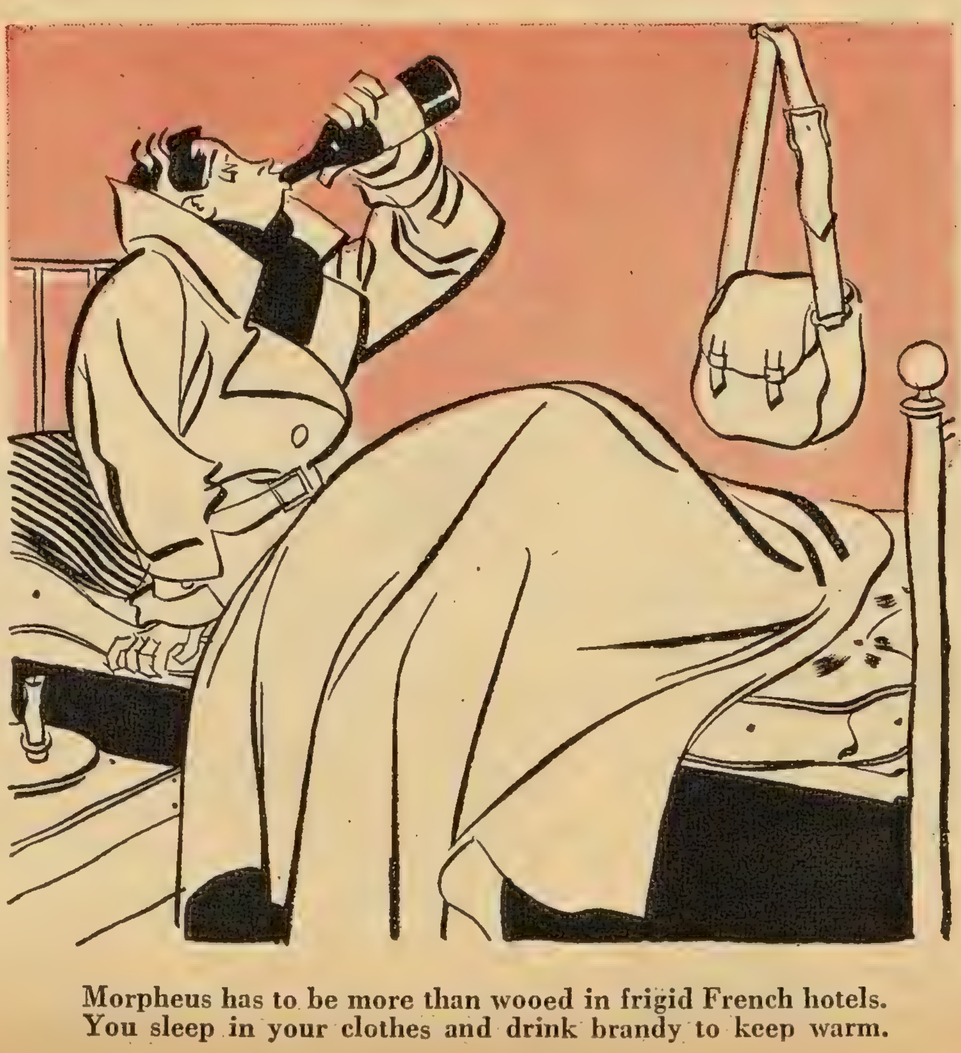
"Tsk! Tsk! Tsk! What a dope I am!" he cried with commendable chagrin. "Come right into my tent." He lifted the flap, ushered me in, and left me. I looked around. A cot, a table, and a foot locker comprised the furnishings. I cleaned my glasses and looked again. At that moment the colonel returned—with a big smug smile and a basin of hot water. "Here you are, young lady, here you are!" he cried proudly. "The water is *hot* and here's a *fresh* bar of soap!"

AFTER that experience, I gave up. I just asked, and in no euphemistic language, either. The technique that I, like most women, developed was to ask someone to investigate the situation, give you the all clear as soon as the officers' latrine was free, and stand guard until you emerged. Occasionally I would find men who would think of this without prodding. They would always explain their thoughtfulness, saying, "I'm a married man myself." I never knew what that had to do with it, but I was very glad they had some married men in the Army.

I got that system down, finally, without a blush, but long jeep trips always baffled me. So I shall always remember one jeep driver with profound affection. We were a two-motor convoy, my jeep escorting a truckful of champagne destined for some officers' club. Suddenly both truck and jeep stopped. Everybody got out. The driver of the jeep and the driver of the truck held a conference. Then my driver came up to me and said, "Behind the back of the truck is the best place for you, ma'am."

Where there are nurses or WACs there are, naturally, adequate facilities. I was always so happy to find them that never once did I have a moment of nostalgia for the privacy of my own plaster pink-and-silver bathroom at home. That was fortunate, for certainly privacy is as remote from these establishments as interior decoration. Latrines

(*Continued on page 79*)

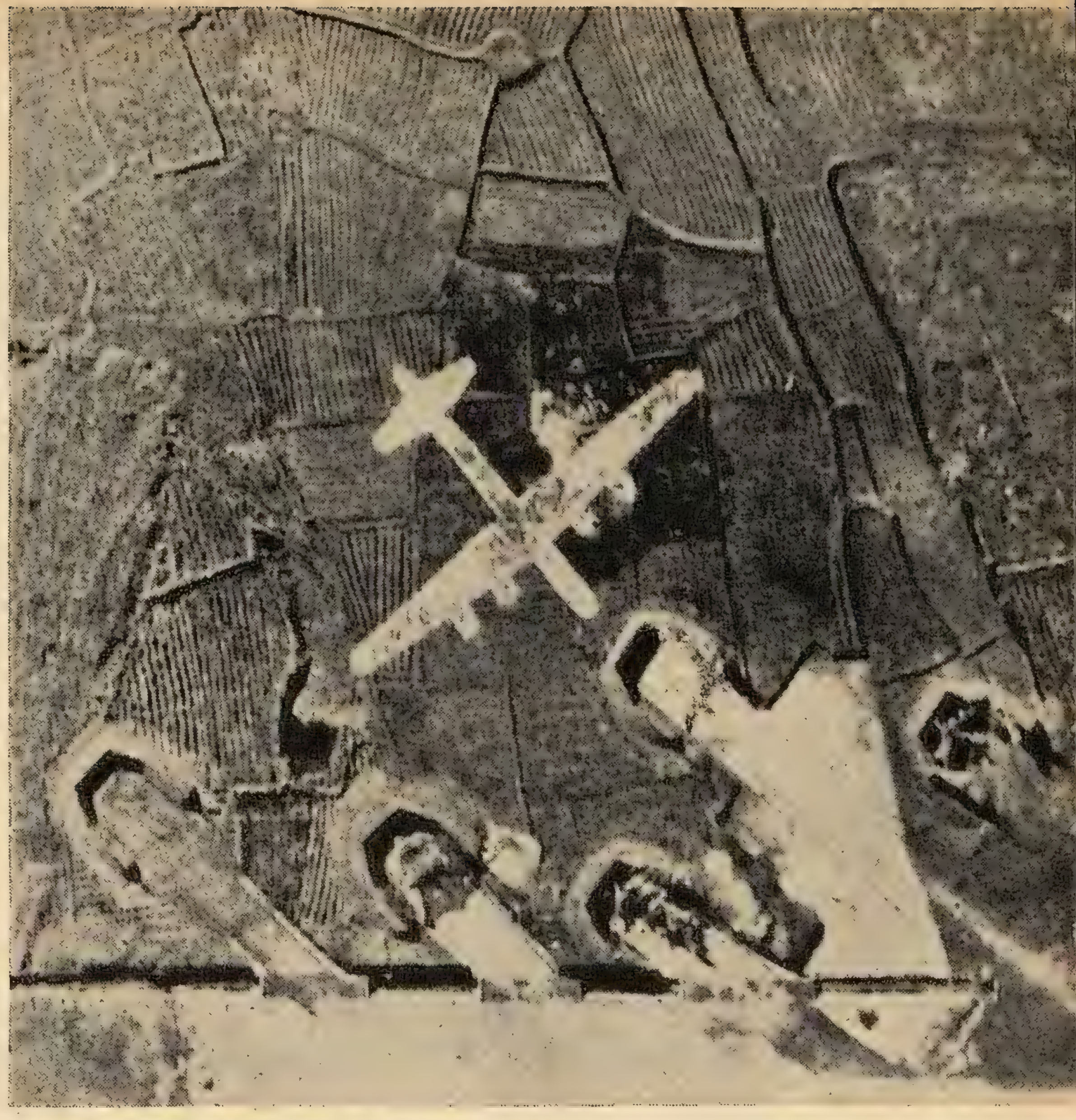


Morpheus has to be more than wooed in frigid French hotels. You sleep in your clothes and drink brandy to keep warm.

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

SICK FRIEND—Ed Strassburg, attendant in the Toledo zoo, has done a lot of sitting up lately with Babo, a chimpanzee. Babo, who was ill with pneumonia, had to have his pulse taken daily.

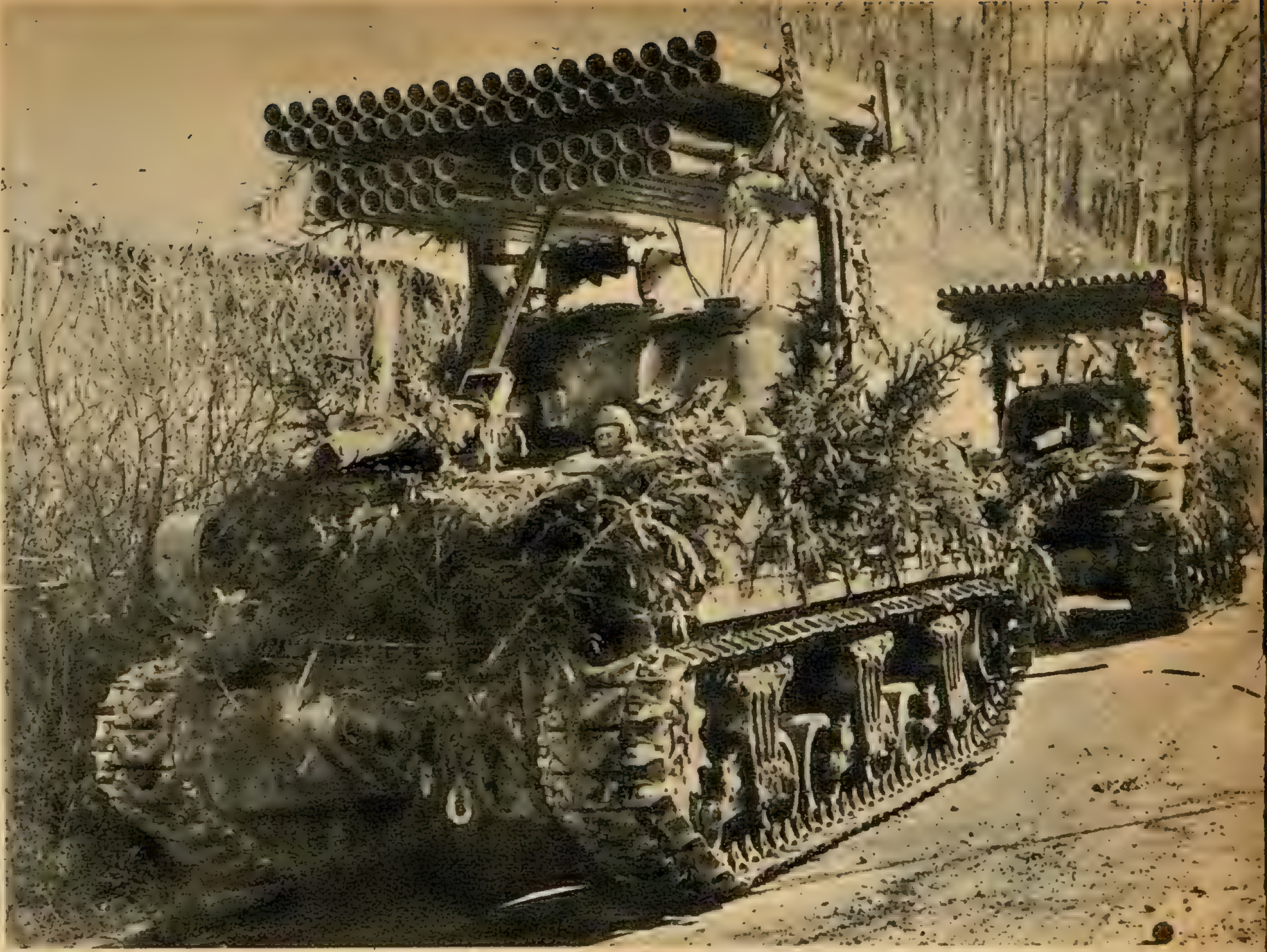


BOOBY TRAP FOR AIRMEN—Japs in French Indo-China painted this silhouette of a damaged B-29 on the ground with whitewash. It was intended to lure high-flying ships down for a look so Japs could get them with ack-ack.

CELERY CHAPEAU — Hats being what they are this spring, no one noticed that Penny Edwards' bonnet was made of real vegetables. No one, that is, except a cabby's horse at Central Park. He got a lot of vitamins out of it.

BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO—On the road to Mandalay. A young Burmese couple found this mode of conveyance to take them back to their home near Sadaung, after it had been cleared of Japs by British troops.

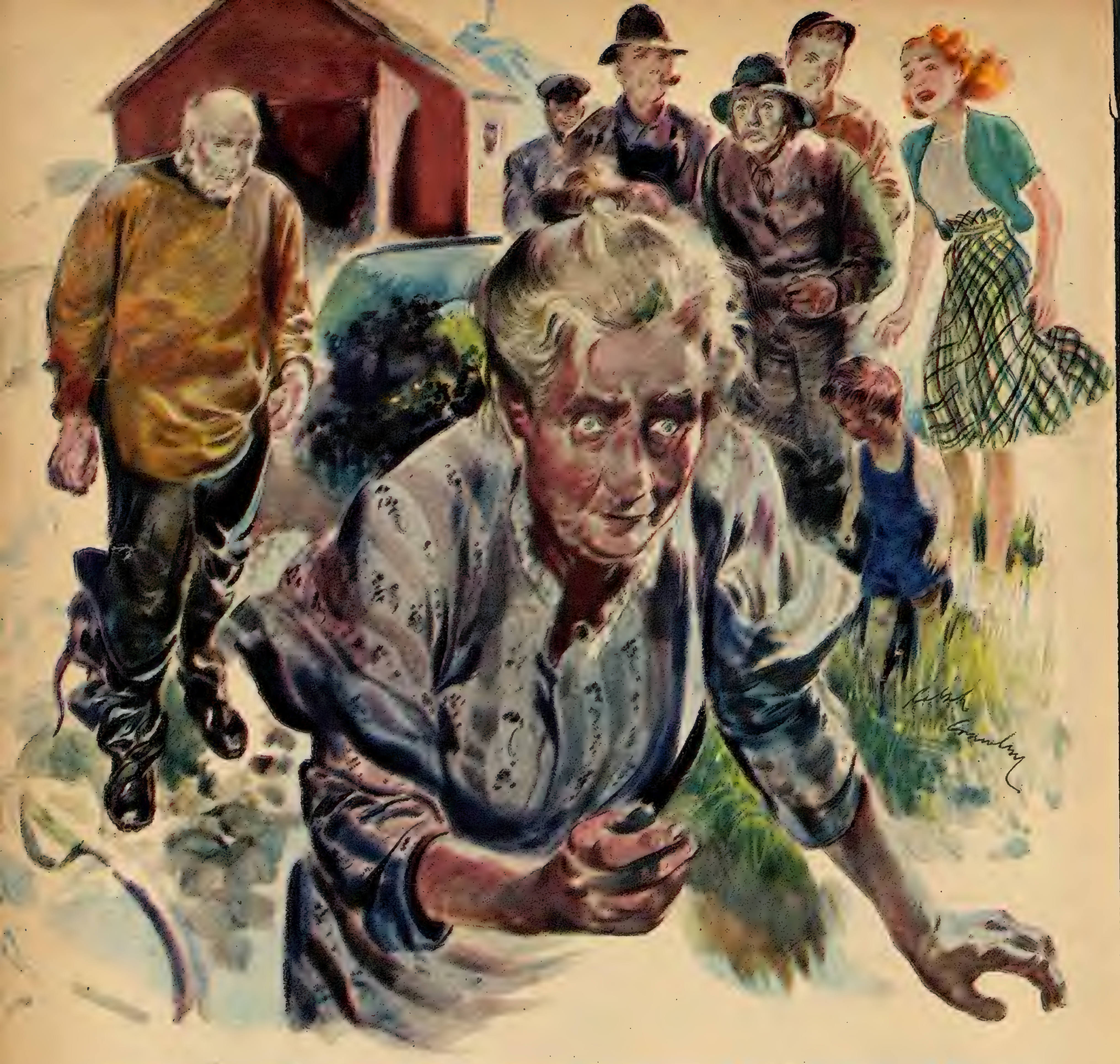
CHIN UP!—When Lloyd C. Russell's ▲ ship was hit off the Philippines, his jaw was badly smashed and fractured. This wire-clamp device is gradually pulling the bones back to their proper shape.



RACKET AND ROCKETS—Ready to roar into action, these U. S. General Sherman tanks pause at the roadside in Germany. They are fitted with rocket-launching racks that can be jettisoned after the rockets have been fired, leaving the tank free to carry on with its 75-mm. gun.

TOAST WITHOUT THE HOST—Because he doesn't drink, Marshal Montgomery didn't join this group at the captured citadel in Jeulich, during Churchill's visit. The Prime Minister is having a quick one with U. S. Generals Simpson and Gillian and British Field Marshal Sir Alan Brooke. ▶

DOG WALKS DOG—Silver, a blind collie at the Von Motzeck kennels in Chicago, has her own Seeing Eye dog—Sasha, a dachshund who leads her about. ▼



There was no doubt that Millie was still frantic. She gave one frightened look at all of us and then ran toward the house.

BY GRACE NIES FLETCHER

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

MAYBE you think married people can't have a love story? "Young lust," one editor told me recently—"that's what people want to read about. Boy plus girl equals TNT." Well, Cap'n Hite was lusty enough, in all conscience, but by no stretch of the imagination could you squeeze his love for Millie into a formula. But to me, Cap'n Hite and his wife, Millie, achieved magnificently those magic words that are at once an end and a beginning: "And so they lived happily ever after. . . ."

The Higgenses were neighbors of our summers in a little white village near Bar Harbor, Maine. They were as different as possible in appearance. Cap'n Hite was six feet two in his stocking feet with a voice that could drown out Lizzie, as we called the foghorn at Cunners' Ledge lighthouse; while Millie was a tiny snip of a woman who could have walked under his outstretched arm. But in one thing they were alike.

"Chips off the Maine granite," Mr. Strong, the minister from up Boston way, said once, admiring. "With all the sharp edges left on. Once one of these Maniacs makes up his mind, you can't budge him more than a rock, either!"

I got into the argument between Cap'n Hite and Millie, willy-nilly, one Sunday morning when I was going there for the milk. The Higgens' farmhouse is perched like a barnacle on the yellow cliff looking out to sea toward Cunners' Ledge light, while on the other side are the barn, vegetable garden, and a meadow sloping down to the road. As I came up that morning I could hear Aunt Millie shrilling at Cap'n Hite.

"I've borne you twelve children and you not home to help me raise one of 'em! It's time you paid me some mind. You're going to the Sing with me tonight! Do you want the neighbors to think I married a heathen?"

Going to the Sing was a sort of trademark of respectability, and all the church service the village had. Every Sunday night we squeezed our knees under the little desks in the schoolhouse while Mr.

Strong led us in singing lustily, "Throw out the lifeline across the dark wave," or maybe "The little brown church in the dell." Then we said the Lord's Prayer and went home. That was all, but it was too much for Cap'n Hite.

"I've steered my own course since I was old enough to spit tobacco!" he bellowed back at Millie. "N' I ain't comin' snifflin' to the Almighty now!"

"Hurray!" I shouldn't have let that out, of course, but Cap'n Hite had been a hero of mine for years. He'd been around the world on his own quarterdeck so many times he'd lost count, and it was even whispered that once he'd killed a man in a bar in Singapore—in self-defense. Somehow I couldn't visualize him squeezed into a little seat, singing hymns.

"You keep out of this!" As Aunt Millie came out onto the back porch and called to me, Cap'n Hite brushed by her, his big hip boots stamping down the steps. He was hell-bent for his skiff, lying up in the cove, and for escape, and as he rushed along the sweet-fern-bordered path Aunt Millie called after him, anxiously, "Luff up, Hite! You'll have a spell if you don't." When he didn't slacken speed, she called again, "Hiram!"

"Aye, aye, Millie!" When he slowed up like she told him, I nearly dropped my milk pail. He gave her a sort of half grin and then I understood. In little things he could afford to humor her, because he knew she loved him.

"HE looks fine to me," I told Aunt Millie soothingly as we sat on the back steps with a plate of ginger cookies.

"It ain't his biceps that bother me; it's his heart. And his—" Aunt Millie hesitated, for, after all, even if she had known me since I was six, I was still summer folks and alien. Still, I took it as a compliment she decided to go on. She asked me, "Do you think Mr. Strong would come talk to Hite—about going to the Sing?"

Well, for Pete's sake, so she hadn't given that up! It was my turn to hesitate. Mr. Strong would come, all right, but I wasn't at all sure that Cap'n Hite wouldn't tell him to get the h—heck out of here. I said doubtfully, "Well, you could ask him to just drop by."

It was because I knew so much already that Mr. Strong told me later what happened when he went to call on Cap'n Hite. Aunt Millie met him at the back door, scared and excited.

"Sh-h. He's out on the front veranda." She added in a hoarse whisper, "Hite's a good man, Mr. Strong, if he does never crack a hymnbook. But his language—" She sighed. *She* didn't mind, she explained anxiously, because Hite didn't mean a thing; swear words just come natural to him. But did Mr. Strong think the Lord would understand that, too? "I'm scairt I'll get to heaven and Hite won't!" she blurted out her worry.

If this happened, she didn't want to stay. But could you get out of heaven just because you wanted to? There she would be, stuck, with Hite maybe in—in the other place. After them being married forty-four years come next September! Now that he'd come to anchor with her after all those years at sea, seemed a good time to settle the matter.

Cap'n Hite was sitting on the veranda, Mr. Strong said, in a chair that groaned under his great weight, balancing the family Bible on his big knee. He'd met up with hurricanes, fire in the hold, and mutiny on the China Sea, but when Millie told him the minister was coming, he said frankly it was the worst thing yet.

Mr. Strong looked out over the veranda railing across miles of shining sea water, flat silver in the sun. "You have a grand view here," he murmured.

"Aye," the cap'n agreed absently. But he was not one to waste breath in chitchat when big issues were at stake. He pointed with his gnarled finger to the Book open in front of him to the Ten Commandments. "I've broken every —— —— one of 'em," he burst out. "I'm seventy-two. It seems kind of mean to come crawlin' now."

Before Mr. Strong could answer, the parlor curtain behind them moved, and though the cap'n didn't let on by a flicker of an eyelash, Mr. Strong knew that he saw it, too, that he knew Millie was there, listening.

"There's another thing." Cap'n Hite shot the parson a keen glance. "Is it true that there's no marrying in heaven?"

"'They neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels,'" Mr. Strong quoted. The parlor curtain gave a frantic flip, and he added hastily, "But it doesn't say anything about *staying* married, if you want to. In fact"—with a sudden inspiration he turned the pages of the Book quickly and then pointed. "Read that. Out loud." (So Millie could hear.)

Cap'n Hite's reading shook the veranda roof: "'In my Father's house are many mansions.' Hmm. Seems like they wouldn't put up all them new housing projects for nothin'. What you figger you got to put down for an option?"

Mr. Strong quoted again: "'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us.' He promises that." He looked the cap'n in the eye. "Do you repent?"

Cap'n Hite glanced to where the parlor curtain was having conniptions, and sighed. What pictures were going through his mind? Sunrise over a wild hill in Haiti? Moonlight etching the Taj Mahal in silver? More likely the garish lights of a hundred water-front saloons, cozy and warming to a man's gizzard after long lonely nights at sea; maybe even a girl's warm body and painted lips. . . . The sounds and smells of the kingdoms of this world were drawn up before Cap'n Hite in the rich mosaic of an old sailor's memory. Did he repent all that?

"Aye," he agreed grimly. "For Millie's sake, I do!"

Mr. Strong didn't dare look at him; it was too big a moment. Instead, he stared out, awed, over the sea. The cap'n broke the silence at last. He said doubtfully, "I don't feel any different. You sure it's going to be all right?"

Mr. Strong laid his hand on the cap'n's shoulder. "Ah," he said. "He'll keep His promise. God is a gentleman, too."

But this was not to be the end of the cap'n's expiation for the life he had led.

SOME months later one of the villagers sent me, on the back of a Christmas card, the news that Aunt Millie Higgens had gone out of her head, poor thing.

"Hite won't let her be put away. He says she took care of his young ones while he was away, and now he'd take care of her while she's away," my correspondent wrote. "The children come and offered to pay for her at a hospital, but Hite run 'em off the place. Merry Christmas. MINNIE."

"While she's away." What a delicate way to put it, I thought. And yet this was a tragedy of the first water. I went directly to the post office that next summer before I even unpacked, to ask Hen Perkins, the postmaster, how the Higgenses were making out.

The post office-store is the heart of our village. It isn't even a village really, just a scattering of white houses around the store and the schoolhouse, which is smothered in pines; and beyond that are the yellow rocks and the sea.

Hen was slicing cheese and taking a bite every other slice. He had on the same black-and-white wool shirt he'd worn every summer since I could remember, and though he seemed glad to see me, if we hadn't gone cunnering together when we were kids, I'd never have gotten a word out of him about the Higgenses.

"They're still up at the farm," Hen admitted grudgingly. "Jimmy's had electricity put in and a telephone."

Jimmy was the oldest son who was a lawyer now in Chicago. I've often thought how curious it was that in trying to make

(*Continued on page 70*)

Many Mansions

The cap'n was an agnostic. He'd broken every one of the Ten Commandments. But for Millie's sake, he repented. For Millie's sake, too, he nearly broke one last commandment

Twenty-three years ago the Fromm brothers mortgaged the family homestead to buy three silver foxes. Today they run the largest fur business in the world, and some of their coats — though not exactly priceless — cost $25,000

From pampered, vitamin-fed mink raised on the Fromm farm in Wisconsin come these rare-colored, one-of-a-kind coats, the silver-sable mink, left, and the arctic mink, below. Priced, if the boy friend should ask, at $17,500.

Fur Farmers

By Dorothy Roe Lewis

AS Papa Fred Fromm clucked to his horses and rattled off down the road one spring morning in 1912, his six strapping sons waved good-by with unaccustomed nervousness. When the family buckboard was out of sight, they tramped resolutely into the kitchen of their log farmhouse in the north woods of Wisconsin, where Mama Fromm was busy with the morning chores.

Six to one is an uneven advantage, and besides, Mama Fromm never had been able to hold out long against any argument of her yellow-haired six-foot sons, Arthur, Herbert, Walter, Edward, John, and Henry. What they proposed this time was unheard of, unthinkable, and Mama did her best to be as unyielding as Papa. She held out for almost a week. Then she gave in and signed the mortgage.

Before Papa Fromm returned from his long trip, the bank had advanced $6,700 on a first mortgage on the homestead, and his sons had spent it all on three silver foxes: one male and two females.

That was the beginning of the world's largest fur business, still owned and operated by five of the six Fromm brothers. It was the beginning of an enterprise which spread from a Wisconsin farmhouse to a skyscraper in New York. It was the beginning of a revolution in fur-animal breeding which has developed fabulous new pelts in colors never before seen.

What really started the Fromm boys on their campaign to acquire the three silver foxes were the fur price lists sent out yearly by the Hudson's Bay Company and Funsten Bros. of St. Louis. Round the turn of the century these lists stated the following pelt prices:

"Weasel—35 cents.
Muskrat—50 to 75 cents.
Skunk—65 cents to $1.
Red Fox—$1.50 to $3.50.
Mink—$2 to $7."

But always at the top of every list was a magic, tantalizing line which fired the imagination. It read: "Silver Fox—Up to $1,000."

Never, in all the years they had been trapping, had any of the brothers seen a silver fox. The small red fox was plentiful in their woods, and each winter they netted a few mink, in addition to the more common weasel, muskrat, and skunk.

These were bread-and-butter furs, trapped and sold to Funsten Bros. for the year's spending money. But always there was the dream of glimpsing a silver fox, whose pelt would mean a fortune to the frugal farm family.

All of the boys had learned to hunt and trap almost as soon as they could walk. By the time he was six years old, each Fromm son knew how to set his traps in the fall, how to track a mother fox to her lair, capture the puppies and bring 'em back alive.

By capturing and penning up the wild red foxes, the boys learned their first lessons in tending and breeding a herd. They learned that certain foods produced glossier pelts. They learned how to select the choicest animals as breeders. But despite all their efforts they were never able to sell their pelts for more than $3.50 each.

Then they bought the silver foxes. Papa Fromm was furious. What, he inquired, would become of them all if the foxes fell ill and died? They would be homeless, forced to start from the beginning, as Grandpa Fromm had when he crossed the Atlantic from his native Germany.

The boys, who at that time ranged in age from eighteen to twenty-eight, remained confident. They had another source of income. On all the fur-trading lists of the time was another line. It read: "Ginseng—$5 per lb."

As they tended their traps, the boys gathered the ginseng herb, which grew wild in the woods; and each year they had a respectable bundle of it to ship to St. Louis along with their fur pelts. Ginseng, they learned, was shipped to China, where it brought high prices as a medicine for every known or imagined ill. In the United States its use was unknown, and American doctors pronounced it completely valueless. But in the Orient it was much in demand.

Not satisfied with gathering the wild herb, the brothers decided to cultivate it and started a small plot from plants and seeds gathered in the forest. By the time of the epic mortgage deal, the boys had about five acres of ginseng under cultivation, and that first year they paid off $1,800 of the mortgage from their harvest. Long before the first silver-fox pelt was sold, ginseng had paid off the rest of the loan and met the expenses of food, vaccines, and enclosures for the precious foxes.

By 1920 the Fromm silver foxes still numbered only 150 pairs. And the brothers were not yet ready to offer the pelts on the market. Carefully and systematically they had been building up the herd, selecting the finest animals for breeding and developing the quality of the fur.

During this time also all the boys except the two youngest had been graduated from the state normal school and were supposedly headed for teaching careers.

But the Fromm boys had other ideas about their future. They had glimpsed the heady possibilities of big business, and only one stuck to a teaching career. That was Herbert, now retired, the only Fromm brother not still active in the fur business.

In the present family set-up, Edward is president of the company; Henry, vice-president; Walter, treasurer; and John, secretary; while Arthur is manager of the second Fromm fur ranch at Thiensville, Wisconsin, near Milwaukee.

The original farm, at Hamburg, in the northern part of Wisconsin, is still the home ranch for the other four brothers, all of whom live on their ancestral lands with their families. The Hamburg farm now covers nearly 8,000 acres, and the Thiensville acreage is even larger.

HERE fur breeding has become an exact science; nothing is left to chance. Here every mink has a private room and the foxes run in carefully penned enclosures. Here, too, is raised even the rare chinchilla, once the most expensive fur in the world, now being produced in America for a fraction of its former price. (The Fromm chinchilla herd now numbers about 200 animals.) And it is on this original farm that the Fromm brothers experiment with new mutations, or varieties, of mink, producing new, rare, and beautiful pelts of fabulous worth.

The Fromm brothers started raising mink in addition to their silver foxes in 1931, at the start of the depression. They bred the mink at first purely as a hobby. Then, when the bottom dropped out of the fur market during the depression and many other fur ranchers went out of business, the Fromms increased their mink herds and were ready with large production when prosperity returned. Now the new mink mutations have given them a fresh and absorbing interest when otherwise the habit of success might have grown stale.

Two years ago the Fromms unveiled their first completed coat of platinum mink and created a sensation in blasé New York. The soft silvery tint of the fur, with an underfur something like blue fox in color and with platinum guard hairs, was a new wonder, and the coat sold for $25,000.

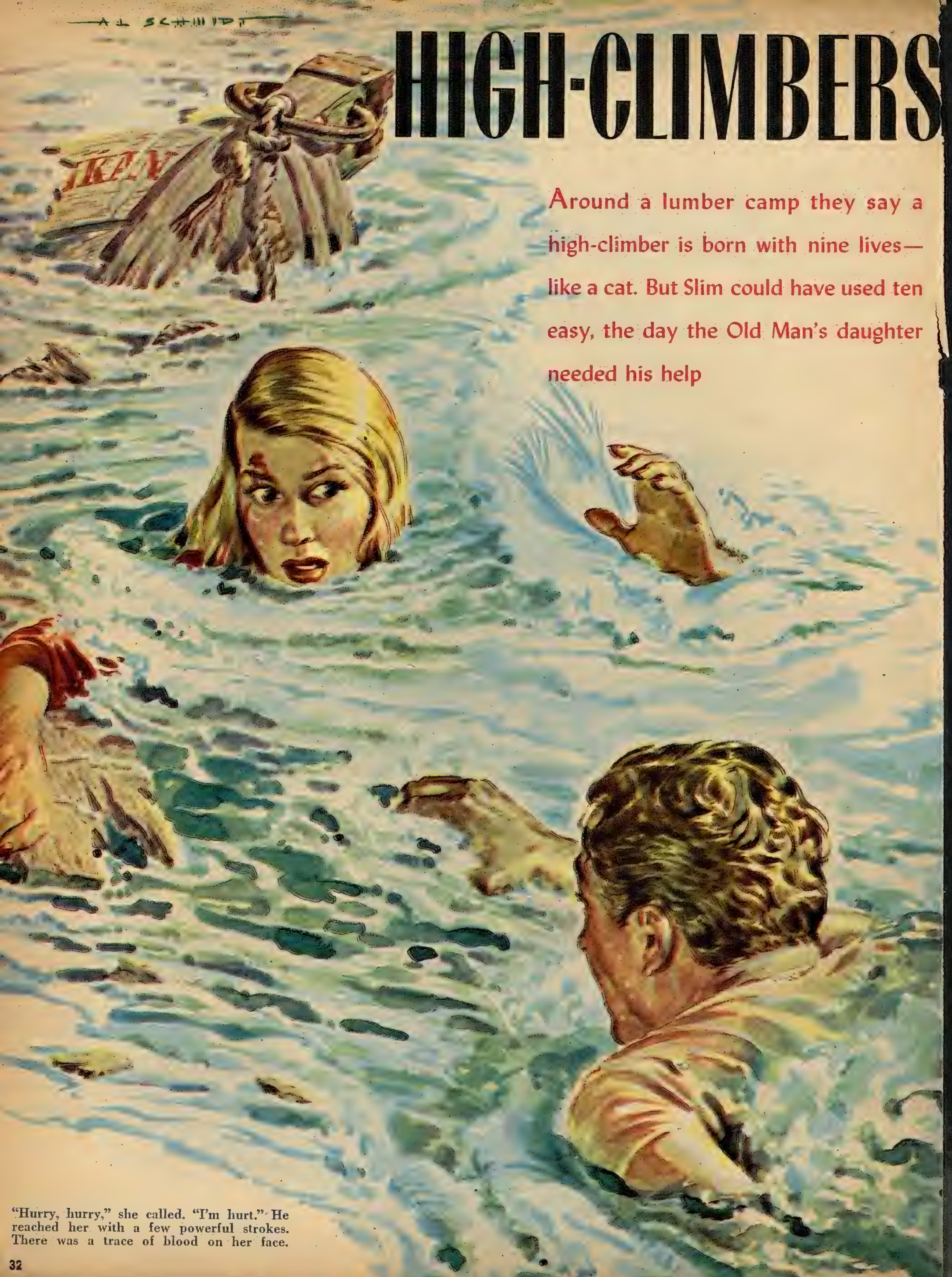
That historic garment was made from pelts of the descendants of the first platinum mink ever seen, trapped wild in the north woods twelve years ago. It took ten years of experimental breeding to establish the strain and produce enough pelts for a coat.

(*Continued on page 81*)

Secretary John and President Edward Fromm look over a couple of their most valuable assets—silver foxes.

HIGH-CLIMBERS

Around a lumber camp they say a high-climber is born with nine lives—like a cat. But Slim could have used ten easy, the day the Old Man's daughter needed his help



"Hurry, hurry," she called. "I'm hurt." He reached her with a few powerful strokes. There was a trace of blood on her face.

DON'T DIE

BY WESSEL SMITTER

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

HE had a free-and-easy manner and a roving eye, and when he caught the scent of white lilac as the girl reached over his shoulder to put a pitcher of coffee on the table, he gave her a full look and said, "Hiya, babe. All fixed up, I see. Stepping out to a movie tonight?"

"No," she said. "Going out for a streetcar ride."

That was more table conversation than had been heard in the cook shack in six months, and some of the men raised their heads and looked at the guy who'd come in with the Swede on the Mud Hen. It was funny, too, because the nearest streetcar was in Seattle, a thousand miles away, and there was no movie closer than Ketchikan, which was nearer but almost as hard to reach.

The other men finished supper and shuffled out of the building, but he was still taking his time with a piece of cake when the girl started clearing the table. She was humming a cowboy song and he listened a minute. Then he threw one leg over the bench, took a mouth organ from his pocket and started to play. She stopped.

"What's the matter, babe?" he laughed. "Don't you like my kind of playing?"

Her black eyes threw him a load of static. He laughed and took an easy saunter over to the other table.

There were two tables. And two women, or rather, the girl and one woman. The woman had on a chef's hat and apron.

"Who's the dolly?" he asked.

"The girl? The Old Man's daughter," said the woman. "And in case you don't believe me, he'll tell you himself. He wants her to keep out of mischief."

"In this bunch of buck loggers?"

"Look, tall-and-handsome! We don't worry about loggers. They leave her alone."

"That's fine."

"But high-climbers are different. They get over fences."

"Smart girl," he laughed.

"Not smart," she said; "just been around camps."

In the morning, after breakfast, the girl handed out the lunches and thermos bottles of tea and coffee as the men filed out of the cook shack.

"Tea or coffee?" she asked him.

"Coffee," he said.

She handed him a thermos bottle with a red "C" painted on the side. She said, "It's got cream and sugar. I noticed you like it that way."

"I do. But you can leave out the sugar if you'll stir in a pinch of affection."

"We're just out."

"That's what I was afraid of."

From the end of the table she picked up a lunch wrapped in brown paper.

He asked, "What's in here, beautiful?"

"Sandwiches, of course. If you have any special favorites, I'll try to remember—if you say what they are."

"Cheese and ham are O. K. And you can leave out the butter if you'll put in a dab of sweetness and light."

"Awful sorry. We're out of that, too."

"My luck," he said. "Let me know when you get in a new supply."

Walking away from the building, Barney, who'd been the last in line, fell in at his side. Barney ran the steam donkey and sort of looked after various small details in the camp.

"Look, Slim," he said. "Lay off the girl."

"Who? Me?"

"Yeh. She's just a kid. Got no mother, and the Old Man is trying to bring her up straight."

"Shouldn't be no trouble—all you guys trying to help."

"Yes, and by the holy old Mack, you're going to help, too. We lost a high-climber last week. He was a good man, but the Swede took him in on the boat."

There was no point in starting an argument. He could take women or leave them, but it was going to be difficult if she was going to insist on flashing those black eyes in his face.

He waited while Barney went into the blacksmith shop to pick up some tools. Now he had a chance to look over the layout.

The little group of tar-papered buildings sat on a ledge five hundred feet above the water. Down below was a round little bay with a string of boom sticks across the mouth to keep the logs from drifting out into the ocean. There was a makeshift dock where the Mud Hen, the boat that had brought him in from Ketchikan, lay tied up. From the crest of the ridge a long chute snaked down the steep slope.

One look and he had the show figured out. They were logging spruce and leaving the hemlock and fir. It was goat country. They were jerking long stuff out of canyons, high-leading it to the top of the main ridge with a steam donkey and sending it down the chute into the bay.

Barney came out of the blacksmith shop. They were ready to go out to the job.

"WHAT do you think of 'er?" asked Barney.

"I figure the government must want this stuff awful bad."

"If they didn't," Barney said, "you'd be out there slinging stuff at the Japs."

"Yeh, I guess so." It was a matter of some chagrin that the lumbering industry had kept high-climbers on the irreplaceable list and that his draft board insisted on keeping him out in the woods.

All day they'd been working like beavers, pulling logs out of the canyon. It was forty-eight-foot stuff mostly, four and five feet through at the butts. He'd been setting a cable clamp and needed an extra wrench and figured he'd have to climb to the top and get one from Barney. That meant battling his way through a half mile of ferns and vegetation, but he had to have the wrench to finish the job. Besides, he'd caught a glimpse of a red-and-yellow scarf through the trees and he was curious to know who was wearing it.

He heard the donkey race against the haul-back line and saw the big hook drop straight down out of the sky. The chokersetter hooked on a log, stepped back, and waved to Louie, the whistle punk halfway up the side of the mountain. Louie, in turn, passed the signal along to Barney.

The guy decided that he wouldn't walk, after all, and as the steel lines drew taut and the rigging creaked with the strain, he leaped up on the log.

Not until the load rose above a stand of young hemlock did Barney see what he was hauling up out of the canyon. Then he shut her off and all but fell off his bench.

"Pull 'er in!" he heard the guy holler.

It was the only thing to do, because there was no way of knowing where the load would hang up if he lowered off back into the canyon. The guy jumped down, easy and smooth like a cat.

The girl was there, but he ignored her.

"Came up to borrow your crescent," he said to Barney. "Got a cable clamp that's jammed."

Barney was too mad to say anything. Nick, the yarder man, knocked the shackle pin out of the choker and the log rolled free into the chute. The girl watched the log start off down the mountain.

Slow and easy at first the log started, and then it gathered speed like a runaway locomotive. There were a couple of dips, a high trestle over a canyon, and a long curve banked at an angle. Halfway down she'd be doing a mile-a-minute clip and leaving a trail of blue smoke in the wind. Then she'd lay into the curve and make a flying leap from the end of the chute and hit the water butt first. It'd look like the whole bay down below had exploded in a white shower of high spray and foam. A few shattered trees, splintered to matchwood, told the story of what happened when a log failed to make the curve and shot out over the side of the chute.

The guy had been digging around in the tool box, and when he straightened up, the girl said, "Hello."

"Hi, there," he answered. "What's the matter? No school?"

She laughed it off and said, "You think you're pretty catty on your feet, don't you? I'd like to see you ride one of those logs down the chute."

"I might do 'er," he said. "Some night when I'm late getting in."

He stuck the wrench in his pocket, stepped up on the landing skids, and hung the choker cable in the bull clevis. Then he stuck one leg through the loop and clamped a mitt on the steel.

"O. K., Barney," he said. "Let's go."

Barney got up from the bench. "You crazy fool!" he shouted. "Want me to kill you?"

"Cut out the comedy," the guy said. "Do you think I'm a mountain goat? Give 'er snooze."

Madder than seven boiled owls in the same pot, Barney opened her up. With the guy riding the haul-back line, Barney drifted him out over the canyon and then dropped him straight down into the tall green below.

SUNDAY morning, after breakfast, he was fooling around in the blacksmith shop when the girl came out and asked him to help make a lobster trap.

"Look, Goldilocks," he said, "I don't have time to play with you this morning. I've got a spar tree to top."

"In this wind?" she asked.

"Yeh, in this wind."

"Why don't you use powder?"

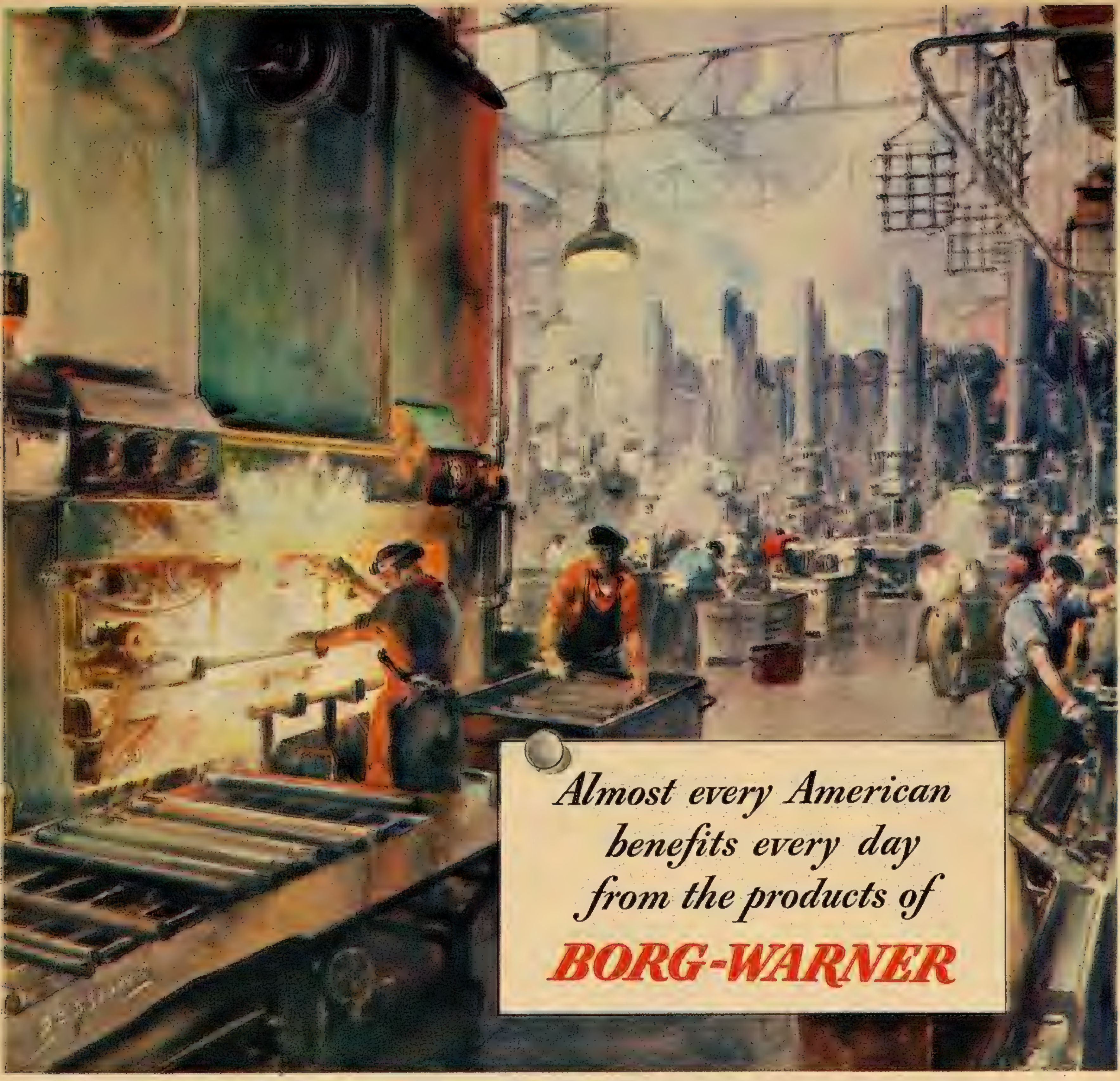
"You want to do 'er?"

"Of course not."

"Then I'll just go ahead my own way."

She hung around for a bit and then went into the office, where the Old Man was doing some bookwork. He came out as the guy was about to leave for the woods.

(Continued on page 54)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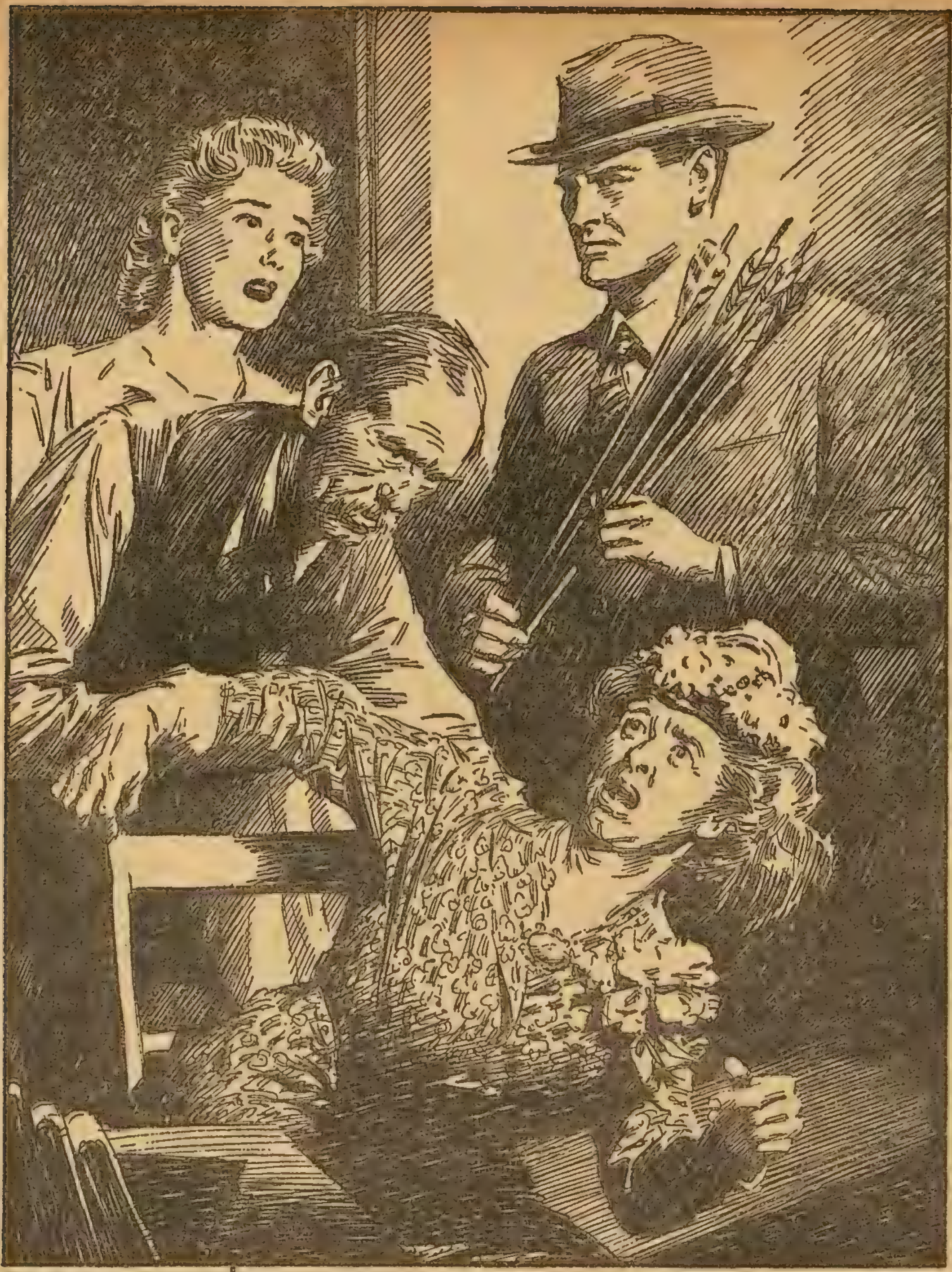

A TIME TO DIE

BY HILDA LAWRENCE

Into a folksy gathering a sinister note intruded. There were some logical clues, some psychological ones – but to Mark East, detective, they seemed to cancel each other. . . . Seldom does a mystery story have so real a group of characters or so shuddery a climax.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

IT WAS five o'clock in the afternoon, and the burning August sun still registered contempt for time. Mark East, sagging under a load of fishing tackle, tennis rackets, golf clubs, and suitcases, moved slowly under the limp maples of Main Street. He hoped Mrs. Perley Wilcox, his prospective hostess, would have a tub full of cold water waiting for him, and a cold glass of something in which the water was negligible.

He stopped to shift his luggage under a dingy awning and idly scanned the window it pretended to shelter. It was a dusty window, with a faded burlap screen on which were mounted about a dozen examples of the photographer's art.

A large sign announced that J. T. Spangler, Prop., specialized in cabinet photos of all occasions and took pleasure in developing own films at reasonable rates. Mark saluted this with a grin which faded when he saw the second sign.

It said: THERE IS THE PICTURE OF A MURDERER IN THIS WINDOW. GUESS WHO?

Mark put his head in the door and shouted, "Buster!"

A perspiring gnome tottered out of the dim interior and stood blinking on the threshold.

"Mr.—Mr. East!" he cried joyfully.

"You ghoul," Mark said. "How long have you been getting away with that sign?"

Mr. Spangler looked hurt. "Here I been looking forward to the day when you'd come back, and right away you nag."

"Take it out. It's indecent."

Mr. Spangler lowered his voice to a whine. "Business," he said. "You ought to see the trade that sign brings in."

"I don't care. Take it out now."

Mr. Spangler crept into the window on all fours and reluctantly wrenched a blurred snapshot from the top section of the screen. At the same instant the sound of

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a new distraction came through the open door. He turned with upraised arm to stare into the street.

The traffic had wound itself around a battered Ford, stationary in the center of the road. A freckled boy scrambled out and seized Mark's luggage.

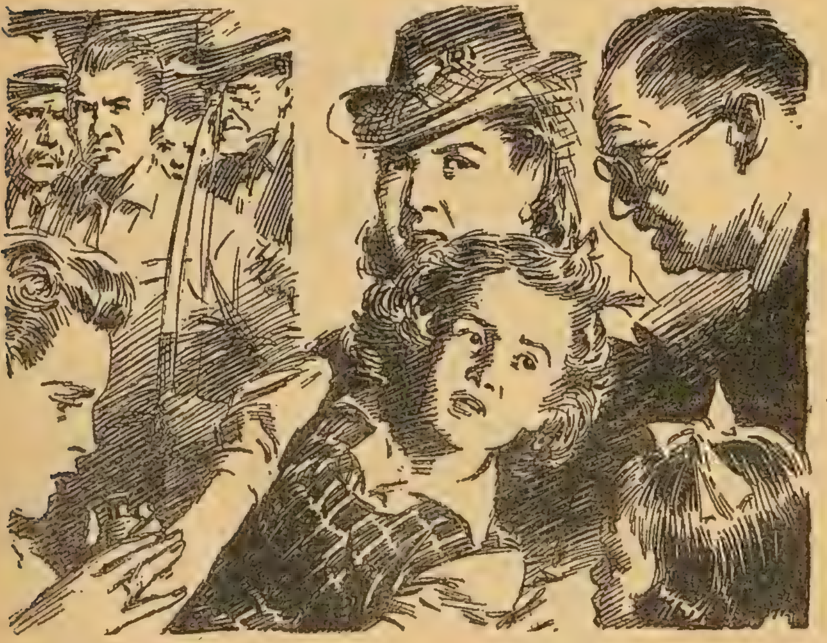
"Come on before somebody arrests me," he said.

The boy was the son of his host, Perley Wilcox, the local sheriff. Mark threw Mr. Spangler a backward, warning look and followed.

Mr. Spangler eased himself out of the window and stood in the doorway while the car clattered up the street.

YOUNG Floyd Wilcox drove slowly up Main Street, blowing his horn needlessly. He wanted everybody in town to see that Mark East, the city detective, was riding with him.

He needn't have troubled. Bear River had watched Mark's arrival with pleasure, and even the summer visitors had turned to stare. People always did that, and they never knew why. He wasn't handsome. He was tall enough and broad enough, and his eyes and hair were a warm brown; but children and dogs tried to get into his lap, and all women wished they'd worn something else.



Floyd swung the car around a corner. "We're going to the Covered Dish Supper," he said. He saw Mark's eyes close, and added hastily, "You'll like it. It's fun."

"What does it cover?"

"Well, it's for charity. Mom's church needs coal. So all the ladies cook something and take it along. Me and Pee Wee Peck have the lemonade concession, five cents a glass. Some other kids have the archery concession."

The car hit a curbstone, bounced, and stopped. Mark had reached the beginning of his holiday. Perley Wilcox was coming down the garden path to meet him.

"Well," said Perley, "so the boy found you. He'll make a good sheriff one of these days." He burdened himself with Mark's luggage and staggered into the house. "Cheer up," he said out of the corner of his mouth. "I got something in the icebox, hidden behind the milk."

IT WAS nearly seven o'clock when they sauntered up the street toward open country. They saw the Covered Dish Supper long before they came to it. Latecomers, clinging to plates and baskets, scurried up the hillside. Farm Fords and town cars trailed each other in an orderly line. Perley Wilcox counted the town cars with evident pleasure.

"Summer people," he said. "Hotel guests and all that."

They found places at Pansy Wilcox's table, where they were hovered over by aproned women who rushed back and forth with laden plates. Mark ate steadily and contentedly while the light faded slowly and people left the tables and began to walk about. One by one, strangers were brought up and introduced. It was dark when Mark and Perley finally found a quiet tree and stretched out on the grass.

Mark yawned. "What's the outlook for the church's coal?"

"Bright. . . . You know what those young devils did?"

"Which ones?"

"Floyd and Pee Wee Peck. He's a summer kid from the hotel; father's in the oil business. He and Floyd have that lemonade stand, but some of these old-timers won't spend a nickel for a drink. They go to the well, like they always did. They go to the well, but there isn't any bucket. Bucket, chain, and dipper, all gone. Do you think Floyd thought that one up himself?"

"It's Floyd all over. . . . Hey—something's going on!"

They sat up. People were converging on the archery set, and a child was screaming shrilly. Perley struggled to his feet. "I hate that thing," he said testily. "Some kid always acts up for the girls and shoots wild."

They pushed their way through a crowd of women frantically counting children, and found Pansy.

"Now what?" barked Perley. "Who got it this time?"

"The Briggs child. But it's only a scratch, Perley."

The Briggs child lay languidly in her mother's arms and permitted the application of iodine. A worried-looking clergyman had taken charge. He spoke gently: "Who hurt you?"

A dozen voices took it up, and the guilty name rolled out like a chant. Nick Sutton—Nick Sutton did it! Nick Sutton was a frail youth, probably under twenty. He steadied himself on the arm of a girl. Mark saw that he was lame and that he was trembling with rage, not fear.

Young Sutton glared at the ring of hostile faces. "Somebody wanted me to miss and gave me a deliberate push."

"Well, come along, son. You and me are going to bust this little game into matchwood," said Perley.

MARK felt a tug at his sleeve. Perley's boy, Floyd, stood at his side. He had a smaller boy in tow. "This is Pee Wee," he said. "We want to tell you something. Look." He held out five arrows. "Count 'em, Mr. East Five. There ought to be six. Where's the other?"

"That'll be over in the tall grass," Mark said. "Want me to help you search?"

The boys exchanged looks. "Nope," said Floyd. "You won't find it. Want me to warn Pop?"

Mark jingled the coins in his pocket. "I'll warn him myself, later. Who is Nick Sutton, Floyd?"

Pee Wee took over importantly: "He lives in New York, like me. He's at the Mountain House, too, for the summer, with his grandfather. He's in love."

"Well, that seems to cover everything. Now suppose you tell me why you're so upset about the sixth arrow."

Floyd plunged into a long recital. Nick, the best shot in town, paid for six arrows and lots of people hung around to watch him shoot. Maybe his arm did get pushed. Nick never missed before. Well, he got the bull's-eye with the first two, and the third one got little Maisie. And did she holler! When she hollered, Nick dropped the other three on the ground and picked her up.

"I," said Pee Wee, "am the person that remembered to pick up the ones he dropped. But there was only two of them. Right away somebody had swiped the other."

"Don't that mean anything?" begged Floyd.

"Souvenir hunter," Mark said easily. "Like me. Will you boys sell me the five?"

They struck a bargain, and the boys returned to their lemonade. Mark fingered the points of the five arrows and began to wonder. Prewar, and sharp. He moved off to find Perley.

The sheriff was over by the church woodpile, axing the target into next year's kindling. He was morosely watched by Sutton and the girl, Roberta Beacham, one of the summer visitors.

Roberta was both pretty and sarcastic. If Nick said somebody shoved him—why, then, somebody did, she declared.

"Let's go home," she said. "Oh, wait a minute, though, I've got to get something out of the Sunday-school room."

The three men smoked quietly and listened to the diminishing sounds. The Covered Dish was calling it a day.

"I say," Nick said suddenly, "do you hear anything?"

They listened. Someone was calling for help.

"That's coming from the church," Perley said.

A dim light burned in a room to the left of the church vestibule, and Mark saw Roberta Beacham bending over something dark in a far corner. She turned a frightened face.

"It's Miss Rayner," she said. "She seems to be hurt."

A frail little woman crouched on one of the chairs, moaning softly. She clung to Roberta's hand. "If you'll just take me back to the hotel," she beseeched.

Perley coughed genteelly behind his hand.

"You tell us what's wrong, and we'll fix you up. Did you have a fall, Miss Rayner?"

The story came out slowly. Yes, it was a fall, but you might call it more of a stumble. Something tripped her when she was running.

Her little heart-shaped face crinkled like a crying child's. Why did they look at her like that, as if they didn't believe her? She didn't want to talk any more. If they'd just get her back to the hotel, the maid would know what to do. She looked up at Mark. "You may take my arm," she said.

He shifted his arrows and obliged.

Miss Rayner touched the sheaf of arrows. "Only five?" she said. "Couldn't you find the other one?"

"No," Mark said. "Why?"

"Because I couldn't find it either, and I looked everywhere. . . . I think that's what hit me." She enjoyed the gasp. "Now I'll tell you the rest of it," she said.

She'd been watching the boys at the archery set. Then Nicholas Sutton, poor boy, had made that dreadful mistake. She went on to tell how she'd walked away from the crowd because people were being coarse, and the next thing she knew, something struck her.

Perley cleared his throat. "Now, now. And you looked for the arrow?"

"Certainly. But I couldn't find it."

"Here's Nick," Roberta said, "and about time, too."

Perley turned thankfully to the door. "Come over here and take an arm," he said. "Now, Miss Rayner, I want you to let Nick take my place. He'll drive you home."

MARK emptied the last bottle of beer and eased it to the porch floor. "Is that your phone?" he asked. Perley struggled upright in the swing. "Yep, that's it. Now, who in time is that? It's past one o'clock."

Mark listened idly to the conversation. Somebody's car was gone. Or was it somebody's gas? Then he sat up, suddenly alert. Perley's voice had changed abruptly. No, it wasn't gas. It was Cas—Cassidy. Gone. Cassidy. He got up and went inside. Perley was replacing the receiver.

"Well?"

"I'll tell you as we go along."

A few minutes later they were driving through the sleeping streets, out into the country.

"It's only a disappearance," Perley said. "It's Miss Cassidy. She's a kind of governess for Joey, the little Beacham girl."

"Who called you? Beacham?"

No, Beacham had made a quick trip to New York and was due back in the morning. Roberta Beacham, his elder daughter, had called.

"A better woman than Miss Cassidy never lived. Beacham told me that his wife died when the younger girl was two weeks old. Miss Cassidy was the nurse and she stayed on. She managed everything."

Gravel crunched as they swung between the gateposts and stopped before a long, dark veranda.

A small group of people moved out of the shadows. Mark knew Roberta and Nick Sutton, but the others were strangers. They all seemed to know who he was, and he fitted names to people as the talk went on.

Archie Peck took charge. As Beacham's business partner, he felt a responsibility for the Beacham household, and said so, over and over again.

"Wilcox," he said, "this is terrible. You've got to do something before Mike Beacham gets here."

"Now, now," said Perley. "Maybe there won't be anything to do. Maybe the lady is taking a walk by herself in the woods." He waited hopefully.

Peck's fat babyish mouth opened to reply, but his wife spoke for him.

"Not in those shoes," she said.

Franny Peck was a blonde little creature in something pink that might or might not have been a dress. "Let me tell you what I know," she begged softly. "Cassie," she went on—"that's Miss Cassidy—sat with Arch and me at the supper. After supper we all strolled around. Then she said she ought to see what Joey was doing, and she went back to the picnic grounds alone. We didn't see her again."

"That's fine," Perley said helplessly. "Now, what time would you say it was when you people left the grounds? And why didn't you try to find Miss Cassidy?"

Miss Cassidy had driven down to the supper in the hotel station wagon. They thought she'd come home the same way. As for the time, they didn't know.

"Mr. Wilcox!" Roberta's voice was suddenly urgent. "Cassie may be hurt too, like Miss Rayner, I mean."

"Now, now," Perley said. "Mr. East is going to help me, and you all know who he is. Miss Cassidy's as good as in her bed right now."

A shrill whimper broke the silence. Mark looked down at a puppy groveling at his feet.

"Cassie's," Roberta said.

WHEN Michael Beacham moved across the platform, the first familiar face he saw was Perley's. He strode forward, teeth gleaming in a broad smile. Perley took Beacham's bag and clapped him on the shoulder.

"What's this?" Beacham's laugh boomed like a fiesta cannon. "A pinch? Don't shoot. I'll come quietly!"

Mark watched and listened in the background. He saw a huge man in his middle forties, with the easy smile of a joiner.

"This is Mark East," Perley said. "He's a private investigator from New York. He's up here for a vacation. Well—" He looked hopefully at Mark, who returned a blank gaze. "Well, I won't try to soften this up. Mr. Beacham, Miss Cassidy has gone off somewhere."

Beacham looked incredulous. "Cassie? What are you talking about? She's got no place to go."

Perley told him. Beacham listened as if he were hearing a lecture in a foreign language.

Finally he turned to Mark. "You," he said, "East. I want you to get busy with Wilcox! I can't have this!"

"On vacation," Mark said, suddenly laconic.

Beacham stared. "What are you holding out for?"

Mark returned the stare. "Nothing. I'm a softie about missing persons. Nine times out of ten they're missing because they want it that way. Why should I come along and smoke the poor devils out? They hate you for it. And the people who hire you for the job wind up hating you too, because you nearly always turn up something in their own lives that isn't very pretty."

"I don't like the way you talk. Are you trying to tell me Cassie went away because we—mistreated her?"

"Not at all. Although I haven't been impressed by any signs of genuine concern, except on the part of your two daughters. It'll work itself out."

Perley saw the thunder in Beacham's face, and spoke hastily: "Why don't we leave it that way? I'll do everything in my power, and Mr. East will keep his eye on me. We brought your car down with us. I think those little girls will be glad to see you."

Beacham knew when he was dismissed. He went out to his car and they watched him drive off.

That afternoon Mark drove over to Mountain House and had a page point out the Beachams' cottage. The door to it stood open. He stepped into the wide living room and called softly. There was no answer. Next door Archie Peck was sleeping in the porch swing, lying on his fat stomach, his face buried in a pillow. Mark walked over and twitched the pillow.

"Hey!" Archie bellowed. "Oh—Mr. East." He sat up.

Mark smiled. "Sorry I had to do that, but I want your permission to break and enter the Beacham cottage. I thought I'd have a look at Miss Cassidy's things."

Archie led the way to the bedrooms. "Here. This is Cassie's. She and Joey have it together."

Archie looked doubtfully at the larger of two chests. "I guess that one's Cassie's." He opened two closets. "Yep, this one's Cassie's too."

Mark went to work. He saw at once that he was dealing with a woman who had nothing to hide, or a great deal. The only letters were two from Beacham, without envelopes and undated. One of them complained about the caretaker in the town house and asked her to do something about it. The other told her when to expect him. There were no post cards from friends having a wonderful time elsewhere; no tangled skeins of baby ribbon. He handled the underclothing carefully. The white slips were simple but surprisingly fine.

A tray of jars caught and held his attention, eye shadow, still sealed and never used. An unopened bottle of perfume labeled "My Sin." He knew that women sometimes bought expensive perfumes to cheer themselves up, and that often they didn't use it; they kept it and looked at it, like something hoarded for a rainy day. It was sort of a private world that was almost always a happy one.

He went back to the lingerie drawer and shamelessly hunted out the nightgowns. There were six plain white ones, matching the tailored slips, but under these he found six others. They were carefully folded in tissue paper and they were what he called fancy.

Suddenly Mark knew that he wanted to find Mary Cassidy, unhurt, and keep her that way. He wanted her to open the bottle of perfume and use it up.

"Can't you tell me anything about her life?" he asked. "What did she do, aside from looking after Joey?"

"I'm beginning to wonder myself," Archie said. "Those little bits of fluff and lace are giving me ideas."

"Me too, but not the same kind. Those bits of fluff are rather pathetic."

"They are?" Archie looked bewildered. "I don't get it."

"They've never been worn. I have a hunch she bought them because they're something she always wanted and couldn't afford until now. . . . She was nice, wasn't she?"

"Sure, she was all right." Archie was still confused.

"Come along," Mark said. "I'm through here. If Mrs. Peck wants to give me a drink, I'll accept with pleasure."

They sat around an iron table under a tree until the Beachams came back, shortly before five.

Beacham's eyes asked Mark a question, and his shoulders slumped at the silent answer. He went into his cottage, followed by Roberta.

Joey sank down on the grass. Her denim shorts were muddy, but there was nobody to tell her to change. Franny Peck wasn't interested.

Suddenly the Beachams' door swung open and slammed shut, and Roberta came running across the grass. She went straight to Mark.

"Easy. What is it?" He took her arm.

She pulled away. "Of all the cockeyed things," she said. "You've got to do something right away."

"What's up?" He shook her gently.

"Crazy, crazy," she whimpered. She put her hand to her head as if it ached. "Somebody got in the house while we were away and cut Joey's clothes to ribbons!"

Beacham met them inside. The room was exactly as they had left it, except for the smaller of the two chests. Two drawers had been pulled out.

Someone had indeed cut Joey's clothes to ribbons. Not the Sunday clothes, with their rows of lace and ribbon; they still hung primly in the closet. But the small tailored shirts and shorts had been slashed into strips and squares and maliciously jumbled together.

Beacham echoed Joey's question: "Why?"

Mark shivered in the heat. "Only one kind of person does that," he said.

Beacham's voice was harsh: "What kind?"

"Look here, Beacham. I came up to see you this afternoon, thinking I might reconsider your offer. That, of course, was before this happened. Now I'm going to take it, whether you want me or not. I want to stay here. Do you mind?"

"Why, no," Beacham said. "I'll send for your things."

A CHURCH bell rang faintly in the valley and echoed in the hills. Mark sat at a table before the Beacham cottage, ostentatiously reading the New York Times. The Beachams and the Pecks were playing golf three miles away.

While he sat there, Nick Sutton came down the hotel veranda steps with his grandfather. The old man leaned heavily on the boy and looked as if he couldn't stand alone. Nick looks like the devil too, Mark thought. He wondered if the boy's back was painful and decided that it was. Perley had told him that Nick's limp was due to an injury sustained in his babyhood—a careless nursemaid had let him fall.

He was returning to his paper when Miss Rayner appeared at the top of the veranda steps and created a mild flurry. She was in beaming possession of a walking stick, man size, and Mark smiled for the first time in many hours. Miss Rayner was a proper sight in her small violet toque, her violet silk, and her fine white kid gloves.

She hobbled from step to step, drew a deep and satisfied breath, and moved over to the Suttons' chairs.

She saw Mark and waved. Come on over here.

"Do you know Mr. Sutton?" she asked. "Mr. Sutton senior? Of course you know this dear boy."

Old Sutton gave Mark his full attention. "You're working for Beacham, aren't you?" he asked.

Mark said he was. He waited for the old man to go on, but nothing more was said. The sunken eyes gleamed under their heavy white brows; they could have been amused or malevolent.

Mark turned to Miss Rayner, who was making small chirping sounds. She was digging about in the bottom of her violet silk bag; calling cards, handkerchief, and small purse lay in her lap. The handkerchief was scented with violet. "Too annoying. I'm looking for a piece of sugar. I saved it from my breakfast tray. And now—oh, here it is!" She held a lump of sugar up to his astonished gaze. "For my horse. I should say, my rented horse. There he is, over there." She nodded in the direction of a glistening bay. "I drive almost every day and Mr. Sutton often goes with me. You're coming today, aren't you?" The smile she gave old Sutton was almost arch.

But he didn't answer. He was staring upward, and his thin neck turned inside his too large collar as his eyes followed something in the sky. His mouth was wet and open.

TWO dark shapes wheeled and circled against the brilliant blue, swooping and dropping and rising again. Even from a distance they were powerful.

"Chicken hawks?" Mark asked idly.

"No," Miss Rayner said. "I'm afraid not."

Miss Rayner put the clutter of things back into her bag and drew the string tight. "Come along, Mr. Sutton."

Old Sutton shifted in his chair. "Not today, thank you." His thin fretful voice appealed to his grandson. "Why don't you go with her? You ought to go. But first you must take me in and call George."

"You cut along and take your drive," Mark said. "I'll look after your grandfather."

"Will you stay here and keep an eye on him? I don't think he ought to go in yet, and George, his attendant, is taking a nap. He was up all night."

"Sure I'll stay," Mark said.

The old man sat up suddenly and struck at Nick's hand. "No!" he shouted.

"It's no use," Nick said. "He's made up his mind and we can't do anything about it." He hoisted the old man to his feet. "Wait for me," he said to Miss Rayner.

While they walked over to the parking lot, Mark said, "Miss Rayner, have you given any more thought to that arrow business?"

"I've thought of little else," she said soberly. "But it seems unimportant in the light of other things. I wonder how long it will be before she—"

"Before what?"

"Before she comes back. But let's not talk about that. Here we are." She closed the subject with a snap.

Nick came up and they drove off. Mark picked up his newspaper and went back to the cottage porch. He'd collected one new character, old man Sutton. But Sutton hadn't even gone to the church supper.

The Beachams and the Pecks came back, the Pecks glowing; the Beachams weary and hollow-eyed. The

Pecks went to their own cottage, and Roberta and her father went indoors to change. Joey lagged behind.

"Are you going to work for my father after lunch?" she asked delicately.

"Yes. And you," he went on, "are going to take a long nap."

She shook her head. "Not today. I can't. I got to go to Sunday school. We got to beat Pee Wee's class."

He made a rapid survey of his own past and came up with a vague recollection.

"It's the attendance record you beat, isn't it?" he asked cautiously.

"Sure." A fugitive gleam came and went in her eyes. "They got a blue silk banner on a gold stick, and if everybody in your class comes every Sunday for a month they let you have it. Pee Wee's class has got it now, but we got a chance to get it ourselves today. All us girls swore on the Bible we'd come. I got to." She jumped down. "Here comes our lunch."

He was sorry to see her go. Now that he had her confidence, she could fill in the background that he needed, and he knew he could trust her. And somehow, for some reason, he was vaguely uneasy about her.

SUNDAY school was nearly over. Two of the big boys collected the pennies and nickels. Everybody sang, "Dropping, dropping, dropping, hear the pennies fall." Then Pansy Wilcox, Perley's wife, stood up, drew a deep breath, and read the attendance record of her class. The class stood up too. It was Joey's.

Joey had trouble keeping her hat on at this point. She righted it with a blow that made the field flowers quiver, and shot a triumphant look at Pee Wee Peck. In Pee Wee's circle the mumps had left a gap like a lost tooth.

"And now," continued Pansy, "Joey Beacham will fetch the banner, please."

Joey approached the banner like a pilgrim advancing on a shrine, pausing for a prayer at each step. Her moving silent lips formed the words, "Beatcha, beatcha." The young divinity student who shepherded Pee Wee's class found himself unable to meet that fixed stare and seized the banner himself and handed it over. Relief, like a soft wind, swept through the stuffy room. There hadn't been a fight.

Mark walked up the hill to the church and crossed the clover grass. The big birds had returned and were wheeling in the sky. When he came up to the church itself, he moved quietly from window to window, until he found one that gave him the picture he wanted.

He saw the banner in its new position and rejoiced. His eyes fell on Joey, and he stifled a whistle.

She was not praying. She was chewing her hat elastic; her eyes were wide open, devouring the pages of a book cradled in her arms. He stared intently, and soon she began to twitch. Finally she turned around. He beckoned. She sent an appraising look over the still bowed heads and shoulders of her neighbors and fluttered across the room and out the door like thistledown.

"You weren't getting a thing out of that," he said mildly. "Aren't you ashamed?"

"No," she said. "The important part's over."

"That's what I thought," he said, easing his conscience. "Let's walk under the trees and talk."

"I don't care if I do," she said graciously. "Will you carry my hat? It itches."

He hung the hat over his arm and they walked under the locusts.

"Do you mind if I talk to you a little about Cassie?" he asked.

She didn't answer at once. Then, "She didn't run away!"

"I'm pretty sure of that myself."

"Then why did you tell Mike she did?"

"Mike" was her father. He smiled, then answered gravely, "That's what I thought at first, but I've changed my mind. Everything you can tell me will help to bring her back again."

"Go ahead and ask me something."

"Did Cassie get many letters?"

"I never saw her get any except from Mike."

"Now what about parties and things like that?"

"No. She didn't go anywhere. Except to the Pecks'. They live near us in New York. No." Her eyes clouded. "No, she never went away before without telling me."

He insisted gently, "Not even on a little vacation?"

"Not by herself. Sometimes when we were away she had to go back to New York. That was Mike's fault." She managed a wan grin. "A couple of weeks ago he had to go to New York on business and he had a fight with the caretaker in our house there. So he wrote Cassie to come and fire him and get another. . . . Men!"

"We're terrible," he agreed. "Did Cassie go?"

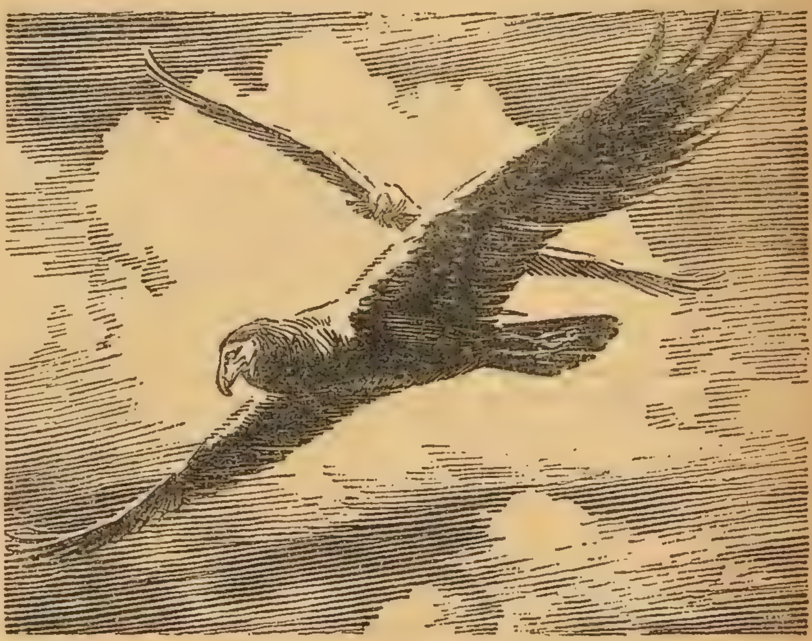
"Sure. When Mike hollered she always went. She stayed two days. She got a good caretaker too."

He remembered the letter about the caretaker, but it was nothing more than a complaint. There must have been a second letter. Destroyed? But why?

A faint and straggling Amen floated out of the windows behind them, hung briefly in the air, and drifted away.

Joey turned. "It's over," she said.

Almost at once she began to jump up and down. "Look, Mr. East, look! Boy, oh boy, I bet they're mad as hops!"



He turned obediently. Floyd Wilcox and Pee Wee Peck, led by the clergyman, were heading for the well on the far side of the grounds. They carried a bucket, a chain, and a dipper.

"The pastor gave them a good talking-to before Sunday school," Joey said with relish. "He said he hadn't realized what they'd done. Let's go over and see what happens," she begged. "Maybe they'll lose the bucket."

He took her hand and they moved out from under the trees into the glaring sun. After a few yards, Mark stopped. They stood where they were, watching.

The clergyman had lifted the cover from the well. He held it high for an instant and dropped it with a clatter.

Joey looked up into Mark's face. "W-what are they doing?" she quavered.

The man and the boys were running away, back to the church, back to the security of living people. A shrill cry tore the air, and two dark shapes rose from a tree and circled.

"Come along, kid," Mark said. He picked her up and walked away as fast as he dared. "They lost the bucket after all."

She buried her face in his neck. "You don't have to tell me," she wailed. "I know—Cassie's in there."

TEN minutes later, Archie Peck, idling along the church road, met a stream of frightened children. He swung his car around and sped up the hill to the church grounds. "Peck!" Mark took his arm. "You know what's happened?"

Archie didn't know. Mark drew him aside and told him, and then went to the well. The cover had been replaced. Pansy Wilcox was there.

"Go home, Pansy," Mark whispered.

She looked up at the wheeling birds and placed her small hands firmly on the wooden cover. "Those buzzards," she said painfully. "They're awful strong."

"I'm strong too," he said. "Go on home and wait for us."

She gave him a long look and turned to go away. There was a car coming up in a cloud of dust.

Perley and Dr. Cummings and two deputies got out. Mark led them to the well, where the deputies kicked the useless well chain aside and laid out their own equipment.

Mary Cassidy had never reached the water. She hung, head down, on a long hook set in the side wall. The hook had caught her leather belt and held her.

When they brought her up, there was an arrow in her throat.

ON Monday morning Mark sat in Perley Wilcox's house and ran over the events of the past. When Cassie was reported missing, Beacham had been genuinely upset, but there was no indication that he thought it was a tragedy. He'd acted like a man whose wife had threatened to leave him if he didn't stop what he was doing, and he hadn't stopped and she'd gone. Now that he knew she was dead, he was sullen and quarrelsome, but there was no apparent damage to his heart. That might be his own particular style of grieving. Everybody had one.

He considered Roberta Beacham. She'd run a fine emotional gamut in the last few days. She'd been tender with Miss Rayner over the arrow business; she'd been almost hysterical about the destruction of her sister Joey's clothes. Cassie's disappearance had frightened her, but it was a childish fright. Then she had suddenly changed.

He remembered how she had looked when he described Cassie's dead body. She'd insisted on details and listened with a calm and almost clinical detachment. And now she was off with Nick, pampering old man Sutton and ignoring her own family. Eighteen years old, the never-give-yourself-away generation.

He grinned. Lost. That's what they used to call his generation. Lost. Then he knew what he was going to do next. He was going over to Crestwood and talk to Beulah Pond. Her generation was called the Age of Innocence and what she didn't know you could put in your eye. Beulah was a middle-aged gentlewoman of means and leisure. The leisure she used to make a study of her neighbors and of the summer people.

Mark greeted her joyfully and prepared to tell her about the case. But she knew as much as he did.

"Head down and with her hat on," Beulah commented. "I wonder what she thought about?"

He'd been thinking of Cassie as he'd first seen her, still and dead; and now, because of Beulah's words, he saw another picture. He tried to blot it out, but it stayed.

"I"—his voice wavered and he cleared his throat furiously—"I wonder if a woman could have done that?"

She didn't say anything, and he went on: "Beulah, take me down to Bittner's. I want to talk to him."

She stood up. "Come on."

Bittner sat at his kitchen window, his binoculars trained on two small boys sitting in a ditch beside the road. He looked like an overturned beetle.

Bittner, a cripple, owned the bus line that competed with the local railroad. He lived an abundant life in a wheel chair, in a little house next door to the station in Crestwood. The house had an unobstructed view of the branch-line railway and the parallel state road. He spent his days sailing up and down and wielding his powerful binoculars at the windows. A thoroughly unpleasant character, he was despised by his neighbors and hated by his drivers.

Mark went straight to the point. "Did you happen to see anyone last night?"

"Plenty of people. I didn't see the Cassidy woman, if that's what you're driving at."

Mark asked his next question carefully. "If she had been on one of the buses or one of the trains, would you have seen her?"

Bittner patted the binoculars. "Yes."

Mark pointed to the binoculars. "Do you ever rent these to responsible people?"

"I don't know any." Bittner gave one wheel of his chair a spin which brought his bloated face too close.

Mark moved out of reach. He knew then that he was going to bargain with this monstrosity. Bittner's house stood on the direct traffic route to Baldwin. Every conveyance to and from Bear River to Baldwin passed the windows. And Baldwin was where the branch-line trains and the buses met the Montreal-New York express.

"You know, maybe you can do me a favor. And in return I promise to keep you posted on—things."

The chair rolled over to the window with inhuman eagerness. "What can I do? A poor old fellow like me."

"You know all the regulars who travel back and forth by bus, don't you?"

"Do I! I even know the ones who walk on the dark side of the road and think nobody sees 'em."

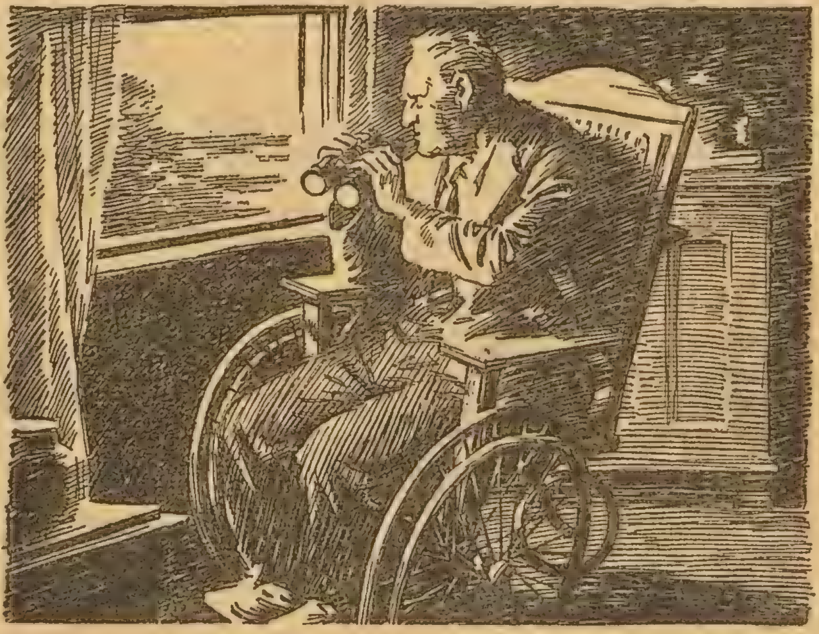
"Well, I want you to keep a list of all Mountain House people who travel to Baldwin from today on."

"Why? I want to know why?"

"Suppose somebody up at the hotel wanted to get to Montreal or New York without calling attention to that fact. Well, he could stroll into the station at Bear River, no hat, everyday clothes, and hop the branch-line train or a bus. He could tell everybody he was going up the line to look at a likely hound or a promising stream."

Bittner acknowledged this with a lowering of eyelids. "H'mm," he said. "Automobiles too?"

"Those too. It's a thin possibility, not many people have the gas, but I want it covered. Don't bother with the regulars. I want the unusual passenger, the one who's going to Baldwin for the first, or even the second time."



"All right. I'll see them—I see everything."

With a feeling of escape Mark walked out to the car where Beulah was waiting. He drove her home and then went on to Perley's. Perley was a picture of dejection. "I hate autopsies!" he announced. "I went over to the doctor's office," he went on. "The arrow was the only damage. She died between one and two hours after she ate."

"Between eight and ten. Perley, I wonder if Miss Rayner was shot because she was in the way?"

"Why not?" Perley brightened. "That sounds better than having her shot out of pure spite. What time did we make that?"

"About nine fifteen. It would fit, though."

"But," said Perley, leaning forward, "don't forget he had only one arrow. What did he do? Stab her, then remove the arrow when he saw Miss Rayner coming? He had to work fast. You saw how Miss Cassidy's throat was torn. He—he put it back."

THE following morning Mark sat on the porch of the Beacham cottage, studying birds. He'd even borrowed a bird book from Pee Wee which lay open on his lap. He flipped the pages over at precise intervals. At the end of an hour he could still recognize a Central Park sparrow and a Public Library pigeon on their home grounds.

He was waiting for the morning to get under way for the golfers, the riders, the fishermen to scatter themselves to the four corners of the mountain. Also, he was remembering his session with Beacham the night before.

He'd come back from Bear River at seven and found Beacham alone. Beacham had been haggard and peevish.

He'd told Mark in an oddly thin voice that he wasn't satisfied with the way things had gone and were going, and that Wilcox was a fool. He'd refused to release Cassie's body. It was enough to make the poor girl come back and haunt the place. And what had Mark done? Why didn't he have a report of some sort by this time?

Mark broke in: "Why didn't you tell me about Miss Cassidy's trip to New York?"

He remembered how the red had crept up under Beacham's tan. "You didn't ask me anything like that."

"Were you in New York at the same time?"

"Of course. She came down because I asked her to."

"I'll have to know more than that, Mr. Beacham," he'd said. "That trip may have started something that had to —end. What was the business?"

Beacham had looked uneasy. "I wanted her to fire the caretaker and get a new man in."

"I understand she was gone two days. Did the job take that long?"

"No. She had some things to do. Shopping, I suppose. I didn't see much of her." He'd suddenly looked defiant. "I stayed at one hotel and she at another, if that's what you mean."

"Nothing to add to that?"

"Nothing. . . . Why can't I go back to New York? Anything's better than sitting around here waiting! I asked Wilcox and he says no. Is that final?"

"Yes, it is. You'll have to stay. . . . Why do you want cremation?"

Beacham had taken a long time to reply. "She wanted it herself. Don't get any ideas about that, East. I mean about poison."

Then Beacham had left, with an abrupt good night, and Mark had sat on alone, waiting for Joey and Roberta.

HE'D felt an almost ridiculous relief when Franny Peck brought Joey home at ten and Roberta came stalking in shortly after midnight.

He'd gone to bed himself after that, but he was alert to every falling twig and rustle outside the windows.

And now he was camouflaged behind a bird book. Roberta, wearing too much lipstick, slammed the screen door behind her and gave him a look of unconvincing surprise.

He closed his book quietly. "Roberta, you suspect somebody. And it's making you unhappy. The chances are that you're a million miles away from the truth, but I think you ought to let me in on it just the same."

"I don't suspect anyone," she said slowly.

"I've got to know more about Cassie herself. She must have made friends with someone here."

Roberta frowned. "She talked to Mr. Sutton sometimes. That's all. And once she went buggy riding with Miss Rayner. Everybody had to do that at least once, I guess." A grim little smile twisted her mouth. "It's terrible—crawling along like a snail. But Cassie got even. She took Miss Rayner out for a long drive in Mike's car. Miss Rayner looked like the wrath of God when she got back. I think she's afraid of cars."

"Thanks."

He watched her scurry across the grass and disappear into the hotel.

The door slammed behind him again, and he pocketed the book. Beacham, fresh and clear-eyed, came out and sat on the railing. He carried golf clubs. It was evident that no nightmares had straddled his chest.

"Want to come along?" he asked Mark.

"No, thanks. I may not look like it, but I'm working."

Beacham raised an eyebrow. "Do you think your man is going to walk across the lawn and give himself up?"

"Something like that. They get worried when you leave them alone. Then they try to pump you. In the process of pumping they give themselves away." He reached into his pocket and pulled out a pair of handcuffs.

Beacham stared. He bent forward and touched the shining metal as if it were hot. "I've never seen any before," he said slowly. "Do they—snap?"

Mark demonstrated. The strong clean click carried like a shot in the still air. Beacham drew back and laughed. "Ouch!" he said.

Archie and Franny Peck came out and Beacham went off with them to the garage. Then Mark went directly to the Peck cottage, as if he had business there.

He had no qualms of conscience when he turned over the contents of Franny Peck's bureau and closet. Franny's letters were easy to locate. They were tied in big bundles, with blue baby ribbon, and they were from people who signed themselves Boy and Fitzy and Sheik. After reading two or three, he decided he was either too young or too old.

Archie's room was surprisingly neat. It was heavy with the scent of toilet water, and the top of his bureau was covered with an orderly litter of hair tonics, shaving lotions, and elaborate brushes.

It was nearly twelve when he closed the Pecks' door and wandered out into the sun.

He took out the handcuffs and climbed the veranda steps, swinging the cuffs like a censer, and walked firmly inside to the desk. "I want the home addresses of these people," he said genially. They were all New York addresses. He copied them and returned the register to the desk. Then he strolled into the empty dining room.

THE room immediately filled. People who ordinarily lunched at one and one thirty now poured through the doors like transcontinental bus riders at a fifteen-minute stop. He was halfway through his consommé when the captain pulled out the other chair at his table, and he looked up to see Miss Rayner seating herself.

"You don't object?" There was a wink in her voice.

He struggled to his feet, said he was delighted, and wondered why all the old girls were inhabited by pleasant devils and the young ones were inhibited.

"I heard about your performance this morning," she said. "I dare say you enjoyed it as much as I'm enjoying this." She lowered her voice. "Wouldn't you like to place the cuffs between us and shake your fist at me? It would give an air to our table."

He complied. "I was going to do that anyway."

"Wonderful," she sighed. "How are your duties progressing?"

"So-so. Want to help me? You can tell me what you know about some of these people. You've been here since May first."

"But how— Oh, the register! Dear me, things are so simple when you know how they're done."

"How did you happen to come here? You're the sort of person I'd expect to find at the seashore."

"And that's exactly where you will find me after the war. Bournemouth."

"But you haven't answered me."

"You make it sound important, and it isn't. I drove through here several years ago and I liked it. I thought it would be restful." She looked suddenly ruffled. "But it hasn't been at all."

"Had you known any of the people before?"

"I don't play poker," she said tartly. "Neither do I drink, smoke, fish, golf, or ride. Or spoon. I don't know what they call that now, but it was spoon when I didn't do it."

He laughed. "I don't believe that."

"Don't you?" She was plainly delighted.

"Did Miss Cassidy spoon?"

Miss Rayner stared down at her plate. Finally she said, "I never saw it if she did, but I think it's probable. She was very pretty, in an undistinguished sort of way, and she carried her age well."

Never too old to be a cat, he marveled. "Did everybody like her?"

Miss Rayner drew herself up. "You must remember she was a paid employee, Mr. East, although a superior type. We exchanged very few words. She didn't mingle."

"But you went out with her, didn't you?"

"The usual hotel courtesies. I took her driving; she took me. Once, I believe." She held her fork suspended and stared over his shoulder.

"Don't look now?" he suggested. "What's behind me?"

"Nicholas Sutton," she said in a low voice. "He's with Roberta Beacham, and they're sitting down with Josephine and young Peck. They look—very odd."

"They've been keeping the old gentleman's mind off his troubles, whatever they are," he said easily. "It could be fatiguing." He turned around and waved. "What's old Sutton's trouble? Joey says he has fits."

"Josephine says a great deal. Mr. Sutton does not have fits. No, Mr. Sutton is getting on in years, and he gives in."

"You don't give in, do you?" he said admiringly.

She looked startled. "I?" Then she laughed. "How old do you think I am, Mr. East?"

He knew at once that he'd said the wrong thing. "Forty-five," he answered, crossing his ankles.

She flushed. "You're very close," she admitted. "I hear you were reading a bird book this morning. Were you preparing yourself to recognize a buzzard next time?"

"Say, I believe you knew what they were all the time!"

"I did. I lived in the country when I was a child. Whenever we saw the buzzards we knew something had died, off in a field somewhere. We went out to find it."

He drew designs on the tablecloth with a spoon. Old Sutton knew what those birds were. He saw old Sutton's face again, the drooling mouth, the terrified, upturned eyes. He must have known, or guessed.

"I told you not to worry. You couldn't have done anything," she said.

The waiter brought their coffee. She pushed hers away. "Not fit to drink," she said. "Will you help me to my feet? Keep in touch with me," she spoke softly. "Sometimes I see things. And you must admit what might be called a personal interest."

He suppressed a grin. If she'd been Joey, she'd have literally shaken a leg to prove her point. Being herself, she wagged a finger. He walked out with her and then he joined what he called the nursery table.

When he had bowed to Pee Wee and Joey, he turned to Nick. "How's your grandfather?"

"Better. George has the afternoon off."

He left them then, with a hurried excuse. If Sutton's attendant George had the afternoon off, it wasn't likely that he'd spend it on the premises. Mark found himself a chair under the trees.

A FARM wagon jolted up the road and stopped outside the gates. A plump and pretty girl climbed down and adjusted her skirt and stockings. When she came within a few yards of the kitchen door she stopped and leaned provocatively against the fence. The door opened and a stocky youth with hair like a beaver's emerged. The girl moved languidly forward and they clinched.

She was ruffling George's hair when Mark came up to them.

"Mr. Parmelee?"

George turned a perspiring face. "Oh!" His recognition was instantaneous and confused. "Nothing wrong upstairs, is there?"

"That's what I wanted to ask you." Mark held out his hand. "I've been worried about the old fellow."

George took the hand and looked relieved. "Age and heat," he said professionally. "He'll be O. K."

Mark nodded gravely. "That's fine." He let his eyes rest appreciatively on the vision in blue.

"Oh," said George. "My lady friend, Mabel Homesdale. Mabel, this here is Mr. East that you've heard about."

"I'm really pleased," said Mabel.

She was pretty, even in her ridiculous make-up. She looked like the kind of a girl the neighbors make prophecies about. But she also looked capable; of what, Mark wasn't sure. "Were you going somewhere?" he asked.

"Well," George said, "we thought of the movies."

Mark expressed his pleasure. "This is what I call a coincidence," he declared. "I was just going to drive myself down in Mr. Beacham's car. I had," he lowered his voice—"I had beer in mind. Do you ever?"

Miss Homesdale was delighted, and George said that whatever suited Mabel suited him. They scrambled into the car like two children taking over a merry-go-round.

Mabel became confidential. She and George, she said, planned to marry in the fall.

"Congratulations," Mark said heartily. "George is a lucky man. What is your job, Mabel?"

"She does upstairs work," George said briefly. "I don't like it."

"It's all right," Mabel said. "It's close to home. Couple of miles the other side of Baldwin. T. B. sanitarium. I used to work at Mountain House, but this pays better."

At this moment George indicated a tavern. Inside, he sat back with his beer and let her talk.

Miss Cassidy? Well, nobody saw much of Miss Cassidy, and that was the truth.

"She was kind of interested in the place where I'm working now. She asked me about it. Real interested she was. On account of being a nurse once. I think she said she was going to look it over. Not my idea of fun!"

"Have another," Mark invited.

George came out of his reverie. "No," he said. He studied an ornate wrist watch. "We just got time to catch the beginning. And thank you very much, sir."

Mark paid for the drinks and sauntered out into the sun. He moved on down Main Street with half-closed eyes. A few yards ahead, a familiar awning hung like a rag from its dusty pole. Mr. Spangler's shop might smell like a cellar, but it probably was cool.

He gave a hasty glance at the window, blinked, and moved closer. His scowl changed to a look of wonder as he studied the burlap screen. He went inside.

Over in a dim corner Mr. Spangler's rhythmic snoring rose and fell.

Mark walked quietly to the window, removed the screen and stood it on a table. Then he sat down and carefully examined every inch of it, telling himself he was a superstitious fool, and only half believing it.

HE saw the empty space, the dark brown patch that had lately held the picture of a known murderer. He passed on grimly to the other smiling faces: the boys and girls with dogs and bicycles, the beaming men, the women primly posed against a wall. His eyes went back to the hand-lettered sign that had no business to be there: THERE IS THE PICTURE OF A MURDERER IN THIS WINDOW. GUESS WHO?

He groped in his pocket for the notebook, and the handcuffs fell to the floor with a challenging ring. Mr. Spangler gave a guttural cry and woke up.

"Come over here," Mark said. "I'm not asking you why you didn't take that sign out when I told you to. God moves in a mysterious way."

"Amen," said Mr. Spangler in confusion. "What's the matter with you, Mr. East?"

Mark pointed to the screen. "Check me on these pictures; the light's bad on some of them. Now, Miss Rayner and the buggy. Old Sutton and Miss Rayner again, also with buggy. Nick Sutton alone. Roberta Beacham and her father. Franny Peck and Archie Peck. What about Miss Cassidy?" Mark asked. "Was she camera-shy?"

Mr. Spangler rubbed his trembling chin. "Now, that's a funny thing, Mr. East. I had a very nice picture of that poor woman. But I had to take it out. 'I'll give you five dollars if you'll take that picture out of the window and tear it up,' she said. So I did. It was a young-looking picture too. Odd, I call it."

"So do I. When a woman in her late thirties gets a young-looking picture of herself, she buys a dozen and papers the walls. When did you say this happened?"

"Day before she went to New York."

"Anybody else ever comment on that picture?"

"Why, sure! That afternoon in come old customers, new customers, everybody. I told them about Miss Cassidy. Showed them the picture, too. Hadn't got around to tearing it up. And they couldn't understand it any more than I could. Peculiar, they said."

Suddenly Mr. Spangler grew contrite.

"Honest, I meant to take that sign out," he said. "I took the murderer out, didn't I? But I must have forgotten the sign. I'll fix it now."

"No," Mark said. "Let it stay. If anybody comes in and asks you about it, you say it's a new guessing game. And note the people who ask, will you?"

WHEN Mark got back to Mountain House, he found the whole group on the lawn. Walking over, he said, "I think I'll go down to New York tonight."

"You won't find anything in New York," Beacham said.

"How long you going to be gone?" Archie Peck asked.

"Not long. Back again Friday morning, if I'm lucky."

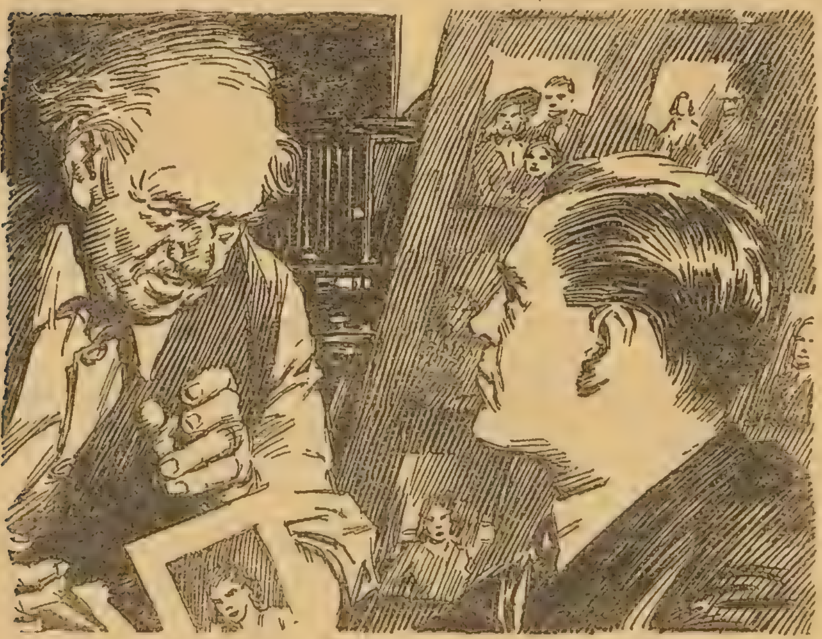
Archie took out a package of cigarettes, looked at it, and put it back in his pocket. "Say, do you think you're going to bring Cassie's murderer back from New York?"

"Not exactly," Mark said. "I expect to—" He stopped short. Only a second before they had been watching him as people at a zoo watch the lion keeper unlock a cage, but now they were looking in another direction.

He turned in astonishment. They were looking at Joey. She was running toward them, her hands clenched.

"Look!" She thrust a handful of scorched rags in Robert's face. "Look! I told you I was saving them!"

Mark took a shred of cloth from the clenched fist. He'd seen it, or its counterpart, before, cut to ribbons and hidden in a bureau drawer.



Beacham turned to Roberta. "Did you put that stuff out to be collected with the trash?"

"I didn't," Roberta said evenly. "She was probably making doll clothes and left it lying about."

"No," Joey said, but there was uncertainty in her voice. "I don't make doll clothes. But—I did give some pieces to Pee Wee."

"Josephine," Miss Rayner took the situation firmly in hand, "perhaps your pieces are still where you put them, all safe and sound. Why don't you look?"

Joey was off like a shot, and came back with a beaming face. "All there," she announced. "In my secret hiding place." She leaned against Miss Rayner. "Thank you for reminding me."

"And now a drive, Josephine?" Miss Rayner asked.

"O. K." said Joey. Hand in hand, they went over to the lot where the fat bay dozed between the shafts.

Archie took out his cigarettes again and stared at them as if he'd never seen them before. "Funny," he said.

"What is?" Mark asked.

Archie didn't answer. Then, "Hey," he said in a low voice. He was staring at old Sutton. "Hey, you George!"

George, who had been watching Joey and Miss Rayner, turned and bent over his charge. "Now we got 'em again," he said resignedly. "What do you suppose started that?"

Old man Sutton was crying. His head moved from side to side in a despairing plea. "No, no," he begged. "I don't want to see, I don't want to see."

"Now you come along inside," George soothed.

The old man clung to George's arm, weeping silently. "I'm too old," he sobbed. "I can't do anything."

"You don't have to do nothing, pal. You just come along with George." The old man broke into a shambling run, neck outthrust, eyes turned frantically to the sky.

Mark got up briskly and turned to Beacham. "Will you drive me down to Bear River? I want to talk to Wilcox before I go."

As they drove, Beacham said, "Why New York? She had no life there, outside of my own family. Don't go East." He looked frightened. "Suppose something happens here while you're away?"

"You want Miss Cassidy's murderer caught, don't you?"

"Yes, of course! But I think that this trip is a waste of time."

"I don't. I think she was killed by someone she knew—or someone who knew her." He let this sink in. "Someone who walked up to her in the dark and said, 'Hello, Miss Cassidy.' Or maybe it was 'Hello, Mary.'"

"That could be anybody," Beacham said finally.

"Yes, it could. But why did it happen when it did? She'd been coming up here every summer for five years, and she got along all right with everybody. This year she came on June first, with the same people she came with before. Then why, late in August, does someone decide she must die? I think that all at once she was dangerous to somebody. There's nothing here to show me why. So —a little light on the past is indicated. Hence New York."

Beacham stared at the road ahead, and didn't speak until he dropped Mark at Perley's.

Mark talked and Perley listened. He listened unhappily, with a beaten look; he didn't want to be left alone, not on this case he didn't.

IN New York, Mark took a cab to Beacham's house, a four-story brownstone. He rang the front bell and pounded on the basement door. After a few minutes the door opened. An elderly man of clerical aspect looked him over. The new caretaker Cassie had hired.

"I'm investigating Miss Cassidy's death."

The man opened the door wider. "Come in," he said. "Mr. Beacham was kind enough to inform me."

"Now," Mark said, "how well did you know Miss Cassidy?"

"I didn't know Miss Cassidy," the man, who said his name was Albert Shaw, answered. "I saw the lady when she came to the agency where I am registered, and we talked for a bit, but I'm afraid I can't tell you anything of value." He looked apologetic.

"Did you know the man who preceded you?"

"No, sir. I don't even know his name."

Shaw was obviously speaking the truth, and there wasn't time now to try to find the other man. Later, perhaps, if everything else failed. His heart heavy, Mark left.

He drew a blank at the Fifth Avenue apartment house where the Suttons and Pecks lived.

Miss Rayner lived in a remodeled brick house on East Twelfth Street. Mark pressed the bell marked "Superintendent," and a colored man in a denim apron put his head through the area railings.

"I'm looking for Miss Rayner," Mark said.

"She go to the country for the summer."

"Oh." Mark sat down on the bottom step. "Some friends of hers asked me to look her up when I was in town. I thought I'd take her out to lunch."

The Negro's grin widened. "Too bad. She like nothing better than free meals."

"Maybe I'm lucky, after all. What's she like? Pretty?"

"Pretty? Man, she close to one hundred years ole!"

"Her friends told me she was very popular. Always gadding about."

"They lie. That ole woman don't go nowhere except it free. Except them little trips she take, couple times a year. Change of air, she say. Don't do her no good nohow. She come back looking worse."

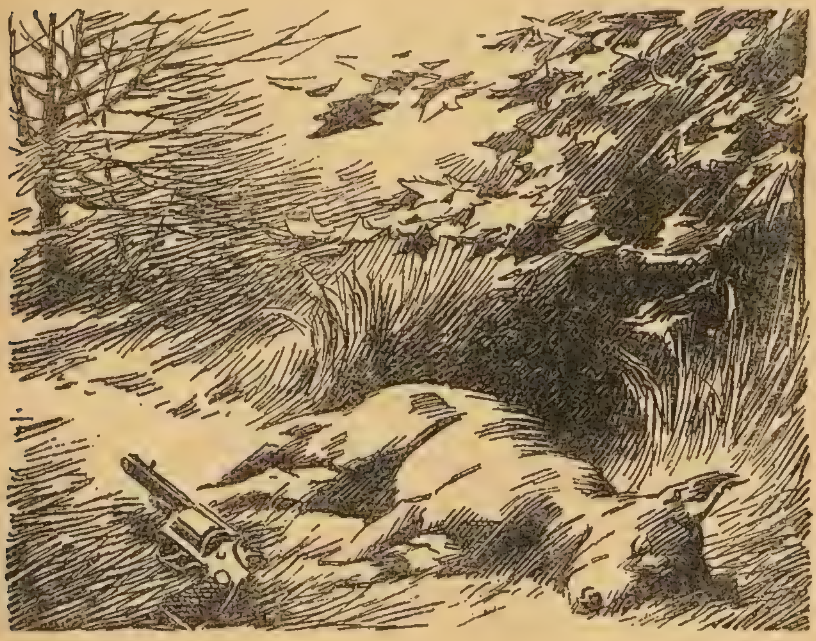
Mark gave the man a bill and hailed a cab, giving the address of a sprawling city hospital, famous for its color, drama, and capability. After a wait, he was led to a small clean office. It belonged to Miss McKenna, the head of the nursing staff.

She was a stocky woman with graying hair and too many lines on her calm white face. He told her at once who he was and why he was there.

"I'm playing a hunch, Miss McKenna," he said. "I think the answer to this is in Miss Cassidy's past."

Miss McKenna looked out of the single open window that faced a gray stone wall. Finally she said, "There isn't anything I wouldn't do to help you." She touched her eyes with a folded handkerchief, unashamed. "Mary and I were girls together."

Mark looked thoughtful. "It's a funny thing," he said, "but I haven't been able to get a description of Miss Cassidy. Nobody has a picture. There was one in a small photography shop in the country, but she went in there a few weeks before she died and had it destroyed—"



Miss McKenna jumped in her chair. "You've put me in mind of something I'd almost forgotten. Pictures! Mary was in town not long ago and came down here to see me, but I was out." She got up and briskly crossed to the phone. "Send Angela Scotti down to me at once.

"You see, I was out, and Angela talked to her. She told Angela she didn't have much time and couldn't wait for me, but she wondered if I'd mind if she took an old photograph of herself out of my album. Angela said she was very nervous, so she brought her a cup of tea and left her."

The door opened.

"Angela, this is Mr. East," Miss McKenna said crisply. "Tell him all you know about Miss Cassidy's visit."

Angela told the same story about the picture.

"You went out and left her alone in here, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir. When I came back to get the cup, she was gone. That drawer was open, though."

Mark jumped. "What did you say?"

"That drawer." She pointed to a row of steel filing cabinets along one wall. "Four from the left, third from the top. It was open and I closed it."

"Those are private records, Angela. Nobody touches them but me. The drawer could not have been open."

"But it was, Miss McKenna. I saw it right away."

Angela looked as if she might cry in a minute.

"You may go now, Angela," Mark said. "Thank you."

Mark looked at Miss McKenna. "You're going to tell me what these files hold, aren't you?"

"Of course. They're duplicate histories of our—I guess you'd call them our sensational cases. The originals are in a safe in the psychopathic wing. I have these in here because it isn't always easy to get at the safe. There's a trick lock to these, too. Only myself and a few doctors know how it works."

"Did Mary Cassidy know how?" he asked softly.

"Yes." She looked startled. "Of course Mary knew. Mr. East, did Mary open that drawer?"

"I'm sure she did." He tapped the file gently. "What do you call a sensational case?"

"In plain English, insanity. Sometimes we get several people from the same family over a period of years. And when that happens, the relatives don't always tell us the truth. Well, that's where this file comes in. If we're suspicious, we check."

"Now I want you to listen to me carefully. Not long before Mary Cassidy was killed she went to a photographer's shop and destroyed the only picture of herself that was available in that part of the country. The following day she came down to New York and destroyed another picture. Then she got young Angela out of the room and opened a confidential file. Miss McKenna, doesn't that begin to add up?"

"If I'd only been here," Miss McKenna said unhappily. "I'd have helped her."

"You can still do that," he said. "You can open that file for me. I think Mary Cassidy ran into somebody, recognized somebody, whose name is in there. Somebody who is now at large and shouldn't be. I think she was afraid the recognition was mutual, but she wasn't sure. That's why she destroyed the pictures. She was playing desperately for time, time to check with your files, time to decide what to do, time—to save herself."

Miss McKenna bent over and read the date on the index card. "Nineteen-thirty. We had a lot of them that year." She turned her back squarely, and he heard the whir of a well-oiled mechanism. The drawer slid out.

She went over to the window while he carried the manila folders to the table.

After a while she heard him say, "Miss McKenna?" She turned around then.

"None of these names mean anything to me, and I know that one of them should. What's wrong? Does anybody ever get in here under an alias?"

"Never! . . . Wait a minute." She looked suddenly shy. "I've just thought of something. Why couldn't your man be using an assumed name, out in the world, I mean?"

He gave her an awed look, and it made her blush.

"The dead ones are marked dead," she said. "And you'll find the addresses of those who are still living. Some have been transferred to institutions or are cared for by relatives."

A half hour passed before she heard the sound she was waiting for. It was a deep growl. "Have you got it?" she asked quietly, still looking out the window.

"Yes and no. She had twelve of these cases. I've narrowed it down to three. The names don't mean a thing, and," he frowned, "none of the descriptions fits anyone I've seen. Still, it's got to be one of them. There's a very nice—I guess you'd call it a complex—that figures in all three I've selected, and it fits Mary Cassidy's case like a glove. Want to know something? I don't think I'm looking for one of your ex-inmates." He tapped the folders. "I think I'm looking for one of his relatives. A relative who's as nuts as he ever was but who never got caught."

He took out his pen and book. "I'm going to make some notes. That's all right with you, isn't it?"

She turned away when he began to write. He was humming as he wrote down the sad little secrets and mannerisms that would tell him how to recognize a murderer. Finally he picked up his hat. "I've got to leave you now and I can't thank you enough."

ON his way back to his apartment his heart was both heavy and light. Mary Cassidy had recognized a face, and the recognition had come slowly. Or perhaps it wasn't a face; perhaps it was a trick of speech or gesture.

In the lobby, the switchboard girl hailed him.

"Bear River called you four times. Sheriff Wilcox. You're to— Now wait, baby, wait. Let mama do it!

"Mountain House? New York calling Miss Pond."

Beulah's voice answered. "It's about time," she said. "Last night Perley put his gun on the window sill in Beacham's cottage, and somebody took it. He searched all night, but he couldn't find it."

"I told him not to leave that cottage! It was a plant. Somebody wanted him out of the way. What happened?"

"Wait. Nothing too awful. This morning Joey couldn't find Cassie's puppy. She and Pee Wee tore the mountain apart, and along about noon they found the poor little thing. Dead. Shot through the heart. And what do you suppose was lying beside it?"

"Perley's gun," Mark said wearily.

"Everybody's in a panic."

"Sit tight. I'll be in on the train that gets to Baldwin at six A. M. What are you doing at the hotel?"

"Perley called me up. When I heard about the little dog, I thought it was a part of the Cassidy cycle, so I came. I've got a room in the main building."

He felt a little better when he went upstairs to his apartment. There was a lot to be said in favor of Beulah in the Mountain House. Nobody there knew her too well. She was mildly rich, which would circumvent the snobs, and so respectable in appearance that she was sometimes painful to look at. And she wouldn't miss a thing.

Mark went out again, this time on a shopping tour that took him through five upper-bracket delicatessens and two gilded black markets. He also visited a music store. And at midnight he was rolling north with high hopes built on two brown paper parcels.

He had the names of three people who had been certified as incurably insane in 1930, and the names meant nothing. These three were presumably alive. Two were men; one would be eighty-five, and the other fifty-one. The third was a woman. Her age, as given by her brother, had been twenty-two at the time of her admission. She'd be thirty-six now.

The older man had been removed by his daughter to a private sanitarium outside Philadelphia. Five years later the hospital had made a routine check; he had been moved again, and there his history ended.

The younger man had been transferred to a state institution, and after two years of exemplary behavior had been allowed to go home to his family.

The woman, while incurable, was dangerous only to herself. Her brother had taken her to a small town in the West.

But here the obscurity ended and the psychiatrist entered. Nothing had been too trivial for listing in black and white. In each of the three cases there was one arresting similarity, the emotional conflict between patient and next of kin. In each one, a fanatical love or hate had met with indifference or antipathy.

The older man had hated his daughter, and she, in turn, had worshiped him. The younger man had hated his mother, who came to see him every day. The woman had groveled when her brother came into the ward.

PERLEY was waiting on the platform at Baldwin.

"Am I glad to see you! What did you find out?"

"Tell you later. Why haven't we done something about the T. B. sanitarium? I want to see the place. Now."

Perley swung the car around. "Consumptives," he muttered. "Can't even walk." Then, "Maybe Miss Cassidy was a consumptive nurse? That it?"

"You're getting warm."

They drove through the tall iron gates and up to the front door. Mark asked if Miss Cassidy had ever visited the sanitarium? They couldn't say. Strangers sometimes came and walked about the grounds, but only relatives were allowed in.

"Police business," Mark said crisply.

For ten long minutes they tiptoed up and down aseptic corridors. They were glad to reach the stifling air outside.

"What's that?" Mark pointed to a row of bungalows.

"Special care," grinned the orderly. "Special money."

They strolled over. "Only one occupied now," the orderly went on. "Number four. You can't go in."

Mark looked in the window of number four. He saw white figures bending over a bed and heard a strangling cry.

Perley plucked at his sleeve. "Come on," he whispered. "Haven't you got any heart?"

They returned to the car and drove toward Mountain House. There Mark sought out Beacham, who was unimpressed by Mark's story and showed it. "Patients! Relatives! You're crazy!"

"Not me. That's somebody else."

"Names?"

"Yes." Mark reached in his pocket for the notebook, but brought out a cigarette instead. Not even Miss McKenna knew those three apparently useless names, and he realized that they must stay as they were, unknown.

The names ran smoothly through Mark's mind. Peter Martin Delaney, eighty-five, and his doting and hated daughter; Norbert James Kelso, Jr., fifty-one, the man who was returned home because he'd behaved himself for two years. Louise Murdoch, thirty-six. No, the names didn't mean a thing, but there were other words that did; other words underlined by Mary Cassidy with heavy black strokes.

Beacham turned from the window. "You said something else, about mannerisms, wasn't it? Have you seen anything that—fits?"

"One of the angles fits three of you."

"Of us!" Beacham stared. "Of us here?"

"Yes."

Beacham crossed to the table and took a cigarette. There was no apprehension in his manner, only annoyance and disbelief.

"Will this new development keep me from going to New York tonight?" he asked.

"No, you can go to New York all right. You're returning Sunday, aren't you? I want you to tell Joey to stay on the premises."

Beacham looked alarmed. "But what in the world could happen to Joey? Everybody loves that kid!"

"That's what they said about Miss Cassidy. Everybody loved her. . . . Joey makes friends too easily, that's all."

When Mark left Beacham, he went over to the hotel and called New York. When he had finished his conversation, he wondered grimly what Beacham would say if he knew that he was going to pay for two detectives to watch himself.

SATURDAY morning followed a night of such manifest calm that neither Mark nor Perley had been able to sleep a wink.

At breakfast Roberta Beacham invited a party to go to a band concert at a near-by Army camp.

"Perley," Mark said later. "I want you to go home and get yourself up as a patron of the arts."

Perley's thin eyebrows went up in horror. "That concert! I haven't been invited," he said triumphantly.

"You mean Miss Beacham hasn't asked you for a bus ride. You'll drive yourself over and sit as close to the Mountain House contingent as possible. I'm staying here because this is my first real chance to get into Beacham's room, and a few others."

"Who's going?" Perley was licked.

"The three Pecks, Nick Sutton, and Joey. Old Sutton and Miss Rayner declined with thanks."

"Wasn't Beulah invited?" Perley was scandalized.

"No. But she won't be wanted. She's been dogging Miss Rayner's footsteps, at my suggestion, and has almost managed to get herself a bid to go buggy riding."

Mark drummed the table. "And then tomorrow night I'm giving a little party. We'll have refreshments with a background of soft music played on Roberta's portable victrola." He paused. "Perley, did you ever eat a truffle?"

"No."

"Well, a lot of people like them. And—catch number one—some people take one nibble, break out in a rash and swell up something lovely. Catch number two—one of Mary Cassidy's heavy black underscorings warned about truffles."

"A person that's made sick by food don't eat it," Perley said flatly.

"No, the very sight of that practically extinct food will put him on his guard, and a man on his guard makes small, crazy mistakes. He overdoes. This one will know I'm at least partially wise, and he may eat to spite me. Then he'll step out of the room and put his finger down his throat. Behind a locked door. That's when I follow and kick the door down.

"If the sight of my little plateful doesn't smoke that one out, I'll cross him off. Then I'll begin on the music. Another one of our hopefuls has a habit of foaming quietly at the mouth when he hears The Blue Danube." For the first time that day Mark grinned with pleasure. "You might watch for The Blue Danube this afternoon."

MISS RAYNER lived on the fourth floor at the rear end of the hall. It was a tiny single room with a flimsy built-in wardrobe that showed rows of pleasant old-fashioned dresses, small hats, slippers with low heels and pointed toes; the plain pine bureau held bottles of violet, verbena, and rose-geranium toilet water.

Mark opened the drawers and surveyed their contents with one quick look. Underwear, plain. There was a small trunk behind the door, and he stood before it while he belabored his conscience. Miss Rayner's little roundtopped trunk had a sacred look. And it was uncomfortably like the picture of Pandora's box.

He raised the lid and stepped back to make way for the scrabbling troop of human ills he half expected to see come swarming over the sides. Nothing happened. The trunk was filled with prudent preparations for a change in weather. There were galoshes, rubber sandals and rubbers, and bed socks. In a small top compartment a yellowing envelope contained something that felt like cardboard.

The cardboard was a photograph of a baby with its curling hair severely combed into a Thames Tunnel.

He put it away in its envelope and closed the trunk.

Mark went back to the cottage and into Beacham's room and made what he knew would be a fruitless search.

ON Sunday morning the sky was low and dark and the treetops met each other with jubilant whispers. Mark bathed hastily and joined the others at breakfast. Joey had already bolted her food, and asked to be excused. Mark heard the lock turn in her door.

"What's the idea, locking herself in?" he asked.

"She's going to try on clothes and look at herself in the mirror. Deciding what she's going to wear to Sunday school," Roberta told him.

"Well, she's not going. Tell her, will you?"

He heard Roberta knock, heard the door open and the low murmur of voices. Joey came out instantly.

She had to go, she told him furiously. It was her birthday next Wednesday. He knew that.

His own nerves were raw and he counted ten before he was sure his voice would have the right quality. "Tell me all about it," he finally said.

She told him earnestly, looking from him to Perley. It was all because of Baby Moses and the Guardian Angel. The Angel was no good and they had six of them left, but there was only one Baby Moses.

"Can you enlarge on that?" Mark asked faintly.

Certainly she could, she said, grinding an elbow into his knee. There was, it seemed, a pleasant custom attending birthdays. Children due to celebrate were invited to drop their age in pennies into a bowl. And after that they let you pick out a picture for a present. But there was another kid who had a birthday on Tuesday and he was bragging that he was going to pick the Baby Moses. And there was only one. She stopped for breath.

It ended as he had known it would. He gave in.

Perley took over. "I've got to drive home for some clean clothes and I can put this young lady in Pansy's care. And then when you've got your nice picture, I'll come by and drive you home again."

Mark went out to the porch and met Beulah, who was coming across the grass.

"What kind of a night?" he asked.

"Frightful. Old Sutton gave poor George a terrible time. My room is over his, and I could hear George arguing. 'Come back, pal, it's too late,' he kept saying."

Perley came out. He examined the sky. "I don't like the way that looks," he said. "So low you'd think you could touch it. She's going to be a bad one. First you get the wind, then the dark. I've seen it dark as night at five in the afternoon."

"Yes," Beulah said. "I know." She shivered.

Mark turned to Beulah. "You're wasting time sitting here," he said abruptly. "Go on back to the hotel and hang around the lobby."

She was startled, but she didn't show it. "What shall I do besides hang?" she asked.

"Anything. But keep one eye open for the people who go out. Nobody will go far in this weather without a sound—or unsound—reason."

She stood up. "What are you going to do with Joey this afternoon?"

He looked his distress. "I want her where I can see her, more or less."

"Send her over to me in the lobby when Perley brings her back."

"Swell. And don't let her out of your sight."

Joey and Perley walked off to lunch hand in hand while Mark returned to his work. . . . Delaney, Murdoch, Kelso. Kelso, Murdoch, Delaney. Love and hate on the wrong tracks. Delaney. He sat slumped over the page that told the old man's story. What had happened to his daughter? He read on.

Joey and Perley returned at two o'clock and Perley made an effort to cheer Mark up. "She's taking this thing very serious. It seems that nine years old is important because it's next to the 'tenses.' Tenses! You're getting along when you're next to the tenses. I wish I had a girl, too."

Mark's head snapped back. "What?"

"Most men want boys, and sometimes they act mean about it, but not me. I'd like a girl first-rate."

Mark dropped his hand on the open page. "What do you want for Christmas, Perley?"

"It's going without your meals that makes you talk like that," Perley said as he walked away.

There was a light step on the porch. George, old Mr. Sutton's attendant, was reaching for the latch.

"What's the trouble?" Mark asked.

"It's the old gentleman." The words rushed out. "He's bad again, but this time it's lasting too long."

Mark took a long breath. "Listen, George. Was Mr. Sutton ever out of your sight on the night Miss Cassidy was killed?"

The red burned deeply in George's face. "Yes, sir," he admitted. "But, honest, I don't think it meant a thing." He went on, slowly, explaining that the old man went to bed right after dinner. He was feeling fine, he said, and he told George to go out for some fresh air. It was about seven thirty when George left. At nine, when he went upstairs, the old gentleman was gone.

George found him in the garage. Hiding in a corner he was, and he looked like he'd fallen down. Water and mud all over him. "I got him up the back way and put him to bed. Well, I stood by and watched him go off to sleep. Then I went down again to wait for Nick. When Nick came back with Miss Rayner, I told him, and we went up to give the old feller a look. And there he was—gone again."

"What time?"

"Between half past ten and eleven, I guess. You know where we ran him down? Hiding in a hall closet. Crying fit to break his heart."

"That night—did he ever tell you what was wrong?"

"No, sir. He don't think very clear when he's like that. He's like he's seeing things that ain't there."

"And you say he's like that now?"

"Yes, sir. He keeps bending over and putting out his hand like he was resting it on a kid's shoulder." George illustrated, with a sober, distressed face.

"Right," Mark said. He gave George a cigarette. "Don't worry about the old gentleman," he added. "I think we can straighten him out."

MABEL HOMESDALE, George's fiancée, stood at the window of her room and watched the clouds. She thought of the little bungalows at the back of the house. "Terrible weather for such people," she said aloud.

It was her hour off and she put on a raincoat and went down the back stairs. Outside, she walked aimlessly down the drive, under the writhing trees, and opened the tall iron gate. She started down the road. A few yards from the gate she was pleasantly surprised. Someone was coming toward her. The figure drew near. It was Floyd Wilcox, Perley's son.

"Well, I'll be!" she cried happily. "A familiar face! What are you doing out here?" He was only a kid, but he could talk.

Floyd glumly announced that he was visiting his grandmother. His mother had made him. She was scared.

"Who wouldn't be!" Mabel shivered all over.

"Not you." Floyd looked over her shoulder at the big dark house behind her. The iron gate arched in a semicircle and bore a gilt inscription: "Bide-a-Wee."

Floyd read this with fine sarcasm. "They don't bide so long, if you ask me. In one week and out the next, or so I hear." He laughed. "In a pine box."

"Then you heard wrong! The doctor has a new kind of stuff that he puts in veins, and it works!"

Floyd closed one eye and lowered his voice. "How does it work in number four bungalow?"

Mabel's face flamed. "Who told you about that? The doctor don't like that talked about! The poor soul is practically dying and would have died in that bughouse if the doctor hadn't agreed to take the case. And if number four don't get cured, it won't be the doctor's fault."

A low rumble of thunder shook the air. Mabel frowned at the sky. "Storms always upset sick people. What are you going to do?"

"Stay out," Floyd said. "I ain't afraid. I'm sick and tired of my grandmother's kitchen." He turned and started back toward Baldwin. "See you."

"See you," Mabel repeated. She turned in at the gate and walked up the drive. Halfway to the house she took a cross path that led to the bungalows in the rear.

JOEY was basking in public acclaim. She carried more sail in the form of ribbon than any other little girl. Pansy Wilcox, Perley's wife, watched her with understanding. In her youth, Pansy herself had battled for just such a picture, only hers had been Daniel.

The clergyman stepped to the front of the platform.

"Josephine Beacham and Bubber Mitchell," he said, "please come forward."

They did, from opposite sides of the room, eying each other warily.

One by one the pennies dropped, and fifty voices rose and fell with each one. Nine for Joey and ten for Bubber. Suddenly Bubber saw what his additional penny was going to do for Joey, and he blanched. It was going to give her an extra second, and he wondered if she knew what that meant. She did. By the time his tenth year had rattled to the bottom of the bowl, it was all over. He picked up a Guardian Angel and tried to smile.

The clergyman was watching them both, so they turned and walked quietly to their seats. It was a lonesome walk for the Guardian Angel, but Baby Moses had his face patted all the way.

Pansy congratulated Joey with a smile. Smart as a whip, she told herself. Fell on that picture like a hawk on a chicken.

Outside, a car crept up the cemetery road and came to a stop.

"And now," Pansy said, "we'll sing Joey Beacham's hymn before we have the closing prayer."

Unknown to the occupants of that hot and overcrowded room, there was an eavesdropper. A figure stood at the same window where Mark had watched the Sunday before, careful not to stand too close, careful not to be seen. It stood there, smiling.

While Joey's hymn drifted through the open windows, the smiling figure drew back. There was no hurry. They were going to pray next. Bow their heads and close their eyes and pray. That would be the time.

Joey felt someone looking at her. It was like the day Mr. East had come. She turned her head to the window and saw a smiling, beckoning figure. Mr. East had probably needed Mr. Wilcox for his work. That was why Mr. Wilcox hadn't come.

She got up quietly and tiptoed out.

Pansy saw her go. She had one eye open because she liked to look at the small kneeling figures. Mr. East is outside, she thought vaguely.

The organist struck another chord, and they sang the doxology. A furious clap of thunder rent the air.

PERLEY drove up to the church and looked around. As he went up the steps he saw a car leaving the far end of the cemetery.

In the Sunday-school room he found Pansy.

"Where's Joey?" he asked.

"Mr. East came for her. Just before we finished. He's always doing that."

"Must have come down to see somebody." Perley was satisfied.

He drove up the mountain slowly watching the telephone wires strain in the wind. If the wires came down, they'd all be cut off. It was a bad thing to be cut off.

He drove through the gates, parked the car, and went directly to Beacham's cottage.

"No trouble?" Mark asked without turning.

"Nope," Perley said. He looked for signs of Joey. Then he remembered that she was to have been left with Beulah, and he relaxed. "Road's in poor shape right now," he added brightly.

BITTNER sat in his kitchen window, surveying the road through his binoculars. There was no traffic. His wife, shuffling from icebox to stove to table, was preparing his early supper. Suddenly Bittner leaned forward.

"Beacham's back," he said. "His car just went by."

He sucked in his breath. "I thought he wasn't coming back until tonight." He turned the glasses toward Baldwin. "Out of sight now." He started to wheel himself over to the table. Then, "No!" he said explosively.

"No what?"

"If he came in on the morning train, that means he got by me, and nobody does that. How did he get here? His car's been at the hotel all the time."

He turned back to the window and peered at the road. That car. Beacham's car. It went by like a bat out of hell, swinging from side to side. Beacham didn't drive like that. He closed his little eyes and tried to remember something else about the car that didn't look like Beacham. Finally he got it. It was the driver. Beacham always sat up straight, like he owned the world; this one was crouched over the wheel and—he fought down rising panic—this one was the wrong shape. He sat like a bundle, a dark shapeless bundle, huddled over the wheel. . . .

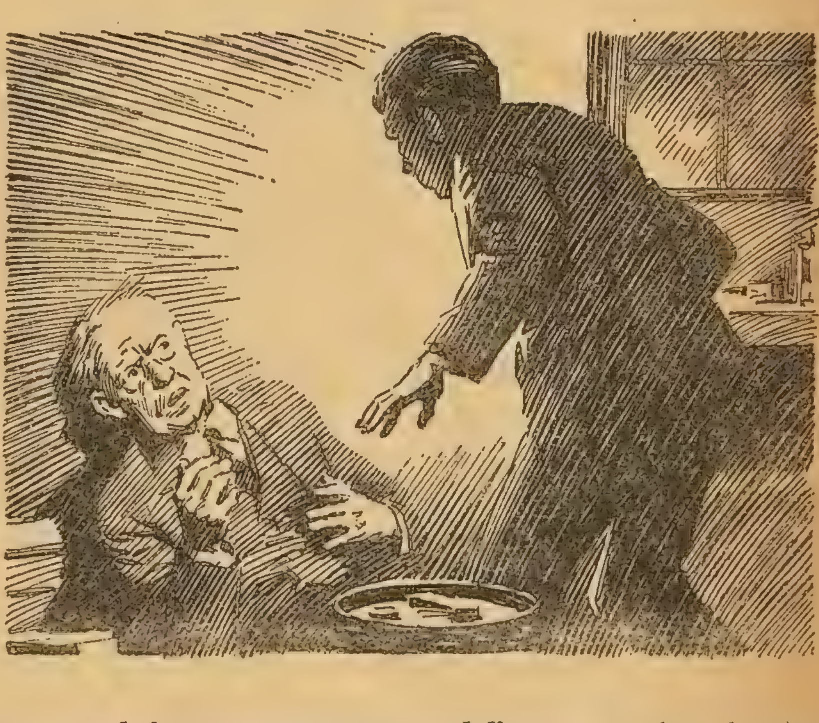
Bittner spun his chair around and shot over to the telephone. He was shouting Mark's number before he had the receiver off. "Hurry!" he squealed. "Hurry!"

Overhead a thunderous peal shook the house and lightning ripped the sky. A tree crashed outside the window and took the telephone wires with it. The clouds opened and the rain came down.

MARK and Perley bent their heads over the paper. "So much for Delaney," Mark said. "Both Delaney and his daughter hated Cassie. Now Louise Murdoch, age thirty-six. Who is she? Is she here?"

Perley swallowed hard. "I don't know what to think."

"You're thinking about the same person I am, but you're not sure. You can't see why she waited all this time. I think we can get around that. Even though Cassie had known her for several years, had seen her almost every day, you must remember that the name wasn't the same, and the environment was different. And in the earlier days, when she was in Cassie's charge and known as Louise Murdoch, she had brown hair. Dye that, and see what happens to your mental picture. Her weight, when she was in the hospital, was one hundred and sixty pounds. Take away forty and you have an entirely new person. And, what's more, the record says that on her good days she'd charm the ordinary convalescents like birds out of a bush. I mean the men, of course. She never talked to the women. . . . Well?"



"It could be."

"It isn't farfetched. Her brother would have tried to get her married."

"I can't help it," said Perley, "but Beacham keeps coming to my mind."

"I know he does. But Cassie had known him for nine years." He put his head in his hands. "No, that's wrong. I can't fit Roberta in."

He picked up the paper again. "Another feature is that every one of our suspects could be two other people. Peck, for instance, could be Kelso or Louise Murdoch's brother."

"And Delaney could be—"

"Stick to Delaney for the moment. Do you remember what you said just before you and Joey left?"

"I said I'd like a girl."

"You also said that most men wanted boys and sometimes they acted mean about it."

"That's the truth, too. They do."

"Apply that to Delaney. Delaney hated his daughter. Remember that. And Kelso hated his mother. And Louise Murdoch hated all women. Their hatred was a part of their madness. So what have we? We have three people, or rather, we have six—Delaney and daughter, Kelso and mother, Murdoch and brother—six people, three of them hopelessly mad and three of them living in fear of madness. Three of them with definite, separate hates, and all six sharing one hate together. The one hate was Mary Cassidy. That common fear of poor Mary Cassidy, that unreasoning hate, was strong enough to bring about her murder. But suppose that there was an even stronger motive, a by-product, we'll call it, that outweighed the original. If I'm right, Perley, it's a woman we're looking for."

"Delaney's daughter?"

"I don't know. Maybe Kelso's. Maybe Murdoch herself. We're looking for a girl who should have been a boy. A girl whose mother, or someone, gave her a boy's name, or a version of one. The way Cassie did with Joey. Trying to make amends, trying to give the kid a break. In Joey's case it was successful, but in our case I think it failed. Wouldn't that child grow into a frightened, bitter, resentful woman, with the knowledge of insanity hanging over her head? What would she do if she were suddenly faced with Mary Cassidy? We know what she did. She killed her. And what would that woman do when, day after day, she saw Cassie's best job, Joey? Joey, the little girl who made the grade, who wore her boy's clothes happily. Do you see now why I worry when Joey—"

Over in the corner the telephone shrilled as the thunder rolled and the lightning struck.

"That hit!" Perley gasped.

BEULAH POND had reached the end of her tether. For the last half hour she had wanted to go up to her room and hide, but Perley hadn't brought Joey. She didn't dare leave the lobby again until he did. She had left once, but the switchboard operator had promised to keep an eye on Joey if she came. Perley was late.

When the storm finally struck, she moaned loudly. The operator was the only living soul in sight and she was half dead with fright. When the lightning hit, she'd clapped both hands to her head and screamed.

Beulah went over to her. "Are you all right?"

"I don't know. My ears. I can't hear a thing."

"You can hear me," Beulah said. Her native curiosity compelled her to read the penciled lines on the record sheet. "What's that you've got written down? It says East-Bittner."

"There was a call for Mr. East when the lightning struck."

"Were you cut off?"

"I certainly was! Everybody's cut off." She gave a pleased cackle. "You should have heard Mr. Bittner. Life and death, he hollered."

Beulah gave her one terrified look before she ran for the door. She reached the cottage in forty seconds and hurled herself into the living room. She screamed, and the two men turned white faces.

"Joey! Where's Joey?"

Mark's voice had no timbre. "Haven't you got her?"

"No!"

Perley rose on unsteady feet. "You came for her," he begged Mark. "Pansy said so!"

"I haven't left this room."

Beulah heard them with horror. "Bittner," she said thickly— "Bittner was trying to get you when the wires went down."

They left her standing there. She watched dully as they raced across the lawn, beaten by the rain.

Before he reached the garage, Mark knew that Beacham's car would be gone.

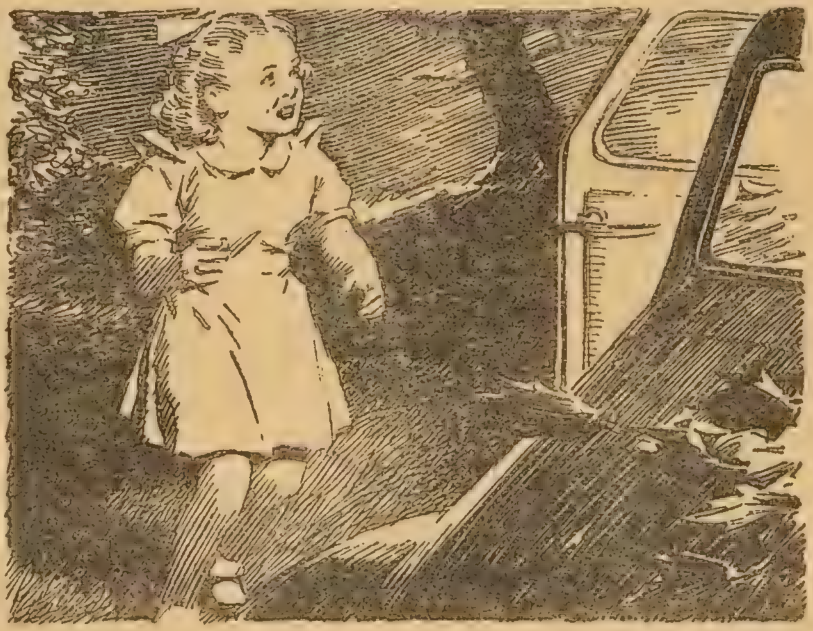
"How much gas have you?"

"Enough to get to Bear River; no more."

"We'll have to take a chance."

Beulah stood in the doorway. "Somebody's coming up the road," she said. "I don't know who it is."

They ignored her. They ran to Perley's car, and in another minute they were through the gates.



She stood where they left her, alone in the driving rain, watching the car as it rocketed down the road.

THE car Beulah had seen climbing the road was Bittner's best truck. When Mark and Perley bore down on him, the driver pulled over and spoke briefly:

"Transfer to this." He pointed to the oil drums in the rear. "Gas. Bittner says you're welcome."

Mark and Perley transferred. The truck swung in an arc of flying mud and shot down the mountain.

"Sutton?" Perley asked in a low voice.

"No," Mark said. "Roberta and Nick thought so too. That's why they've been acting queer. He hated nurses, because of Nick. No." He searched the road ahead.

Perley was afraid to speak another name. He'd been sure it was Sutton, and he hadn't felt sorry. But now he was afraid.

Who had stood outside that window and coaxed young Joey? Somebody she knew and trusted. No, he didn't want to hear the name.

The brakes screamed. Mark was on the road, running back, while the truck still moved forward. The headlights had picked out something lying beside the ditch. He found it, and returned. They shot forward again. "What is it?" Perley asked.

Mark showed him a limp square of cardboard. The cattails were no longer green, the water no longer blue. Baby Moses, however, could still be recognized.

Perley turned away.

"We're on the right track," Mark said.

YOUNG Floyd Wilcox sat under an overhanging rock by the side of the Baldwin road. He heard a new sound above the wind and the rain, and cautiously stuck out his head. A familiar car was coming his way. He watched it, unbelieving, as it crept forward, skidded, and went into the ditch. Still he sat there, not moving. He heard himself gasp when the driver crawled out, dragging something wrapped in a blanket. He heard a faint wail and thought his heart would burst. Then he told himself, in one sharp silent sentence, that he was Perley Wilcox's boy. He crept out of his safe cave and ran, bent over to make himself smaller than he was. The tall iron gate of Bide-a-Wee was straight ahead.

He plunged on, tripping over roots, sinking in the soft wet earth. Once he stopped long enough to look over his shoulder, and what he saw made him double his pace. Two people were coming through the gate and starting up the drive.

He ground his teeth in childish despair. He had heard Mark's censored observations, made at the supper table, and he had accurately filled in the gaps. Miss Cassidy's murderer was coming up the drive with Joey Beacham. Miss Cassidy's murderer was crazy. And number four bungalow was crazy too.

He drew a long, sobbing breath and stumbled down the covered walk. At the same time, Mabel, snug and dry in the tool shed, was looking back on her recent exploit with pleasure. She had crouched beneath the window of number four until her knees were stiff. What Floyd had said about number four had made her think, and when she thought, she acted.

Number four had been a scream. Walking up and down like an animal on a rope. Taking a picture off the wall and smashing it to bits. She hadn't been able to see what kind of picture it was; looked like a woman, from a distance.

Floyd was almost incoherent when he reached her.

"Mabel!" He clung to her arm. "Mabel, they're coming up the drive! You got to do something!"

"What are you talking about?"

Between gasps he told her what he had seen. "Number four's in it somewhere! I know! They're going to kill Joey, the two of them!"

Mabel's shrewd little mind grasped the unrelated pieces and put them together. She remembered that number four sometimes had a visitor, a visitor she'd never caught sight of.

She worked swiftly. "You run as fast as you can down the road, Floyd, and holler all the way."

He threw a frantic look over his shoulder. Two figures had entered the covered walk from the far end.

"Run," whispered Mabel. "I'm going after matron and the orderlies."

She gave him a push and he stumbled forward. He had almost reached the gate when he heard the sound of a roaring motor. He flung himself against the rain, screaming into the noisy darkness ahead.

Perley heard him first.

"Floyd!" shouted Perley.

The boy was past speech; they steadied him with their arms while he pointed wordlessly.

When they came in sight of the bungalows they met a stream of white-clad men racing down the covered walk with flashlights. Mabel leaned against the locked door of number four, pounding it with her fists.

The uncurtained window finished the half-told story that was locked away in Miss McKenna's files. The madman Delaney, racked with tuberculosis, stood in the center of the room. His smiling daughter stood beside him. Outstretched hands were on Joey Beacham's neck when Mark sent his fist through the glass. Perley's shot cracked out and the door fell. The white-clad men closed in. For the last time in her life, Delaney's daughter had stood between her father and the world. She was lying at his feet.

"Stretcher," one man ordered. Then he turned to Mark. "Who was she?"

Mark said, "She called herself Rayner."

THERE was no party that night.

After a nap in matron's room, Joey Beacham went to Baldwin for the second time that night. A young doctor at Bide-a-Wee told her it was the smart thing to do, and when Beacham's train pulled in at nine o'clock she was on the platform. He took her in his arms.

"Miss me?" he asked.

"Boy!" said Joey. Very tough.

They didn't return to the Mountain House at once. They went to Bittner's instead.

"Is anybody going to tell me anything?" Bittner asked petulantly.

He was told all. They never would know, Mark said, how Cassie had spotted Miss Rayner. On one of her lonely drives she may have met her coming away from Bide-a-Wee, crying perhaps, or even elated. Elated because she had safely secreted her greatest treasure. If Cassie had seen that look in Miss Rayner's eyes, it would have been enough to make her wonder.

She would have watched Miss Rayner after that, and little by little the truth must have revealed itself. "At first I supposed she was thinking of her own safety," he said, "but now I know better. It was Joey she was worried about. She may have seen Miss Rayner watching Joey, and if Miss Rayner was Delaney's daughter—Cassie knew the danger line."

Beacham spoke hopelessly. "Why didn't she tell me?"

"I think she wasn't entirely sure until she checked the hospital records. And I don't think Miss Rayner knew who Cassie was until the day before Cassie went to New York. Cassie wouldn't have gone if she had thought Miss Rayner suspected. Then, the day before she left, she saw a picture of herself in Spangler's window. Spangler says it was a young-looking picture. I can see Cassie standing before that dingy window, staring at the picture screen, seeing herself as she had looked years ago. If Miss Rayner saw that youthful smiling face, she'd know the truth at once. So Cassie paid Spangler to destroy the picture, and he did, but not soon enough. Miss Rayner saw it and the fat was in the fire.

"And she saw her one happiness crumble into dust. She knew what would happen. They'd find her father and return him to the madhouse."

SHE must have thought quickly and with deadly accuracy the night of the church supper, Mark explained. There was no doubt now that she had pushed Nick's arm, and retrieved the sixth arrow in the confusion that followed. Or that she had invited Cassie to walk down by the dark well, calmly confessing her identity. Then she had killed her and wounded herself, and gone back to the Sunday school to wait.

Her persistent use of full names instead of diminutives, Mark had put down to an old lady's formality. But, he said, he began to wonder after he read the Delaney case history.

He knew now why Winifred Delaney avoided nicknames. She couldn't trust herself to say Joey.

Another suspicion had come when Joey found the scraps in the incinerator. One of them still smelled faintly of violet toilet water and showed traces of sugar. He remembered how Miss Rayner had wiped her hands on a scrap of cloth the day he untied her horse. Still, he had argued, she might have found it. That fitted in with her passion for thrift. But now he knew it was the challenge of a megalomaniac. She had kept one piece of cloth after she had destroyed the clothes that were a daily, bitter reminder of Cassie's success and one little girl's happiness.

Old man Sutton, Mark said, had partly guessed the answer. He might have seen Miss Rayner in the halls the night of Cassie's murder. That was the night he went wandering. He was so close to the end of his own life that he could feel the presence of death in any disguise. And his love and pity for Nick had made him sensitive to any danger that threatened a child.

"But still I wasn't sure," Mark went on. "Not even when I found an old photograph in her trunk. A baby picture, herself of course, a little girl with her hair combed like a boy's. I was suspicious, but not sure. She took me in completely."

It was very close to midnight when they drove back to the Mountain House. The whole story had to be repeated.

"I searched her room after you left," Beulah said. "It was torn to pieces. I found a passport under that picture in the lid of her trunk. Her real name and her age. She was only forty-seven. Only a few years older than Mary Cassidy, and she looked like her grandmother. I didn't know what you knew, but that told me enough."

THE END

Puzzle 315 5/5/45

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

APARTMENT IN ATHENS, by Glenway Wescott, sums up the decline and fall of the Nazi empire in terms of one fine flowering of its culture, Captain Kalter. The story is a grotesque one, but it has the ring of truth.

When we first meet Captain Kalter, he is displaying his robust Nazi sense of humor by inventing new humiliations for the gentle Greek family with whom he is quartered. After a furlough in Berlin, he comes back a changed man. His two sons have been killed in battle, his wife has been fatally injured in an air raid.

Glenway Wescott

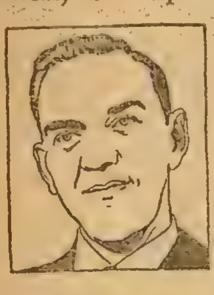
A man simply must have someone to tell his troubles to—*nein?* . . . So the representative of the Herrenvolk, practical even in the throes of self-pity, turns to frightened old Mr. Helianos, his unwilling host. In a memorable scene, he proceeds to cry on the shoulder of the man whom he has systematically starved and tortured.

"You have no idea, Helianos—you don't know anything about it, you don't understand anything," Kalter laments, "but listen: I am so weary of the war!"

This story of the twilight of the Nazi gods has all the morbid fascination of a scientific study of homicidal mania.

Published by Harper & Bros., N. Y. Price $2.50.

NOVELS that convey a genuine sense of the joy of life are rare (although sloppily written epics of sweetness and light are all too plentiful). For this reason, **Family on the Hill,** a first novel by **Ambrose Flack,** is of special interest. It's the mellow, skillfully told story of a Czech couple and their brood of sixteen children, living in happy-go-lucky poverty in a shack in upstate New York.


Ambrose Flack

The Otter family, always on the border line of hunger, make an exciting adventure of the job of filling the soup pot and the cider jug. They have a contagious curiosity about people, animals, plants, and planets. Best of all, the old couple are contented without ever uttering smug platitudes about contentment, and their small army of kids, bursting with vitality and playfulness, are never exaggeratedly cute. . . . Wherefore the reviewer, who has struggled through many clumsy attempts at telling this type of story, gives thanks.

Another talent revealed by Mr. Flack is worthy of note—he has a fine feeling for nature and knows how to convey it in a relaxed style, without being self-consciously poetic.

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co., N. Y., Price $2.50.

JOSEPH WECHSBERG has been, among other things, a fiddler on ocean liners, a professional hand-clapper, and assistant croupier at a gambling casino. **Looking for a Bluebird** tells his wacky adventures in a style as light as a good soufflé.

Mr. Wechsberg was a member of the famous Viennese opera claque run by Schostal. Once, he tells, the ambitious wife of a big business man managed to get a star role. Schostal, who sold his applause, but only to those he thought worthy of it, refused to practice his art for her. "The husband bought up hundreds of seats, which he distributed among his acquaintances. . . . They applauded at the wrong moments, and the enraged public started hissing." . . . Proving that at the opera, as well as the gambling table, you can't beat the system.

Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. Price $2.50.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

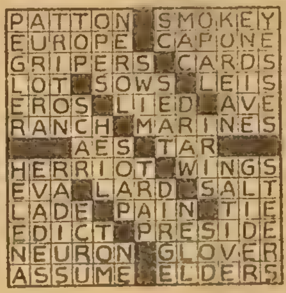
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Four-legged flier, grounded for duration (two words)
9 Kind of attention you *don't* give those new gals' bathing suits
14 Chew rugs
15 Have that M. D. feeling
16 Feline with an ingrown awning
17 This is attached to the Mrs.
18 It takes pluck to play it anywhere
20 Butterine
22 Russian Oder (abbr.)
23 Kind of man who never strikes a woman with his hat on
25 Damned thing dry cleaners never get out!
26 Creature it had to be, wonderful too!
27 G. I.-fuls
28 Private's mess
29 Flanker (abbr.)
30 Words, words, words (abbr.)
31 Bestows the Brooklyn buzz
32 Postwar German homes
34 Sleepy side of the Little Corporal
36 De Grace that's not Havre
37 To open the mouth and put the foot in it
38 Ticks
39 Operation, commercial, divorce, commercial, operation, commercial, divorce, etc. (two words)
41 Toney word
42 Big New Yorkers who chase flies on large hunks of real estate
44 It never had a chance to beef
45 Car the Greek motorist sent for
46 Hirsute speed balls
47 Apple with a goiter
48 I/II of XI
49 Vt.'s pal
50 New or Old Haven
51 G. I. champagne
53 Reef
55 Hep felines
56 Kind of sweet potatoes the camera fiend liked
58 Girl's name (very abbr.)
59 Many a Jap was a dead Gona here
60 Get a little edge on, before getting into a scrape
61 Popular course at sea (abbr.)
62 This goes as well with wear as with neath
64 This place gives you quite a build-up
66 All tightened up
68 Most popular Kelly in France
69 Man with pound of onions wishes to meet woman with pound of meat, object: ——!

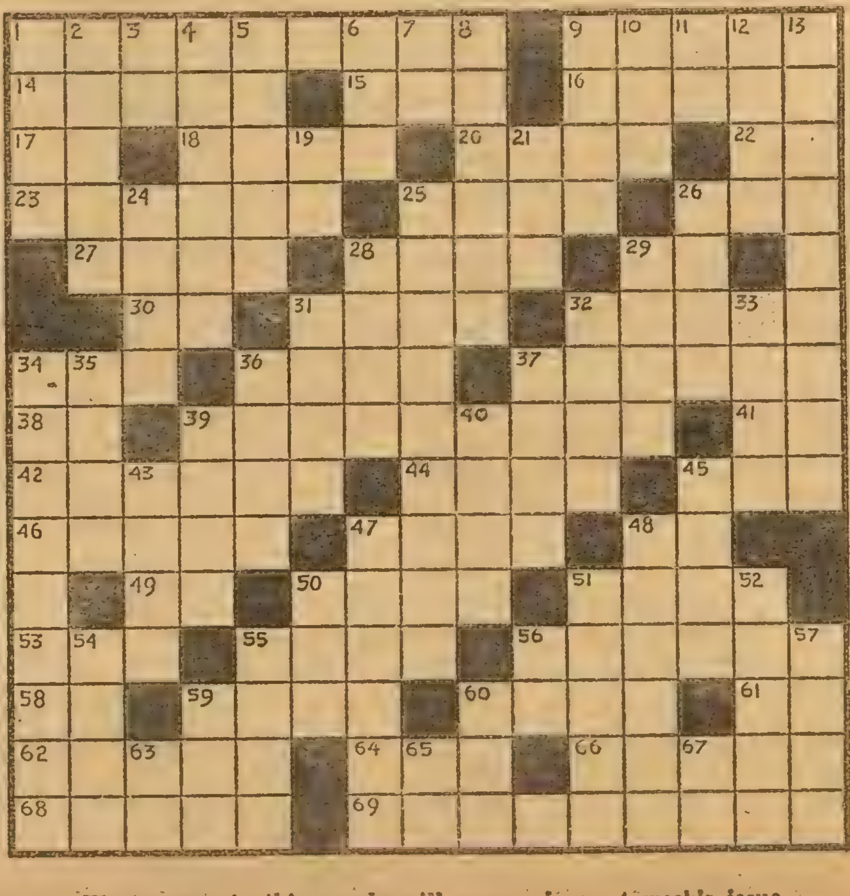
VERTICAL

1 Frolic
2 Twang, twang, twang went the ——!
3 Cockeyed Aspidistras (abbr.)
4 Future course for the Hun
5 What foot races are run in
6 Dust with the knuckles
7 Yeah in Castilian
8 What the gal does these days with the guy
9 Don't budge a word!
10 The end of Ignacio
11 Absentminded Gorgonzolasniffers (abbr.)
12 World's worst violinist
13 The last rags she buys with her own money
19 Flanker's pal (abbr.)
21 No higher than a snake's belly
24 Device for seeing things in the dark
25 Unexpected side trips on a present-day railroad trip
26 Hard-boiled individual
28 I hear you like this dish!
29 A head-Turner
31 Old-fashioned fuzzy-wuzzies
32 Wave
33 Gal with the fella
34 Place that no longer Byrnes the after-midnight oil (two words)
35 Japan swallow it, it swallow Japan!
36 Army four-posters
37 Animal not too popular in Germany
39 Kind of snicker you'll find in Gilbert and Sullivan songs
40 This guy burns up the Irish
'43 The Team that can't lose for U. S.!
45 Wed
47 Utensil and tree make one caustic
48 Thin coat
50 Give the absent member the old labial going over
51 African Harlemites
52 Dunk in the suds
54 This goes before Boleyn and Baxter
55 Short-lipped people are this
56 The Boss, armored style (abbr.)
57 Amorous speed ball
59 Armed flier
60 What the audience now eyes hungrily on the stage
63 Everybody says Ah! on meeting him (abbr.)
65 Ma's favorite rug
67 My draft rating is 4-this (abbr.)



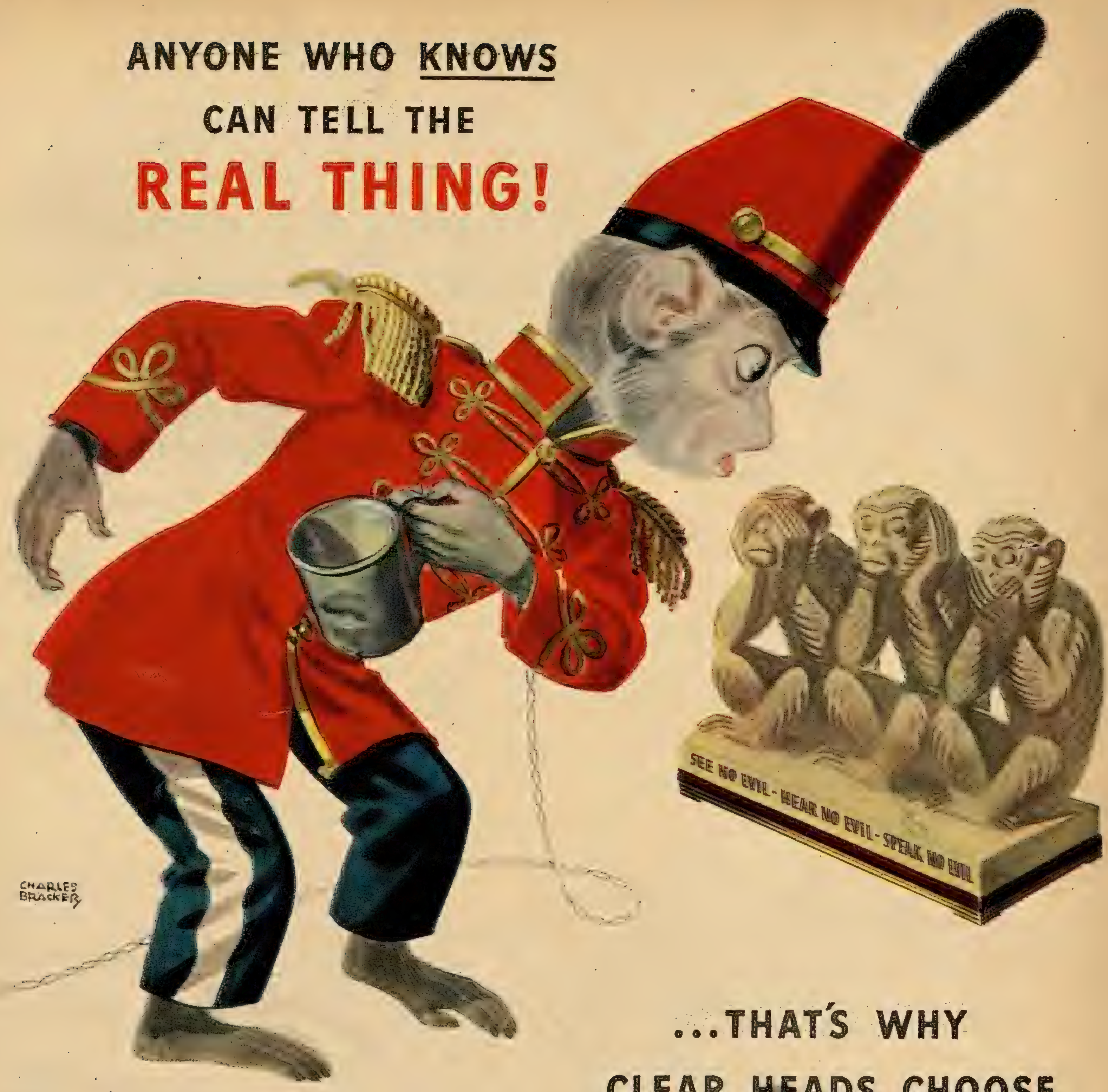
PATTON■SMOKEY
EUROPE■CAPONE
GRIPERS■CARDS
LOT■SOWS■LEIS
EROS■LIED■AVE
RANCH■MARINES
■■■AES■TAR■■■
HERRIOT■WINGS
EVA■LARD■SALT
LADE■PAIN■TIE
EDICT■PRESIDE
NEURON■GLOVER
ASSUME■ELDERS

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

ANYONE WHO KNOWS CAN TELL THE REAL THING!


SEE NO EVIL - HEAR NO EVIL - SPEAK NO EVIL
CHARLES BRACKER

...THAT'S WHY CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE

Calvert

If you've a taste for fine whiskey, you're certain to recognize Calvert as "the real thing". For it has a pre-war quality and excellence that simply can't be imitated.

That's probably the reason why, year in and year out, people who sell and serve Calvert tell us: "It's the whiskey most often asked for by name."

Once you taste this gloriously smooth and mellow blend, *you'll* keep on asking for Calvert, too. It's America's finest whiskey from the House of Blends!

Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert
SPECIAL

CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. Calvert "Reserve": 65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

LET'S KEEP AMERICA STRONG

America invented the airplane . . .

. . . and yet by far the most disastrous defeat we ever suffered in our entire history was when Japan attacked us at Pearl Harbor without warning . . . *and with our own invention.*

The truth of the matter is this: Having invented the plane, we were content to remain a second-rate power in the air . . . and we were caught napping.

Who will save us next time?

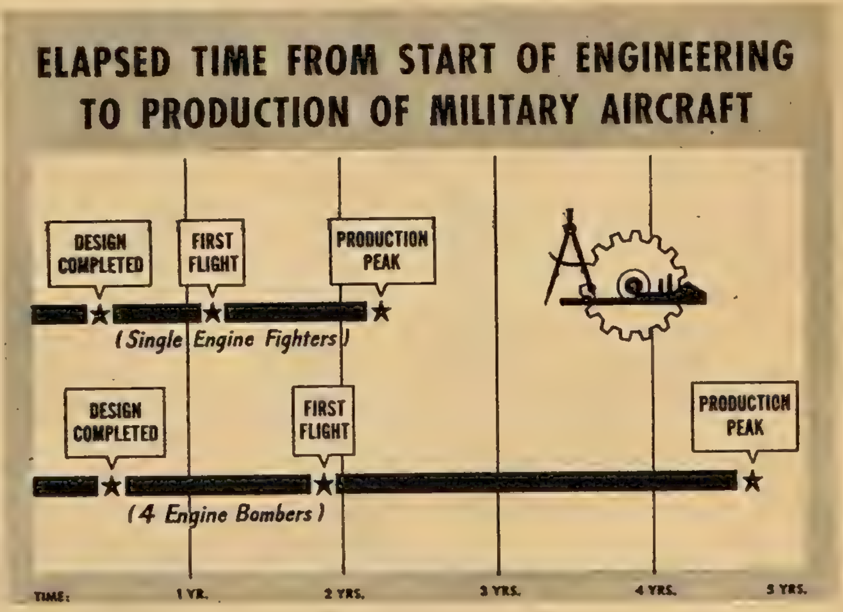
Germany spent 10 years building up her Luftwaffe—then she struck.

Hitler used 3000 planes in a single campaign—the cowardly conquest of Poland. **Yet, even later, when Japan pulled her sneak attack, America had a total of only 1157 planes fit for combat.**

All this time, America had no well-defined air program. We had to start almost from scratch, frantically building up strength in the air while Britain held off the enemy.

Time—the Joker in Air Power

We learned that it takes time to develop a military plane. For example, it took 7 years to produce America's first long-range heavy bomber, and 3 years to produce 4-engine Liberator bombers in quantities, even though Consolidated Vultee had years of experience designing and building mammoth sea planes.



ELAPSED TIME FROM START OF ENGINEERING TO PRODUCTION OF MILITARY AIRCRAFT

More by good luck than our people's foresight, a new fighter plane, designed in 1936, started coming off the production lines in 1941. And another fighter was almost ready for mass production at the time of Pearl Harbor.

Today—only at a terrific and needless cost in money and lives—we are finally strong in the air. Stronger than any other nation on the face of the globe.

Air Power for War . . . and Peace

After Victory is won, if we forget some of the lessons we have learned so painfully in this war, we can easily drift back again to the status of a second-rate power in the air.

Dare we rely on such a hit-or-miss air program next time?

IN THE AIR!

America cannot hope to remain strong among the nations of the earth unless Air Power is maintained during peace years as well as when at war.

No one denies that to maintain American air supremacy, our military planes must excel those of any other nation.

But military air strength is only one important phase of Air Power . . .

The necessity for waging war on a global scale has opened our eyes to the role which air transport has played in supplying our fighting fronts, from China to the Rhine.

Tomorrow, huge transport planes—an **American Merchant Fleet of the Air**—will open up new areas of natural resources, and help bring about a mutual appreciation of peoples in once-remote lands. **The plane will be an important factor in promoting a relationship under which nations can live together peacefully.**

A Nation on Wings

Since the turn of the century, America has been a "nation on wheels." Even more important, the automobile made us a mechanically minded nation. And this was a good thing, when war came.

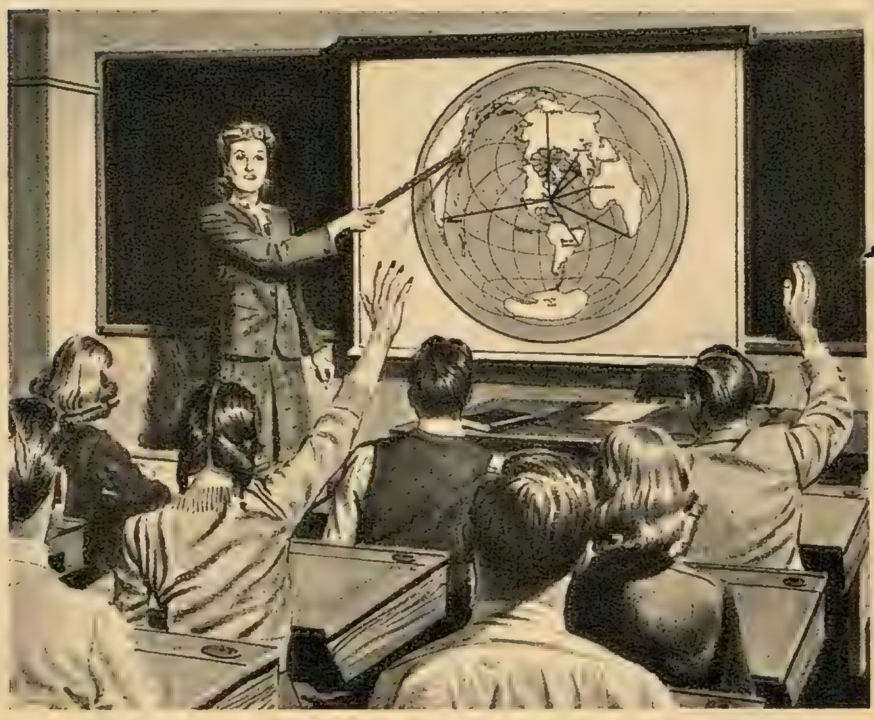
For, the mechanical knowledge gained from tinkering with a $10 jalopy has made untold thousands of American boys the world's finest airplane pilots and mechanics.

Now, overnight, we have become a "nation on wings." The Air Age is here. When the war is finally over, many thousands of people in this country will take to the air—in their own small personal planes.

Today, a 60-Hour-Wide World

A nation which thinks and works in terms of Air Power has taken a long first step toward insuring a lasting peace—for air strength is a force which aggressor nations fear and respect.

Today, under the impetus of war, the aircraft industry has become five times bigger than America's vast prewar automobile industry. It is turning out planes at the rate of over 6000 a month.



Our aircraft industry must remain strong, and competitive. And it must constantly work in research and technological advance, even after Victory.

And finally, we must teach our children—and we ourselves must never forget—that the world is now one global community in which *no spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from our local airport.*

Millions of air-minded young Americans, who will soon be returning from overseas, know that this is why we must keep America strong in the air!

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

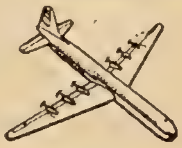
San Diego, Calif.
Vultee Field, Calif.
Fairfield, Calif.
Tucson, Ariz.
Fort Worth, Texas
New Orleans, La.
Nashville, Tenn.
Louisville, Ky.
Wayne, Mich.
Dearborn, Mich.
Allentown, Pa.
Elizabeth City, N. C.
Miami, Fla.
Member, Aircraft War Production Council

LIBERATOR
4-engine bomber

LIBERATOR EXPRESS
transport

CORONADO
patrol bomber

PRIVATEER
search plane



CONVAIR MODEL 37
Pan American Clipper

CATALINA
patrol bomber

VALIANT
basic trainer

SENTINEL
"Flying Jeep"

"Like a star on your finger" says glamorous MARIE McDONALD ...in "GUEST IN THE HOUSE", a Hunt Stromberg Production, Released thru United Artists.

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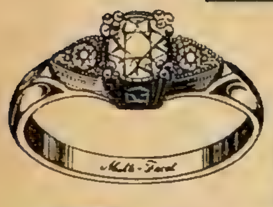
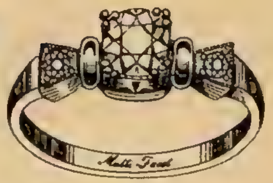
MULTI-FACET* DIAMONDS' intensified light and color produce unsurpassable brilliance. Their fiery sparkle glows to the heart of the selected stones. Multi-Facet's patented girdle helps to prevent chipping, makes for lasting perfection of your diamond's beauty. Choose your "diamond of the stars" at your local jeweler. Priced,★ tax included, $75 to $7,500.



HARMONY $125 ★



CLASSIC $200 ★

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Please send me the romantic booklet: THE STORY OF A DIAMOND. I'm enclosing 10c for postage.
NAME
ADDRESS

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HIGH-CLIMBERS DON'T DIE

Continued from Page 33

"See here, Slim," he said, "I'm not asking you to tackle that job with this wind blowing. Better leave it till Monday."

"I've got to string my leads to that tree in the morning."

"Then why don't you use powder?"

"On spruce? Ever see a spruce tree that's been hit by lightning?"

"Well, if you want to go ahead with it, get Barney to help you. He's going to do some work on the boiler."

It was afternoon before Barney left the camp. And then the girl trailed along. But instead of hanging around the donkey with Barney, she went to the opposite side of the canyon, to where the guy was working. He'd got the spar tree limbed off and was about ready to top.

There he was, a hundred and fifty feet off the ground, about as big as a chipmunk. From below, the tree looked like a slender pole with a green tassel; but from where he was, hanging up there on a pair of steel spurs and a five-eighths safety line, what looked like a small feather duster from the ground would still have made a good-sized tree in any man's country.

The girl sat down on the side of the hill and settled back to watch.

The guy had studied the job over and he'd figured it out before leaving the ground. The top was heavy on the west side, and on a still day that would have been the direction of the fall. But that was the side the wind was from, and he figured the wind would more than offset the extra weight on the west side of the top. Because of that, he chopped his notch on the east side and then started sawing the cut opposite the notch.

Halfway into the cut she started to pinch, and that didn't look so good, but he drove in a couple of wedges and went ahead with the job. And that's when he knew there was trouble. She didn't fall.

The girl had got up and stood off to one side, near a tree. Barney hallooed from the opposite side of the canyon and she answered, but remained where she was, although it was beginning to get dark. She had kept her mouth shut, but now she asked a fool question.

"What are you going to do now?" she shouted.

"Coming down on the hand line," he hollered. "Stay where you are."

HE tied the line to the trunk just below the cut, wrapped it once about his leg and over the top of his boot. Then he kicked off his spurs, loosened his safety belt, and dropped all his tools.

"But it's about ready to come, isn't it?" she called. "I wanted to see it drop. I came all the way out here."

"Keep your eye peeled on that top," he called back. "If she starts to come over, give a yell."

He was halfway down to the ground when there was a loud snap. He saw the top begin to fall even before the girl screamed, and clawed his way around to the opposite side of the trunk. Hell and destruction swept past. Ten seconds later he was safe on the ground.

The girl had sort of folded up beside the tree where she'd been standing.

"I never want to see that again," she said. "Never! Never!"

"Why not? You wanted to see it," he laughed.

"You darned fool," she said. "Barney said you were nothing but a show-off. That's what you are. Now I know it."

He reached out for her then and pulled her into his arms. Three times he kissed her, and then, holding her at arm's length, spanked her once with his glove.

"Why, you dirty—you—you—"

"—low-down bum," he finished. "Go ahead and say it. And—don't forget—that's what I am. And after this, stay away from where I'm working. Next time I'll take a bite out of you." With that he marched off through the woods toward the camp, leaving her to find her own trail.

That night, after supper, he worked in the blacksmith shop making the lobster trap. When it was finished, he threw it on the woodpile near the door of the kitchen where she would be sure to find it.

EATING his lunch the following day under the tin roof of the donkey, he found a note from the girl stuck into the edge of a ham sandwich.

"Thanks for making the lobster trap," it said. "Now maybe you'll help me to set it out, some day when you're not too busy thinking up stunts."

He said nothing to her about the note, but a couple of days later she stopped him while he was on the way to the camp office. The lobster trap still sat near the woodpile and he knew what she was going to say. But he lit into her even before she had a chance to open her mouth.

"Now look, kid," he told her. "Let's just forget about it. Every man in this camp is watching me and scratching up dirt like a feist. If I went out there and fooled around with you in that boat, they'd be on me. And your old man would be on top of the pile."

That night he found a place at the woman's table. But Louie, the whistle punk, took his place at the girl's. There were other things about Louie that were hard to take. He split kindling for the girl and carried it into the kitchen, and on scrub day he sometimes helped her to move the tables. In the morning, at breakfast time, the guy slid back into his old spot at the girl's table. After all, there was such a thing as being too accommodating to strangers who failed to keep in their place.

About two o'clock Saturday afternoon he was up at the landing yard, near the donkey, putting a splice in a cable. It'd been a tough week. The rain and the wind had been even worse than usual, and sometimes it looked like every log had been a separate job in rigging. There'd been a lot of breakage and the woods were littered with broken lines, steel blocks, and choker slings that needed attention before they would be of any use.

There were a half dozen logs on the landing skids. Barney was bringing them in. One at a time, Nick was sending them down the chute.

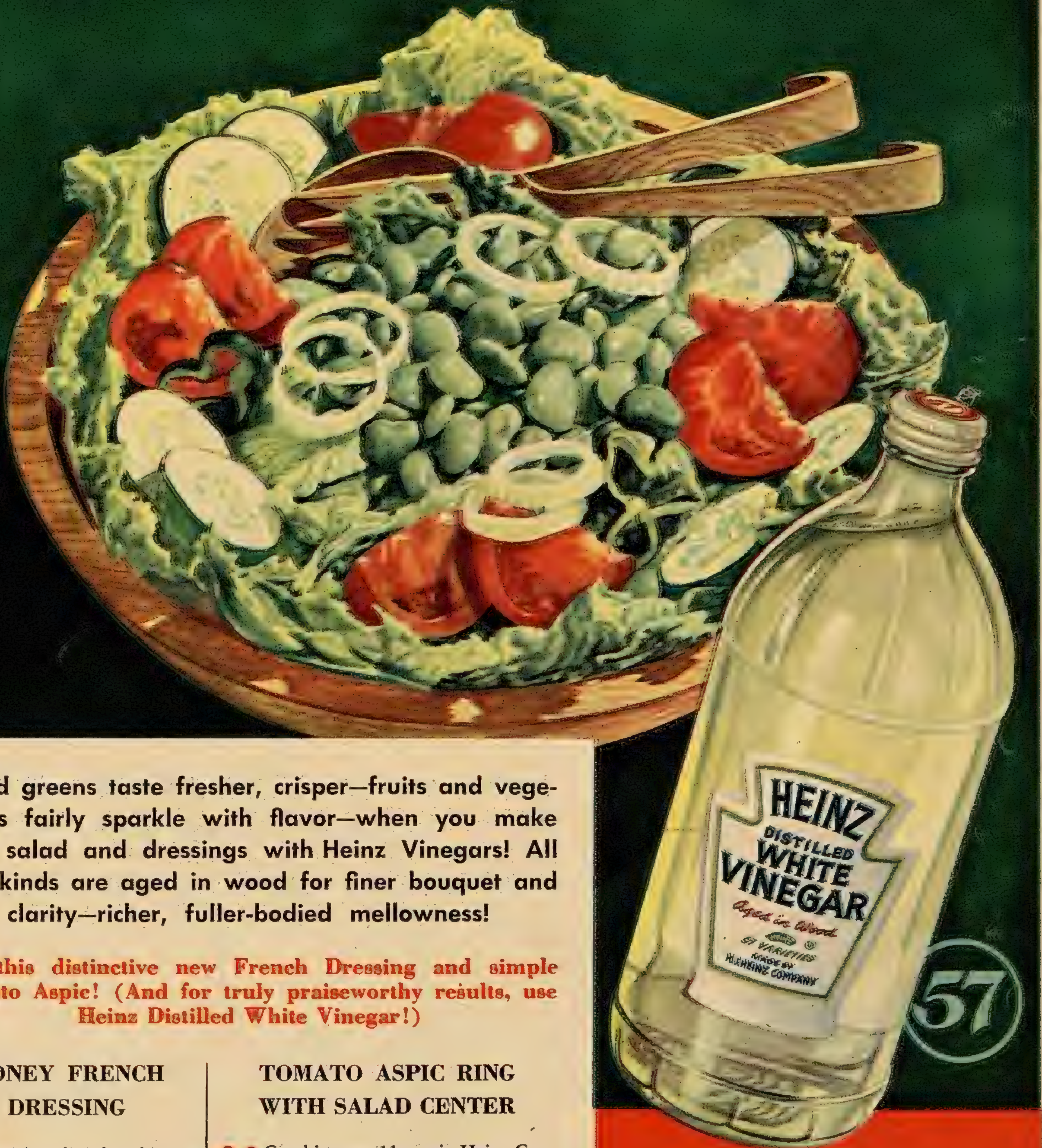
He'd finished the splice and got up to bum a pinch of Copenhagen from Barney, when he heard a scream. Quick as a flash he was up on the landing skids beside Nick. They saw the girl at the same instant. She was down below, in the boat. The wind and tide were sweeping her in toward the end of the trestle. Halfway down the side of the mountain, a big spruce was roaring down the long chute.

"Oh, God!" Nick prayed, and looked helplessly down. But the guy looked.

There was a chance. There was a chance that the log would fly out over the side of the chute on the curve. But it didn't. There was nothing to stop it now. But there was still a chance for the girl. There was a chance that it would come short or, better still, that it would go clean over the boat. But it didn't. It made a flying leap from the end of the chute and hit the stern.

(Continued on page 56)

The Best Thing in Salads..



Mixed greens taste fresher, crisper—fruits and vegetables fairly sparkle with flavor—when you make your salad and dressings with Heinz Vinegars! All four kinds are aged in wood for finer bouquet and clarity—richer, fuller-bodied mellowness!

Try this distinctive new French Dressing and simple Tomato Aspic! (And for truly praiseworthy results, use Heinz Distilled White Vinegar!)

HONEY FRENCH DRESSING

● ● In a 1 qt. jar place ½ cup honey, 2 tbs. Heinz Tomato Ketchup, 1 tsp. Heinz Prepared Yellow Mustard, 1 tsp. Heinz Dehydrated Horse Radish, 2 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. celery seed, 1 tsp. chopped parsley, 1 clove garlic, ¼ cup Heinz Distilled White Vinegar, 2 tbs. lemon juice, 1 cup salad oil. Cover. Shake vigorously. Yields 2 cups. Serve over garden salads.

TOMATO ASPIC RING WITH SALAD CENTER

● ● Combine one 11-oz. tin Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup, ¼ cup grated celery, 1 tbs. grated onion, 1¼ tsp. sugar, 1¼ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. celery salt, dash red pepper, ⅔ cup water, 1 bay leaf. Heat 10 min. Strain. Add 4 tsp. unflavored gelatin (softened in ½ cup cold water 10 min.) and stir till dissolved. Add 2 tbs. Heinz Distilled White Vinegar. Pour into ring mold which has been rinsed in cold water. Chill. Unmold. Serve with 3 cups chicken, meat, fish or vegetable salad in center. Serves 6.

HEINZ VINEGARS

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
*F-N TEST?
*F-N
the famous
Finger Nail
Test

1. "It's F-N, the test for men!" Scratch your head—if you find dryness or loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. Buy the large economy size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK
LIKE THIS WITH NEW
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL

2. Only a little Wildroot Cream Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS REFINED
LANOLIN!

SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
FORMULA
for the hair
NON-ALCOHOLIC
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it resembles the oil of the human skin. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long way. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

SPECIAL NOTE TO WOMEN...

Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify their hair. Try it before a shampoo ... also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

(Continued from page 54)

The spray fanned out in a white sheet. For a minute everything was lost to sight, and then he saw black fragments of wood in the froth. There was no sign of the girl. Then he caught a glimpse of her scarf being carried out by the swells.

There was another log in the chute. It was ready to go but was still held fast by the choker.

"Quick!" he called to Nick. "Get ready! I'm going to ride down the hill!"

He tore the laces from his boots, jerked off his duck coat and shirt. Barney had left the controls.

"Slim," he said, "you can't make it. You'll kill yourself, Slim. It's no use."

"Shut up!" the guy hollered. "Get down there as fast as you can. I'll need help."

He tore off his boots, jumped up on the log, and set his feet on the rough bark.

"Let 'er go," he said to Nick.

Nick swung the sledge and knocked out the shackle pin. The choker fell free and the log started—slow at first and then faster, as the grade steepened.

The wind roared in his ears. He flexed his knees and leaned forward. The log tilted and rolled. In the first dip, the world seemed to drop away from his feet. The second dip was worse, but he anticipated it by crouching low and throwing his weight forward. Slivers of bark began to peel off the log and fly past his feet. His eyes streamed, and yet the log gathered speed. He had ridden logs on the Clearwater in Idaho; on the Cowlitz in Washington, but those rides were nothing like this.

Crossing the trestle was like jumping over a canyon. The whole structure swayed and groaned. The next instant he was into the curve. This was the test; this would tell whether a guy could hang onto a flying log with his toenails.

The log rolled, but he caught the motion before it was too late. Then it settled back into the trough again and straightened out for the long, flying leap.

He had planned to jump away from the log a split second before it hit the water, but it dropped away from his feet at the end of the chute. For an instant he felt himself sailing through the air. Then a wall of water smacked him in the face.

He felt himself tumbling over and over, with the rush of foam in his ears. He fought for the surface and held onto his breath till it hurt. "Don't keep me down here all day," he prayed. "It's my fault. I've got to save her if there's still a chance."

HE shot up to the surface, shook the water from his face, and looked about. He saw the wreckage and started swimming. Then he saw the girl.

"Hurry, hurry!" she called. "I'm hurt."

He reached her with a few powerful strokes. There was a trace of blood on her face.

"I can't swim," she said. "Something's wrong with my leg."

He was treading water.

"Put your hand on my shoulder. I'm going to tow you."

She lost her head then for a moment and attempted to clutch him around the neck.

"Take it easy," he said. "I'm not going to let you go down. Do what I say. You've got to help."

She obeyed then. He used a side stroke and with her hand resting on his shoulder, he started swimming for the shore.

He heard the sharp staccato whistle of the donkey. It was the "bad accident" signal. People were running down the hill. He saw the Swede launch the dinghy from the aft deck of the Mud Hen. Ten minutes later they had the girl safe on the shore. Five or six men carried her up the hill and took her into the cabin that she shared with the woman. The guy went into the Swede's cabin on the Mud Hen and got into some dry clothes.

At the breakfast table the following morning the Old Man made a brief report.

"The girl's all right," he said. "She's bruised up some, and I guess she got quite a shock, but there're no broken bones and she's all in one piece, thank God."

He paused a moment and took a long, fatherly look at the guy.

"About Slim, there," he went on. "I guess you all know what happened. They say a high-climber is born with feet like a cat and nine lives. But that still don't explain it—his being at the table here with us this morning. The only way I can figure it is that high-climbers don't die."

SUNDAY morning, a week later, the guy stood leaning against the corner of the bunkhouse, playing his mouth organ. The girl was about again, and from where he stood he was able to keep an eye on the path that ran between the kitchen and the girl's cabin. The sun was trying to break through the clouds and a bank of slate-blue fog hung over the ocean. It might rain or it might not, but it promised to be a long, dreary day regardless. He had heard that the Swede was taking the Mud Hen into Ketchikan for a load of supplies and that the girl was going along for the ride. The boat would make the return trip Monday, and in the interim life would be exceedingly dull.

He was debating with himself the possibility of Louie tagging along with the girl, when the Old Man came toward him. He carried a check in his hand.

"A little bonus," he said, handing over the check. "Be Christmas pretty soon. Thought maybe you could use it."

"Well, thanks." It was for fifty dollars. The Old Man started away and then stopped. "Thought maybe you'd like to go into town. I guess we could get along without you till Tuesday."

"I'd like to. That's swell, Mr. Murphy."

The Old Man started again. Then said, "By the way, Slim, the girl will be on the boat. She's going to take in a movie and visit some friends. Seems like we both take an interest in her. I'd appreciate it if you'd sort of look after her while she's out of my sight."

"I'd sure like to. You can trust me. I mean—oh, you know what I mean."

Thirty minutes later he was carrying her bag and they were walking side by side down the path. He was fresh shaven, wore his blue serge suit and yellow shoes with box toes. She had on a green dress and a jacket of black fur. Her hair was done high up over her ears and a small red hat sat perched on her head. The Swede had already started the Diesel engine. The guy took her arm as the path steepened on the brow of the hill.

"Excuse me," he said, "if I seem to be taking liberties. I don't want you to fall. I promised your dad I'd take care of you on this trip."

"He still thinks I'm a little girl," she laughed.

"Are you?"

"What do you think?"

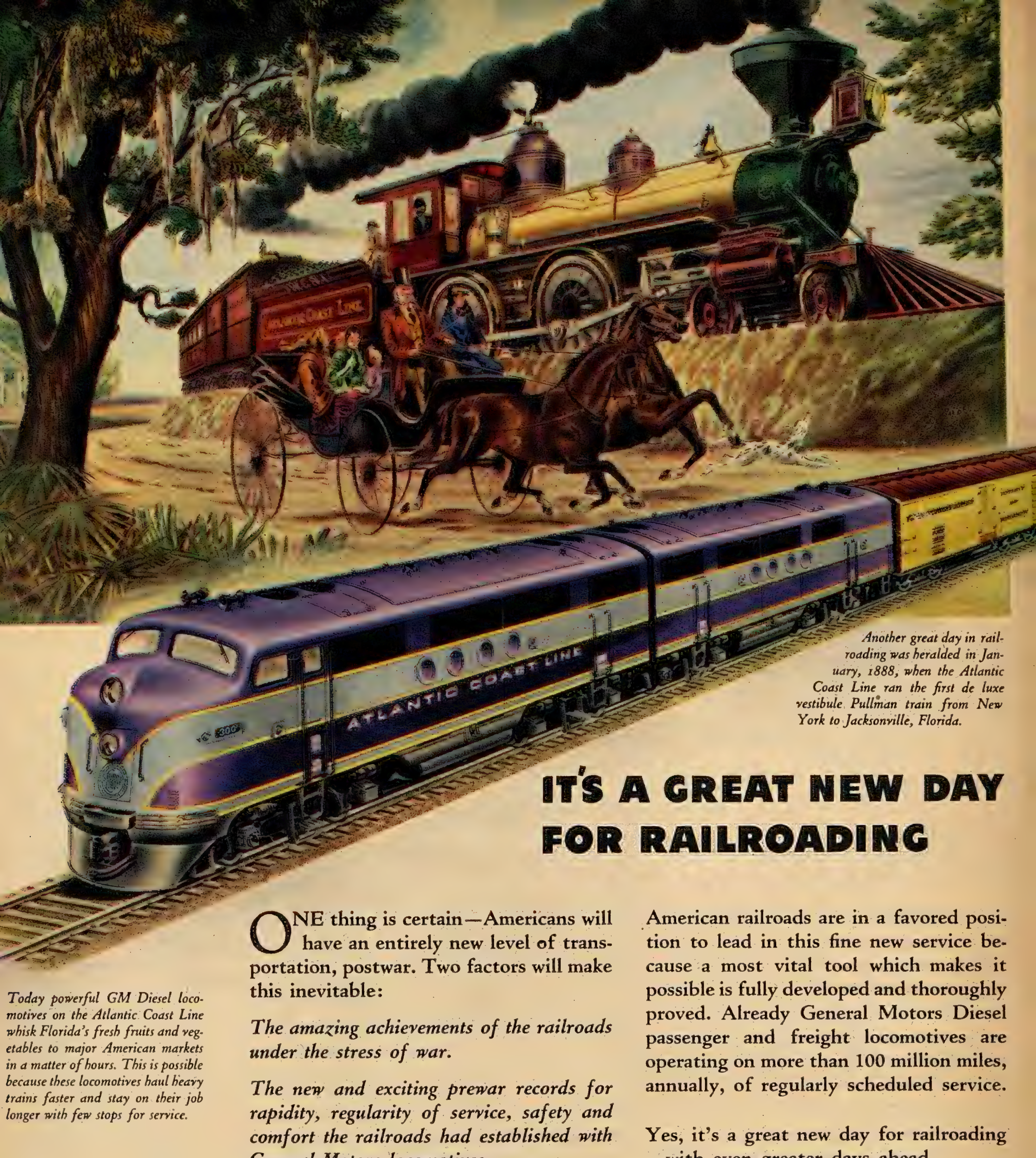
"I was thinking about myself—how lucky I am, to be making this trip with a beautiful lady."

She looked up at him and smiled.

"Beautiful everything," she said.

The sky was like a canopy of washed silk overhead. The fog had thinned out and the little ripples in the bay sparkled green and gold in the sunlight. It looked like it was going to be a nice day.

THE END



Another great day in railroading was heralded in January, 1888, when the Atlantic Coast Line ran the first de luxe vestibule Pullman train from New York to Jacksonville, Florida.

IT'S A GREAT NEW DAY FOR RAILROADING

Today powerful GM Diesel locomotives on the Atlantic Coast Line whisk Florida's fresh fruits and vegetables to major American markets in a matter of hours. This is possible because these locomotives haul heavy trains faster and stay on their job longer with few stops for service.

ONE thing is certain—Americans will have an entirely new level of transportation, postwar. Two factors will make this inevitable:

The amazing achievements of the railroads under the stress of war.

The new and exciting prewar records for rapidity, regularity of service, safety and comfort the railroads had established with General Motors locomotives.

American railroads are in a favored position to lead in this fine new service because a most vital tool which makes it possible is fully developed and thoroughly proved. Already General Motors Diesel passenger and freight locomotives are operating on more than 100 million miles, annually, of regularly scheduled service.

Yes, it's a great new day for railroading—with even greater days ahead.

ON TO FINAL VICTORY
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL POWER

LOCOMOTIVES ...... *ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.*

ENGINES . . *150 to 2000 H.P.* . . . *CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland 11, Ohio*

ENGINES . . . *15 to 250 H.P.* . . . . . *DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit 23, Mich.*

EVERYBODY KNOWS THE MAYOR

Continued from Page 21

speech on the desk before the Mayor. "Just a minute," he says abstractedly as his eyes run over it fast. Meanwhile he sips his coffee. "Sure, give it out."

But before I can begin, his assistant appears with an armful of lawbooks. All morning there's been talk about the leakage of city employees into war jobs. Some people are holding two jobs at once. He has been finding out whether or not it's a crime for a man to use another man's Social Security card. Passing my chair, the assistant whispers, "I've been with five mayors. On all questions of law I was the authority. Now he knows more about it than I do."

As one o'clock approaches, the pressure relaxes. Just as I'm opening my mouth, the Mayor starts dictating in Italian. The dark girl who is taking it down in shorthand corrects him over the form of a verb. As he warms up he begins to talk fluently with very little accent. He gets to his feet and walks back and forth behind his chair as if he were addressing a meeting. Meanwhile the secretaries are fussing about a letter that's been lost in the files. Folders are hurried in and out. Documents rustle impatiently. A young man hurries in with a Bible and a reference book. The Mayor wants to look up something to use in the speech he is scheduled to make at a luncheon. The secretary starts a rambling explanation. "I don't want any explanations. Give me the passage, will you?"

"And this is a quiet day," whispers the assistant as he brushes past my chair. "You ought to see a busy day."

For a second the big office is empty. I straighten up and clear my throat. But already five young soldiers are being ushered in. "We didn't know whether you'd remember us or not," says the red-headed sergeant who leads the way. "Makes us feel better about government when a man like you can find time for guys like us." The Mayor says, laughing, that sure he remembers that talk in Kodiak in Alaska. How are things out there anyway? Stationed down in North Carolina now, they say. They've got a couple of days' leave and have come to take a look at New York. "Going overseas soon?" the Mayor asks. They shrug. "Well," he says cheerfully, "if there's one sight prettier in the whole world than steaming out of the port of New York, it's steaming in again."

Suddenly it's time to go to the luncheon. I trail close behind him as he bolts out through the secretaries' room. The officer with the gold braid on his shoulder is running after him with the broad-brimmed rancher's hat, and catches up halfway down the steps. City Hall reporters crowd around asking if there's anything cooking. Two women are standing on the pavement outside looking up at the City Hall. "Sure that's the Mayor! Everybody knows what he looks like!" one of them shouts excitedly.

"I'm the only executive in the whole country," he says with some pride, as we squeeze into the single-seated police car again, "who hasn't got a car of his own."

Driving uptown, the Mayor is recognized on every street corner. Men on trucks, people in the backs of cars, taxi drivers, groups at crossings waiting for the traffic lights smile and wave to him as he passes. They know him. He's their Mayor.

The luncheon is on Park Avenue. Sitting on gilt chairs amid a profusion of potted palms and not a little incrustation of diamonds and real lace, women dressed for the afternoon and elderly men are listening to a talkative toastmaster. When the little Mayor takes the microphone, he brings a breath of the real life of city streets and tenements into the stuffy room. We mustn't forget that the girls we are trying to help are real people like your own daughters, he tells them. He talks indulgently and understandingly about the need for romance these girls feel, about their craze for uniform and for the young men who may not have very long to live. To help them we must look to the heart more than to the head.

While the lunchers are still applauding, while the photographers' bulbs are still flashing, he is making for the door. Well, that's over, I think as I hurry after him. Going downtown will be the ideal time . . . But there is a young woman already sitting in the car with whom the Mayor has got to talk about juvenile delinquency on the way downtown.

Back at the office, appointments have piled up. A delegation from Harlem has been waiting—a colored clergyman, a lieutenant, several neatly dressed women, photographers. They are posed in a jiffy. Bulbs flash. Handshaking. Before they are out of the room he has settled down for a long talk with a nautical-looking man about the employees of the city's ferries and sludge boats.

All the while the assistant is standing by the desk, smiling, with his finger in a lawbook. "Major, I've got a statute for you," he whispers in the first break in the conversation. The Mayor snatches the book and reads the passage greedily. He grunts and hands it back.

The talk switches to plans for a new

(*Continued on page 78*)

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS . . . but
AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION
IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE
PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat
When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved.
— findings reported in a leading medical journal.
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD.
CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

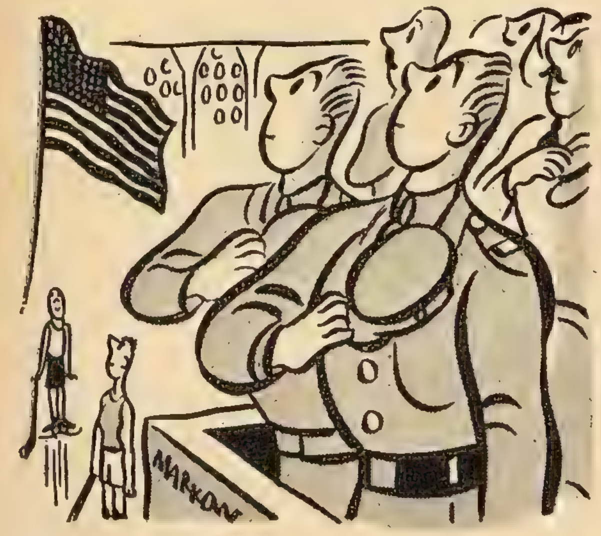
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

WE have a hot argument here, on [censored], about which country has the fastest airplane in the war today. Can you tell us?

J. F. W., F. 1/c,
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

The official speeds of planes used by the various nations come under the heading of military secrets, of course, but pilots who have fought against the Japs and also against the Jerries say that the new jet-propelled Messerschmitt is the swiftest thing they've ever seen, so far. For the scientifically correct answer, wait till Armistice Day.



Salute!

* * *

The last war produced a lot of wonderful songs. What is your opinion about the songs of this war?

M. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Old Sarge thinks at least one song of this war rates with any war song ever written. Everybody will have heard it by this time. It's the one called Rodger Young, and was written about Pvt. Rodger Young of Clyde, Ohio, an infantryman who was awarded, posthumously, the Congressional Medal of Honor. The song writer was Pfc. Frank (Praise-the-Lord-and-pass-the-ammunition) Loesser of the Special Services Division.

* * *

I would like to know why a Negro in the Army can't get a break. The Negro in the South has a hard life. Why do white Southerners have to bring their hatred overseas? Isn't there anything the War Department can do about it?

Pvt. J. W. B., APO, San Francisco, Calif.

The War Department's business is to prosecute the war and not to effect social changes, but it has made honest efforts to prevent discrimination in the Army. It cannot take upon itself, however, to change the emotional prejudices of individuals. Old Sarge's advice to Negro troops is:

Continue to fight as well as you have been fighting, and you will continue to gain new supporters.

* * *

My friend and I attended an indoor hockey game where everyone, of necessity, wore hats and coats. When the flag was unfurled, we merely stood at attention. Should we have saluted?

Lt. J. N. W., Cleveland, Ohio.

You were right. When indoors, you stand at attention, with your hat held in your right hand so that it covers the heart. When outdoors, of course, you stand at attention and salute.

* * *

Where can I get information about the Cadet Nurse Corps? I am anxious to join.

J. L., Watseka, Ill.

Good for you! Any information about the Army Nurse Corps or the Cadet Nurse Corps can be obtained by writing to Public Health Service, Rockville Pike, Bethesda, Md.

* * *

May I put stars on my service flag for my two brothers, or can I merely have one for my son?

Mrs. A. G., Nanty Glo, Pa.

The service flag in the window is not official, so I guess it is a matter of personal preference. However, it is generally understood that each star represents a member of the immediate family.

* * *

I am in the service. My wife, who is a civilian, has been having money deducted from her weekly salary for withholding tax. Does she have to pay income taxes, or can she put hers off until after the war, as I am doing?

A. J., Ptr. 2/c. FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

Yes, she must pay her income taxes just as if she were married to a civilian. You must file a return for your taxes, too, but you can wait until four months after your return to the continental United States.

* * *

Would it be possible to find out who the chaplain of Company L, 351st Infantry, is? My husband was killed in Italy a year ago, and I thought I could find out where he was buried if I knew who the chaplain of his outfit was.

Mrs. D. B., Bucyrus, Ohio.

Write to Major General William Arnold, Chief of Chaplains, The Pentagon, Washington 25, D. C., for that information.

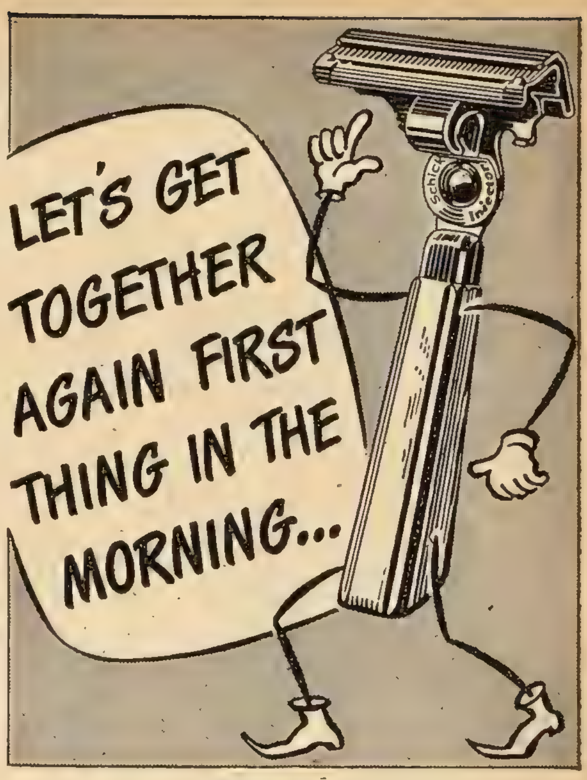
* * *

Before my husband went overseas, he left with me a lot of enlisted men's clothes and also a lot of officers' clothes. Can I sell them?

Mrs. A. H. J., Lawrenceville, Va.

You can sell the officers' clothing, but not the enlisted men's, since that was issued to the men by the government and remains the property of the United States.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.


LET'S GET TOGETHER AGAIN FIRST THING IN THE MORNING...

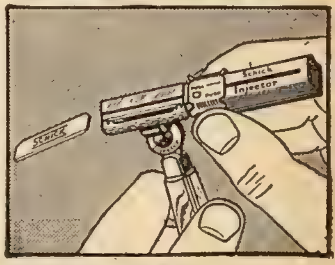
Now that SCHICK BLADES ARE BACK!

(Sorry—No New Razors Yet Except for the Armed Forces!)

Make a note. You and your Schick Injector Razor have a date tomorrow A.M. There's no more waiting and wishing—because Schick Blades are back again. You can get 'em right now! And that means . . . well, you know a good thing when you see it. Else you wouldn't have been a Schick Injector fan in the first place.

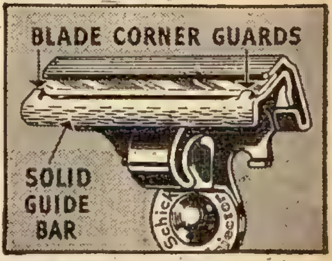
While we still can't get material for the razors, except for the Armed Forces, we're now able to supply civilian as well as military demands for Schick Injector Blades. From now on you can enjoy these Schick Injector features . . . the only basic safety razor improvements in the past 40 years.

AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE



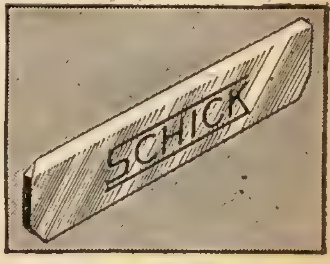
...an exclusive Schick Injector feature. A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or messy paper wrappers.

SOLID GUIDE BAR



. . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.

DOUBLE-THICK BLADES



. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, cutting edges are suspended in space.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport 1, Conn.

LEADS
the
WORLD
in
Smoking
Pleasure

PUR-O-MATIC
BIT
Exclusive with
Royal Duke
SCIENTIFICALLY
DESIGNED TO TRAP
IMPURITIES

Over 2 Million Men Rely on its Protection

Royal Duke

The shape illustrated above can be had at
$1.50 $2.50 $3.50
CONTINENTAL BRIAR PIPE CO., Inc.
608 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York

JAPAN'S LAST HOPE

Continued from Page 17

Yet there is every indication that Japan will, in the near future, throw her organized Kamikaze suicide fliers against us in greater numbers. Admitting shortages in everything else, she finds men ready to die her cheapest effective weapon. What is more, the Kamikaze has caught on in Japan. The very latest available Japanese newspapers, magazines, radio broadcasts, and reports of neutrals show all Japan in a lather over the Corps' exploits.

Domei, the Japanese official news agency, insists that the people wish to read of nothing else. Japanese dailies front-page a letter from Colonel Tatsuhiko Kida in which he reveals that "his iron-nerved self-sacrificial pilots, before leaving base on their sure-hit mission, donated all their pocket money toward the aircraft-construction fund." Reaction to this propaganda is instantaneous. The Munitions Ministry shrewdly invests the money in towels. Each towel, featuring the word "Kamikaze" inscribed over a Rising Sun, is sent to an aircraft-factory laborer. Production goes up.

At the immense steel factories on Kyushu, heavily bombed by American B-29s, the directors deliver pep talks on the Kamikaze, then order a "Crash-Diving Spirit Production Month."

THE Nippon Newsreel Company floods theaters with shots of the Kamikaze heroes. Viewing these films, rich Japanese demand inspiring pictures of the Kamikaze for their homes, and the government promptly commissions Nippon's leading artists to immortalize the suicide corps in oils.

The air waves add to the intoxication. One radio program features Captain Etsuzo Kurihara, chief of the Japanese Navy Press Section. "War cannot be won by the employment of usual tactics," he says. "Ramming and crashing are the only tactics which can be effectively applied against enemy vessels. I feel that the great services of the Special Attack Corps are too sacred to be put into cold figures, but were we to do so, we could say that this type of tactics is worth ten to fifteen times the ordinary tactics."

The greatest lift given the legend of the Kamikaze occurs every two weeks when Emperor Hirohito receives top-priority heroes in the Imperial Palace. Just before New Year's Day the emperor permitted Lieutenant Colonel Tsuneyemon Shindo and Major Torashiro Aizawa to crouch before him. "How do our airmen compare with the Americans?" he inquired. The humble officers, eyes averted, whispered that Japanese morale was much the higher; that "the spirit of the men of the Kamikaze Special Attack Corps has yet to find its equal."

Then, while all Japan thrilled to its emperor's interest in his lowly subjects, there came another tidbit, of humbler origin but even more exciting. This one was reported in the daily newspaper Asahi, dated January 12, 1945:

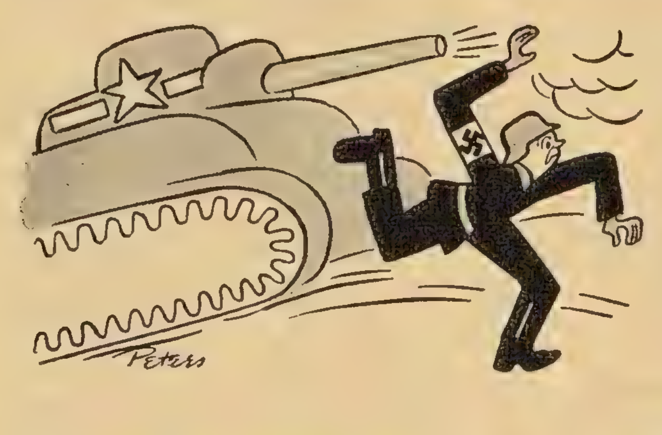
"A SMALL box containing ashes and a portrait, accompanied by a letter addressed to a certain air unit commander, arrived by parcel post at the front lines. The sender was one Motoko Kunimitsu of Shiode village, mother of Sublieutenant Kunio Kunimitsu, who unfortunately was killed in line of duty last fall at that particular air base.

"The mother's letter reads as follows: 'I have a great deal of compassion for my son who had his heart set upon becoming a member of the Special Attack Corps. If it is at all possible, will you kindly allow his ashes to join the Special Attack units? It is my most sincere desire that his ashes, at least, carry out a body-crash brilliantly, and as soon as possible.'

"What arduous spirit for the mother to offer her dear child to decisive battles in the skies! The unit commander was deeply touched by this letter. So now, hugged snugly in the arms of his comrades, the ashes of the sublieutenant will take off from the homeland, never to return."

This daily dosage of outrageous hokum not only hypos the home front, but baits thousands of young men into volunteering for certain death.

Of course, the basis for the Kamikaze is Japanese fanaticism. There are many explanations for that. The most satisfactory is state Shinto, the so-called religion of Japan, the "way of the gods." Shinto is thoroughly politics, the spearhead of Japanese Fascism. It preaches a perverse morality that condones rape, murder, the stab in the back. It tells the Japanese they are the holy people, superior to all others on earth, and that one day they and their emperor must rule the rest of the civilized world. Above all, Shinto makes human life cheap, cheering its young men with the promise, "To die for the emperor is to live forever."



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

. . . — HICLE: American tank.

MACSICO: Scotch section of Veracruz.

BREADLAM: A bakery gone mad.

DARKANSAS: Little Rock during a blackout.

BLUEMERS: Sad Sacky pants.

OBSEEN: Indecency observed.

BR-AH!: An uplifting feeling.

HE-GYPPED: The guy who cheated people of Cairo.

NEIGHVY: Sailors who work like horses.

QUEUEPID: The little love-boy stands in line.

For almost a century the young men of Japan were prepared for this task of sacrificing their lives to the divine mission of the state. On the ground, the Japanese soldier dared not retreat. "We do not even have a bugle call for retreat," a Japanese major told this author in Tokyo a year before Pearl Harbor. In action, the Japanese soldier had to live the legend of the three human bombs of Chapei, soldiers who carried dynamite into Chinese barbed-wire entanglements and blew themselves up with it.

It was not until ten years ago that this suicidal indoctrination was first channeled into flying. At that time Japanese militarists toyed with the idea of developing special aviators to plunge dynamite-packed planes into enemy warships. The plan was shelved, and suicide crash-dives occurred only when Japanese pilots found their planes shot out of control. Instead of dumping their bomb loads, they often dived into the nearest available military objective. Reports on these irregular desperation dives began to filter back to Tokyo. Japanese leaders learned that often they were successful. This revived again the old idea of an organized and trained suicide corps.

The Japanese Navy was the first to prepare such a force. Drawing 100,000 volunteers from its naval aviation schools, it formed the Kamikaze Special Attack Corps. A short time later the Japanese Army carbon-copied the Kamikaze with suicide fliers of its own—the Banda Special Attack Corps.

THE average Kamikaze volunteer, a graduate of the Air Military Academy, is five feet three inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. He is between nineteen and twenty-five years of age. Before seeing action, he is put through a short preparatory course. On the first day of it a movie shows him how other Japanese heroes have sacrificed themselves for the emperor. He is persistently lectured on the three qualities each Kamikaze flier must possess: First, absolute obedience. Second, complete devotion to duty. "This means intellectual conclusions must not be made." Third, thorough knowledge that any given assignment must be carried out successfully. "Death counts as nothing before the importance of the completion of one's duty."

There is an unwritten law that Kamikaze trainees must not discuss or philosophize on the subject of life and death. They are kept busy: classes, flying, sports. The favorite sport is kendo, a Japanese pastime involving two men attired like baseball catchers who belabor each other with bats. The instructors regard kendo as a good exercise for suicide flying. "On the moment of clashing in kendo, students are not allowed to close their eyes. They learn the spirit of killing with certainty."

Most Japanese believe a close relationship springs up between Kamikaze instructors and their one-shot pupils. Japanese sob sisters reinforce this belief in the daily press. Recently a Tokyo newspaper, the Yomiuri Hochi, interviewed Colonel K. Tomomori just after he'd learned that most of his students had plunged to their death. Said the account:

"Colonel Tomomori's emotion was deep. 'I am overcome by tears of joy,' he related, as teardrops welled in his eyes."

The first trained Kamikaze fliers went into action off Leyte in November, 1944, wearing special Rising Sun headbands. These were gifts from General Gen Sugiyama, War Minister of Japan, who in prewar days forced English men and women to strip naked in Tientsin. On each band was printed his farewell: "Congratulations on Daring Enterprise and Sure Victory."

Along with their headbands, the Kamikaze carried into battle a new song. They were supposed to sing it as they pointed their planes at American ships. It went:

On land, the Fierce Tiger, General Yamashita;
On sea, Blood-and-Iron Okochi,
Behold the powerful line-up!

The thunder of righteousness makes the world tremble.
Where'er our Special Attack Corps go,
We, the hundred million, follow.

Come on, Nimitz! Come on, MacArthur!
If you do, we'll send you both
Headlong down to hell!

During the first forty-eight days of action off the Philippines, the Kamikaze and Banda Special Attack Corps claimed the sinking of 113 American supply ships and warships. Since the American Navy did not confirm it, this figure is not to be accepted as fact.

As the fight for the Philippines progressed, Tokyo's foreign correspondents' daily reports were all variations on the same theme. In every story one Japanese plane crashes and sinks an American warship. When the claims of the Kamikaze are tabulated, it will be found they claim to have destroyed every ship in the U. S. Navy and merchant marine—plus those scheduled to be launched up until 1955!

But though the Kamikaze Special Attack Corps failed to save the Philippines, its units will continue to be utilized to the very end. Its young men will be thrown into the skies over the Chinese treaty ports, over Formosa and the Bonins. Most of all, the Kamikaze will be employed against our warships and bombers as they close in on the Japanese home islands.

In fact, because all else has failed, the Japanese are using Kamikaze and Banda crash divers over Tokyo in an attempt to halt our B-29s. An elite air unit called the Shinten, which means "shock troops of heaven," was organized "for the express purpose of destroying the B-29, the enemy's vaunted high-speed, high-altitude plane, by crashing into them." This unit is under the command of General Prince Higashi-Kuni.

Our Army Air Forces have admitted a few losses through rammings over the Japanese homeland. But the Japanese lavishly claim dozens. One of their typical claims, dated December 5, 1944:

"Without firing a shot, Corporal Masao Itagaki dashed against the last plane of a formation of eleven B-29s in the midst of the enemy's fire net. His plane was hit with bullets and enveloped in flames. Undaunted, he rammed his plane against the main wing of the B-29, clipping it off. At that instant he was thrown from his plane. When he regained consciousness, he found himself under a parachute which had opened up."

THE Japanese insist the Kamikaze will save Japan. They say, from Shanghai's radio station XGRS, "No mechanical device nor invention exists today in the United States for opposing this Japanese method for obtaining victory. Therefore the outcome of the war in the Pacific is already determined in favor of Japan." In the Algemeine Zeitung the Germans echo this Japanese confidence in the efforts of the Kamikaze.

The Kamikaze won't save Japan any more than it saved the Philippines. It may cause some damage, some loss of life, but our planes and carriers and battleships will continue to knock most of these suicide raiders out of the sky before they complete their missions.

THE END

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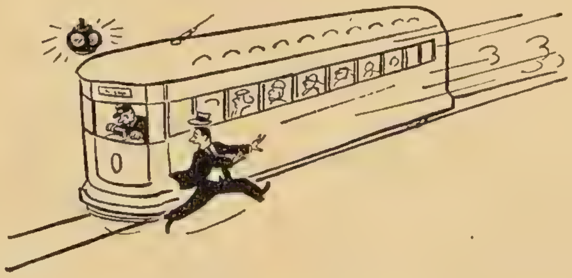
Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

GRIM TROLLEY SONG: Never have I seen a person more unhappy in his work than the skipper of a trolley on which I unhappily rode not long ago. He fumed noisily, clanged his bell incessantly, and slammed the doors viciously when he bothered to open them at all. Ignoring the pleas of passengers to disembark, he sped through red lights, the car rocking from side to side, and snarled out of his front window at a pedestrian whose coattails he singed, "Get outa de way or I'll chop you!"



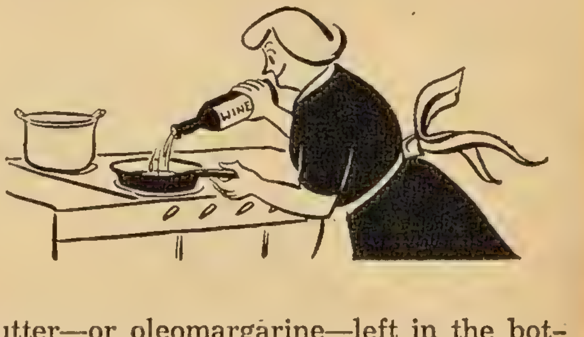
SEQUIN ON TOAST: Recently I attended a dazzling performance of The Golden Cockerel at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, only to be so fascinated with the sequin in the prima ballerina's nude navel that I lost track of the music entirely. The unbearable suspense ended when the terrified sequin became detached from its delicate mooring and was lost forever during a combination high dive-fast twirl. Patrice Munsel, the entrancing little twenty-year-old soprano from Spokane, Washington, sounded as lovely as she looked in the role of Queen of Shemakhan, and her midriff wore make-up too. There was no harm done, however, by this cosmetic whimsey, as she is as diminutive and dainty as a Christmas doll. Where there's room for that voice is not apparent to the naked eye, but there it is, large as life and fresh as the A. M. dew.

LIVING IN A DREAM WORLD: Much has been said about the ruthlessly abrupt fashion in which would-be customers are manhandled in the stores these days, but now and then I see evidence that there are bird-brain customers, too. The other day I listened, fascinated, to a shopper who had brought a shopping bag along with her but would not use it to carry the container of milk she was buying. When the long-suffering clerk produced a paper bag from her meager supply, the woman petulantly griped, "Now make sure that's a fresh bag. I think it's perfectly disgusting to expect customers to carry milk home in bags that have been in other people's houses." Apparently it didn't occur to her (1) that she could use her own bag, or (2) that the milk was in a sanitary sealed container, or (3) that in the face of the paper shortage she was lucky to get any bag at all.

TIME TAKES ITS TIME: Another waiting war wife wonders whether our warrior husbands, who have become world travelers, will ever be able to settle down to home life in one spot. Her man, a major who has been commuting to India and China for the past three years, says, "I have given the best years of my wife to the Army!" Many of us who sometimes feel the war is squandering the best years of *our* lives, along with blood and bullets and bombs, will just have to turn our backs on self-pity and set our minds determinedly on making other years the best of our lives.

NOTES ON LETTERS: Much has been said about writing cheerful letters to our men overseas. How about confining our correspondence with one another on the home front to a maximum of good news and a minimum of bad? The other day I received a blue letter written on blue paper by a blue friend who makes a habit of disseminating melancholy and crystallizing her own dejection by committing it to paper. Said she, in closing, "Please destroy this letter after reading." Said I to myself, "Please destroy the next before sending." I wouldn't be so unsympathetic if her troubles were real ones, but they revolve around such mild thorns in the flesh as ration points and the difficulties of marketing and travel.

CULINARY SPELLBINDER: Inexpensive domestic sherry can pass miracles in the kitchen. A slice of lemon, a slice of hard-boiled egg, plus a spoonful of sherry in each bowl of canned black-bean soup (left good and thick, please), and you have a potion that tastes and smells sublime, while filling your guests so adequately they won't have room for a second hamburger or chop. Sherry added to the browned butter—or oleomargarine—left in the bottom of the pan after frying hamburgers gives humble chopped beef an Oscar-of-the-Waldorf flavor. Lamb chops and thin veal cutlets also respond regally to the ministrations of domestic sherry. Dip the meat in flour and brown on both sides in hot butter, or its nearest cousin. Then add pepper, salt, and a generous glass of sherry, and simmer for about ten minutes. The meat absorbs much of the sherry, while the sauce left in the bottom of the pan has a taste and aroma that the hostess-cook enjoys as much as her guests. Rice heated in chicken broth with a dash of sherry is also something to remember. To make a loaf of ordinary white bread a de luxe side-kick for soup or salad, slice it not quite through the bottom crust and douse with a quarter of a pound of melted oleomargarine mixed with two tablespoons of sherry, then heat in the oven for five minutes.



THE PAINTED NAIL

Continued from Page 19

WHEN Dr. Standish entered his office from the private entrance the next morning, Mary Hayward, his newly acquired nurse, was dusting his desk. A slender neatly made girl with fair skin and hazel eyes, she smiled quickly and gave him a bright "Good morning."

"Hi, Mary," he said, and as he came round his desk she pointed to the top letter of the pile she had placed there.

"There's one from granddad," she said. "I got one too. Also"—she bobbed her head toward the reception-room door—"Lieutenant Ballard is here."

"Ballard," Standish said, frowning. "Let him wait."

He sat down and picked up the letter. "F. W. Lathrop" had been written in a shaky scrawl in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope; under that, "Cold Springs, Vermont."

He pried open the envelope and began to read. Time slid swiftly back. It was 1940 again and he was just setting up his office.

It had been tough going that year. The city had not yet filled up with war workers and there were plenty of young doctors not yet needed by the Army and the Navy. It was a long time between patients, and the worries were piling up when Doc Lathrop, who had known and liked Paul Standish as an interne, suggested that he might like an assistant medical-examiner's job on a fee basis.

"It'll give you an opportunity for research," Lathrop had said. "You'll get a chance to know anatomy you couldn't get any other way. You figure you want to be a really competent diagnostician some day? Then maybe this'd be something you'd like."

Standish had nearly a year with Doc Lathrop before he put on a uniform and went away. He saw the Aleutians and Kwajalein, and after that he spent six months in a hospital—from a mortar shell that came too close. When they sent him home, he found Doc Lathrop still at it and the retirement he had worked for all his life relegated to some future Utopia.

"Can't quit now," he said. "Hurry up and get your office going, son, and take the strain off the rest of us."

Standish didn't believe it was that bad.

"You think so?" Doc Lathrop said. "Wait'll you see the people pile in. You'll find out."

LATHROP was right, as Standish quickly learned. But there were compensations for the pressure of work. He began to have a bank account and he met Louise Allison and presently the future looked very bright indeed. There was only one cloud on his horizon and that concerned Miss Vance, his nurse. She wanted to get into the Army Nurse Corps, and when the months went by and no replacement was found, her complaints became insistent.

It had been that way until one night three weeks previous. He and Louise were having dinner at the Parkside when Lieutenant Ballard appeared.

"Miss Vance from your office told me where you were," Ballard said. "A guy's been shot—up on River Street. Doc Lathrop said I should get you. The guy's dead and we can't move him until the doc or one of his boys says so."

"But why, Paul?" Louise said. "I mean, why you?"

"I used to be Lathrop's assistant," he explained. "Is something wrong with Lathrop?"

"Well—he says it's just a little upset,"

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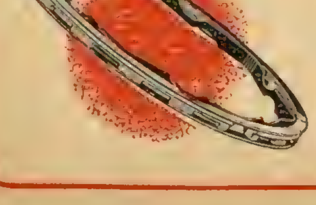


Ballard said. "He says he'll do the p.-m. tomorrow all right, but tonight he'd appreciate it if you'll help out."

In the end, Standish had to do the autopsy too; for when he called on Lathrop the next morning, he found the old man sitting in a chair, while Mary Hayward, his granddaughter, hovered about, insisting that he close his office for the day and send his patients elsewhere. Lathrop, a Falstaffian figure with an acid tongue, glowered at Standish when the young doctor concurred.

"She's crazy," Doc Lathrop growled, "and so are you."

Standish grinned, and the fact that he was able to bully Lathrop into submitting to a thorough examination was proof enough that the old doc was not up to par physically. In the end Standish said:

"You're going fishing. And don't give me any of your lip or I'll advise the Medical Board of your condition."

It was, Doc Lathrop said, all poppycock, and who would be the medical examiner if he went away?

"I will," Standish said. "There's only one condition." He told them about Miss Vance and her desire to be relieved. "Mary," he said, "will have to take Miss Vance's place while you're gone."

"You'll not bully her," Doc Lathrop said, but he saw the brightness in Mary's smile and knew he was whipped. . . .

Standish put the letter back into the envelope. He smiled at Mary Hayward's trim young back, and it came to him then that having her here compensated for whatever trouble his medical-examiner duties had caused him.

"All right," he said, sighing. "Tell Ballard to come in."

Lieutenant Ballard glanced approvingly at Mary Hayward.

"I didn't get your report on the Delmar woman," he said.

"I haven't made it out yet," Standish said. "I thought I'd better hold it up. It's not suicide."

"You mean somebody gave her that cyanide?"

"Somebody gave it to her—but she didn't drink any."

"But you could smell it on her. There was cyanide in that glass and—"

"Somebody poured cyanide in her mouth," Standish said, "but by then she was dead. Of asphyxia. She was smothered to death and no cyanide was ingested."

Ballard took another second to examine Paul Standish's bony face, the steady blue eyes; then he believed it.

"That's great," he said disgustedly. "Here I've got a nice clean-cut suicide and you come along and louse it up for me. Now what am I supposed to do?"

"For one thing, I'd get the sheet from that bed." Standish mentioned the two red spots he had seen, the other smudge higher up. "She might have just finished fixing her nails," he said. "But that smudge is lipstick, I think."

"So—"

"Somebody tipped her over, face down, and put a pillow over the back of her head and leaned on it. But before that, somebody slapped her face. Hard. Maybe it would be a good idea to pick up Brenda Delmar's husband."

IT was twelve thirty when Paul Standish nosed his car into the parking space behind police headquarters. He was not sure just why he was stopping in to see Ballard. His job, in so far as Brenda Delmar was concerned, was finished. The law said his duty was to determine the cause of death and to ascertain if anyone was culpable; yet, with this case, he found himself reluctant to dismiss the matter so easily. Some impulse had brought him here, and now he went directly to the second-floor hall. He ran into Barry Beauchamp coming out of Lieutenant Ballard's office.

Beauchamp's grin was absent, and worry replaced the ready charm he so often displayed.

"Are you the one who said Brenda was murdered?" he said. "What the hell do they mean by getting me down here, questioning me about where I was last night?"

Standish looked him over calmly. "She worked for you, didn't she? You used to run around with her?"

Beauchamp seemed about to speak, thought better of it, and strode down the hall. Standish opened Ballard's door and stepped inside.

Ballard was staring out the window.

"I think you hurt Beauchamp's feelings," Standish said.

"Yah," Ballard fumed. "How do you like a guy getting coy with me about where he was last night—before he went to the Lyceum?"

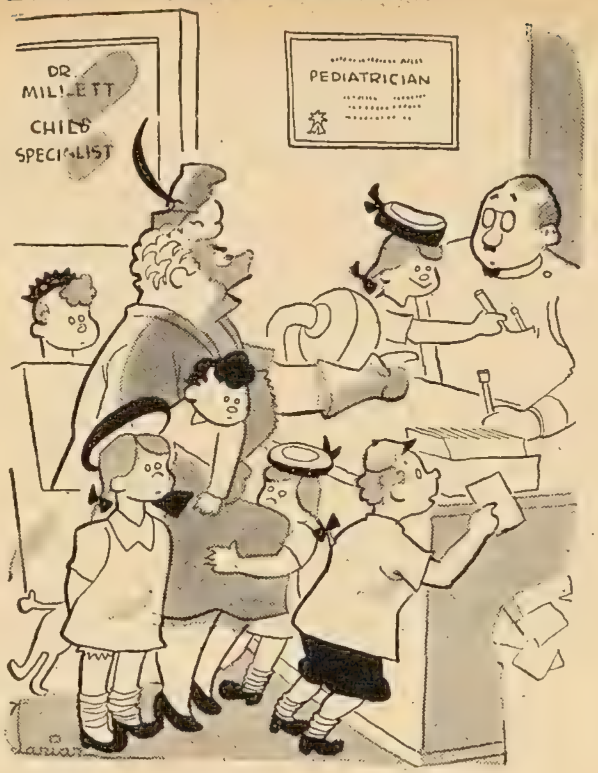
"Did he tell you?"

"No, damn it! He had a date. He'll tell if he has to, and not until. Phooey! Not that it matters. We got the husband. A lad named Garvey. And you were right about the dame getting cuffed. By him. He's our boy, all right."

Standish sat down. "Figure it for me."

"This Garvey's an infantry lieutenant," Ballard said. "He's back here for thirty days after being two years across, and he wanted Brenda to come back to him. She turned him down the night before last, and yesterday he did a lot of drinking and went up there last night for another try. He admits he was pretty drunk, and when she wouldn't play, he lost his head and socked her.

THE HOME FRONT



"Now let me tell *you* something!!!"

"Then he must have smothered her. That probably sobered him enough to make him realize what he'd done, and he covered up by putting poison in a highball. He saw she wasn't marked up because he'd used a pillow and he figured it would look like a suicide. It would have gone down that way too, if it hadn't been for you."

"Where'd he get the cyanide?"

"How do I know?" Ballard shrugged. "Where does anybody get cyanide? Maybe he had it with him. Maybe he figured on using it himself; he was drunk enough."

Standish said, "May I see him alone?"

Walter Garvey was a rangy young man with a sinewy neck and big hands that trembled. He sat down at Standish's invitation and the doctor began to talk. It was not difficult for Standish to get the rest of the story.

Walter Garvey had had just two weeks of married life with Brenda Delmar. He had met her at a party, and Brenda was young, and two years ago she had not been doing so well as a clerk in a dress shop. With his spotless uniform and money in his pockets, Garvey had been a persistent suitor, and in the end Brenda was not hard to convince. So they had their two weeks and everything was lovely—until he had gone; then, as with so many other couples, absence began to work against this marriage which had, in the beginning, no solid foundation.

Letters became fewer and more skimpy. Other men appeared on Brenda's horizon. She began to model for Barry Beauchamp and life became more interesting. What had once seemed a lark now loomed as bad judgment and Brenda was not one to carry on for the sake of appearances.

GARVEY explained all this in a hurt voice. He told how he had called on Brenda that first night and how he had gotten drunk the following day and stayed that way until he went back again to her apartment last night.

"She wouldn't go out," he said. "She wouldn't even take a drink with me. She just sat there on the bed waving her hands to dry that red nail polish."

The rest of the story—how, in his exasperation, he had slapped her face and rushed from the room—he had already told Ballard and he would not change it now. Standish heard him out. In the end he rose and opened the door.

"There's one thing you might do," he

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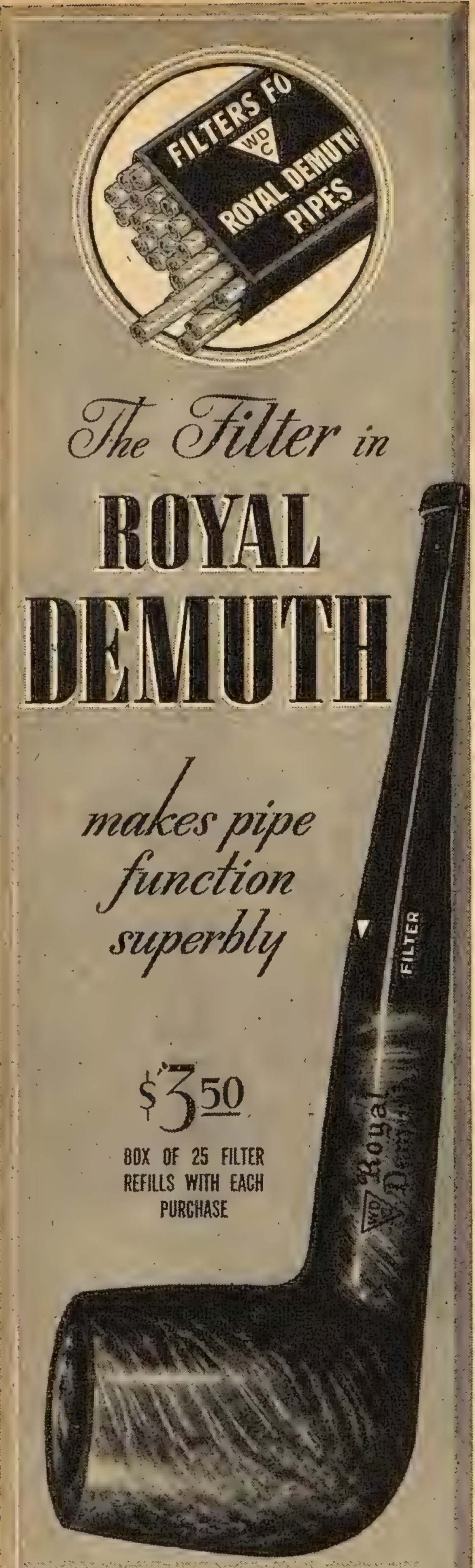

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said to Ballard, when Garvey had gone. "Send someone up to Brenda Delmar's place and have him go over everything with a vacuum cleaner."

Ballard looked at him. "And what're we supposed to be looking for?"

"A piece of fingernail."

Ballard did not hesitate long. He eyed Standish speculatively and remembered how the doctor's laboratory work and clear thinking had helped solve other cases. Ballard was not a man to overlook any bets.

"O. K.," he said. "I'll let you know."

Louise Allison was waiting at the Parkside, and for a little while Dr. Standish forgot about Brenda Delmar and Walter Garvey and Lieutenant Ballard. It was not until they were waiting for dessert that Louise mentioned the murder of Brenda Delmar.

Standish frowned. "How did you know she was murdered?"

"Barry told me," she said. "He phoned to ask if we were going to the Taylors' for cocktails," she added quickly, seeing his frown deepen. "He said he'd had to go to police headquarters."

"She worked for him," Standish said. "He used to run around with her."

"Of course. But that was all over. He told me so." She hesitated, and now some of the softness went out of her eyes. "Look, darling. How much longer are you going to keep on with this medical-examiner work?"

The warm glow that had been inside Standish went away. He had explained why he had to take the job. He thought she understood that had he not taken it, Doc Lathrop would have hung on until he dropped. Now he saw she did not understand; it was no good explaining.

"Until he comes back," he said, "or until they appoint someone else."

Louise Allison turned the ring on the third finger of her left hand absently. It was a diamond solitaire that had been his mother's. Louise glanced at it and suddenly she smiled.

"I'm sorry, darling," she said. "I didn't mean to scold, but—"

"Yeah," Standish said, and grinned. "I know." He glanced at his watch and said he had to run.

"Don't forget the Taylors," Louise said. "I'll pick you up between five and five thirty."

AT four forty that afternoon, after all of his office patients had gone, Standish parked his car near the corner occupied by the James Apartments and went down the side street to a ramp that led to the basement garage. There were a half dozen cars parked in the gloomy cavern, and a tall thin Negro appeared from behind one and looked at him.

Standish asked him if he was on duty all day and when did he quit. The fellow told him eight o'clock.

"Any night man on?"

"No night man," the Negro said.

Standish thanked him, walked to the elevator and rode to the main floor. The sallow-faced youth who had been on the switchboard the night before was on duty again. His name, he said, was Albert. He was quite familiar with everyone in the building and he remembered no strangers who had entered the place between nine and ten the night before. Only the fellow who said he was Miss Delmar's husband.

It seemed to Standish then that Albert was telling the truth; yet he was reluctant to accept it because there was one conclusion he could not escape. Either Walter Garvey was lying, or else someone had gone up to Brenda's apartment—through the front door or through the basement garage.

"Do you know Barry Beauchamp?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir," Albert said. "He used to be in and out of here pretty often."

"But not last night."

Albert shook his head. He was quite positive about it.

In the basement again, Standish took out a dollar when the Negro approached him. He let the man see it and then asked if he was sure there was never anyone here at night.

"Ain't no one here regular," he said. "Old guy comes sometimes to polish cars. Works as a night watchman down the street and comes in here evenings."

"Was he here last night?"

The Negro's face lit up. "Come to think of it, he was. He was doin' a waxin' job on Mrs. Waters' car when I left."

Standish passed over the dollar. "What's his name? Know where he lives?"

"Name's Cerroni," the Negro said. "Nick Cerroni. Lives over on Fiske Street, but I don't recollect the number."

FISKE STREET was a narrow two-block-long street in the Italian section of town, and in a corner grocery store they told Standish where Nick Cerroni lived. The top floor of No. 118, they said, and presently Standish found it, a shabby wooden tenement in the middle of the block.

Once inside, he discovered a small hall with a door on the left and stairs mounting straight ahead through a thick gloom that became darkness as he climbed. He felt his way along the second-floor landing and found the last flight of stairs and started up, one hand on the rickety banister.

In the third-floor hall he could make out, vaguely, a door ahead of him, slightly ajar, and a second door on the left which was closed. He knocked here, leaning close in order to hear any sound that might come from within. He was standing like that when it happened.

There may have been some whisper of a sound that made him glance over his shoulder, and in that same instant he saw the figure loom darkly toward him.

Behind it, the door which had been ajar stood open and he sensed rather than saw the object swinging toward him. He half turned to meet the attack, lurching sideways as he tried to duck. He knew also, in that split instant before the blow fell, that this was the killer, that he had been to see Nick Cerroni, and that even now he, Standish, might be too late. Then something hard slammed glancingly from his head and smashed against his shoulder.

Off balance now, he felt himself start to go down. He swung desperately at the man as he turned, his fist crashing solidly, missing the jaw but, with the weight of his body behind it, staggering the other against the wall as he himself fell.

He hit the floor on one knee and pivoted on it, trying to get away, to protect himself until he could regain his feet. He pushed up, lurching against the wall and then, sliding along it and trying to turn, he heard the pounding on the stairs.

He peered into the darkness. The man was not there, and he knew then that the killer was running down the stairs. He was already on the landing below, and Standish swore and started after him, and then stopped, knowing that this was not the thing to do.

Reason told him something was terribly wrong in Cerroni's rooms, that this attack on him was not personal, but to stop him from entering the flat.

He tried the door and it was locked. He lunged against it, and the lock ripped off and he was in a dim warm room that smelled strongly of illuminating gas.

(Continued on page 68)

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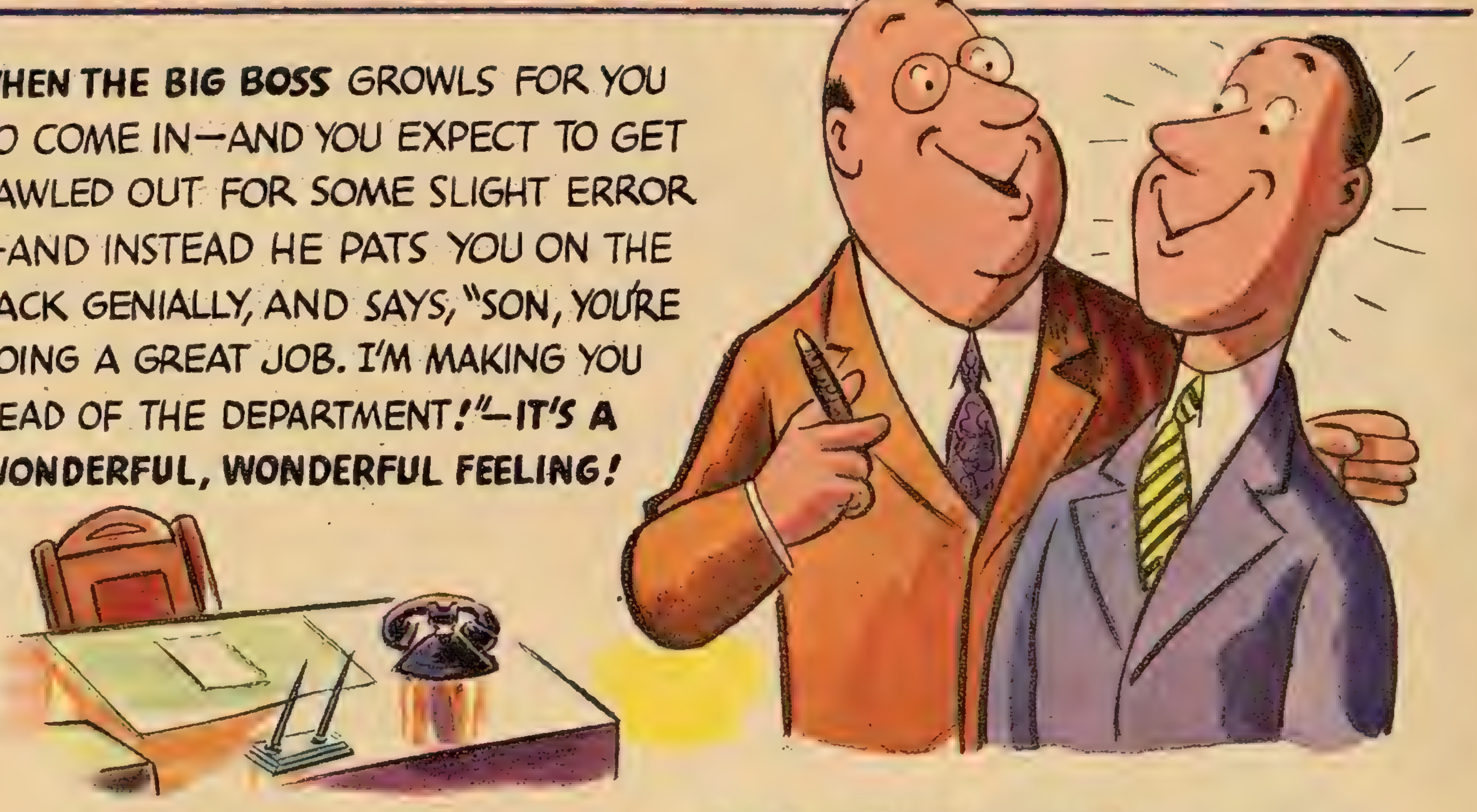

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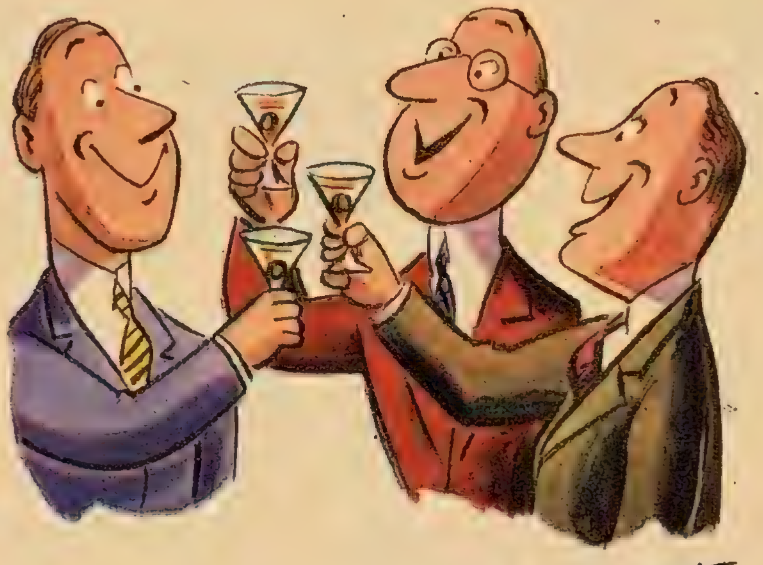

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(Continued from page 66)

There were two windows with shades pulled low, and he snapped them up and threw the windows wide, seeing now the man upon the floor, but stepping to the hot plate which had been knocked from a table so that the rubber tube was pulled from the nipple in the wall. He turned off the gas there and began to work over the man on the floor, a small man, not young.

A sound behind him made him look up. A squat fellow in overalls, holding a broom, and evidently the janitor, was staring at him. Standish gave him orders in crisp tones. He told him to phone police headquarters, to have Lieutenant Ballard call an ambulance and come at once.

Standish worked automatically, his eyes moving about the poor neat room. There were two pictures on the buffet, one of a youth in a marine's uniform, the other of a girl dressed as a Wave. Each had some resemblance to the man on the floor and, thinking of this, Standish's anger was a tight hard knot inside him. It was another minute or two before he realized Cerroni was breathing regularly.

He stopped, aware that the gas smell had vanished. Thinking back, he realized that even at the first it had not been too strong. He turned the man over and checked pulse and respiration, and then he knew that something besides gas had made Cerroni unconscious. He told Ballard about it five minutes later.

"Probably chloral hydrate," he said. "They must have had a drink here and Cerroni was handed a Mickey. When he passed out, the killer tipped over the gas plate to make it seem an accident. We'd have found Cerroni dead of asphyxia."

"You know what would've happened if the guy had laid you out in the hall," Ballard said. "You'd have been dragged in here. We'd've found two of you dead from gas. . . . You sure you didn't get a look at him?"

Standish shook his head.

"But you know who it was?"

"Did you vacuum that room?"

"We did. We got dirt and hair and pins—but no fingernail."

"Then," said Standish, "I guess I know who did it. With a pillow over her head and somebody leaning on it, Brenda Delmar couldn't do much struggling. She tried to reach up and pull the guy off with one hand, and she tore off part of a red-painted nail, and it must have got caught in the guy's suit.

"Garvey wore a uniform," he said. "It's hard cloth. A fingernail wouldn't catch in it. Beauchamp had a worsted suit when I saw him—a smooth hard finish."

Ballard's brows climbed. "Arthur Fielding?" he said in slow amazement.

"Fielding wore a Shetland suit last night. A soft loose weave that's worse than a sweater for snagging onto things."

"Well, come on," Ballard said. "Let's get up there."

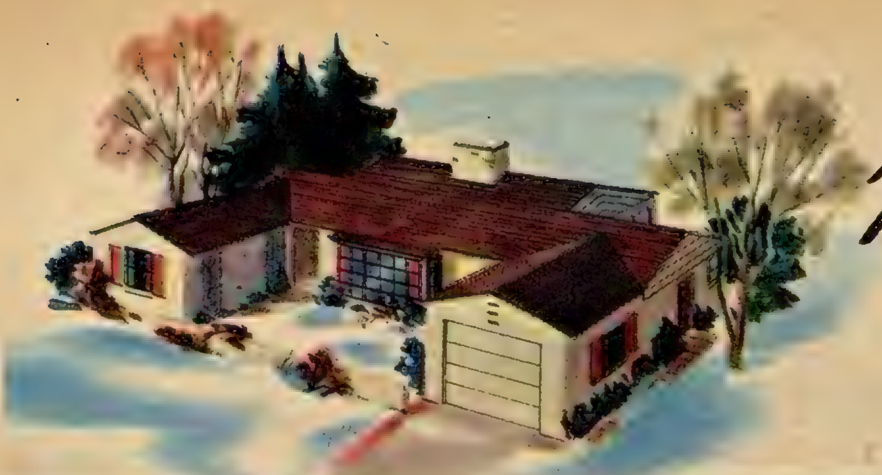
"Not me," Standish said. "I'm going to the hospital and make sure they're doing the right thing for Nick Cerroni."

"O. K.," Ballard said. "Sure."

"Tell Fielding that Cerroni's going to live. Get that Shetland suit. You ought to find the missing fingernail stuck in it, and if you photograph the cloth with the right filters, I think you might find a red stain or two—from the nail polish."

WHEN Dr. Standish drove past his office at six twenty and saw Louise Allison's car parked out front, he knew what to expect. But this time he had a good excuse, and he told himself that she would understand. He entered his office by the private entrance, to find Mary Hayward bent over his desk making out bills.

(Continued on page 70)



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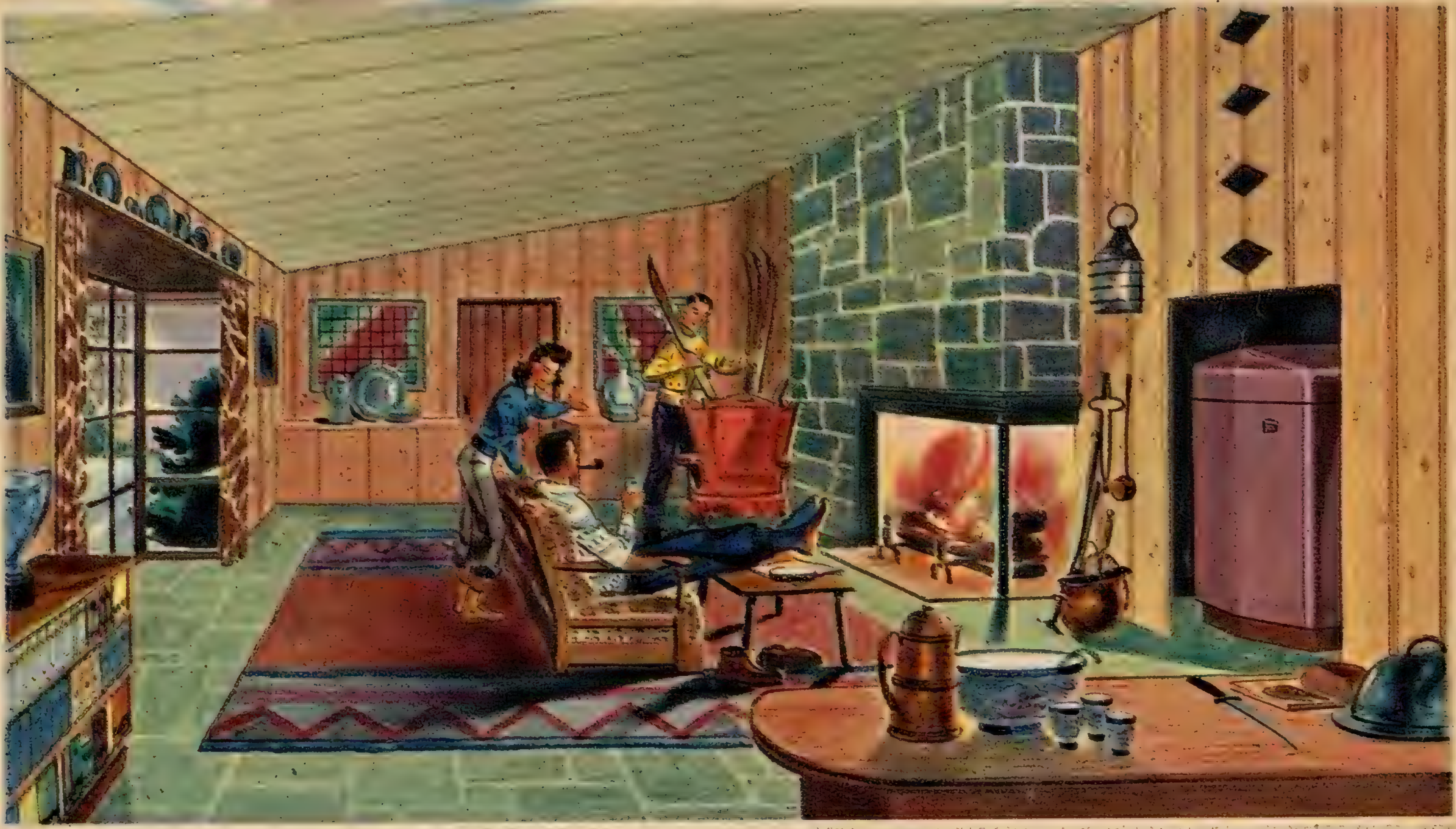

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(Continued from page 68)

"I thought that you'd be gone," he said.

Mary smiled. "I wanted to get these done," she said, and then added, "Miss Allison is waiting for you."

"Yeah," Standish said, and opened the door of his waiting room. "Hello, darling," he said as she rose and smiled at him. "I'm pretty late, I guess."

"Yes," Louise said. "You were medical-examining again."

He looked at her quickly. She was still smiling, but her tone lacked warmth.

"I have something for you," she said, and he looked down, and she was putting his mother's ring in his hand. Then, as he stared and something died inside him, she came up on tiptoe and kissed him. "I love you dearly, Paul," she said lightly, "but I'm afraid it just wouldn't work."

He stood quite still, knowing at last that he had really lost her. He did not know quite what he said, but somehow she was at the door and saying that Barry Beauchamp was waiting in the car.

After awhile he moved to his desk and slumped down in his chair. "I lost my girl," he said.

"I—I heard it," Mary said. "You can get her back."

Standish shook his head. "Not this time, Mary."

SHE slipped into the chair where his patients usually sat, her hazel eyes softly troubled. She asked what had happened, and he told her about Arthur Fielding and Nick Cerroni, and presently he was talking easily and giving the details and explaining how he saw the motive.

"Mrs. Fielding held the purse strings," he said. "If she tossed him out he wouldn't have a dime, because she owned the business. And I guess he got in too deep with Brenda. I don't know yet if she was blackmailing him or whether she threatened to go to his wife, but whatever the reason, he had to get rid of her."

"You think he went there last night to poison her and make it look like suicide?" Mary said.

Standish nodded. "He must have had murder in his heart or he wouldn't have gone up through the garage. But he did, and then his plan wouldn't work because Brenda didn't want a drink. So he lost his head, and it was still murder—but not the way he planned."

He paused; continued slowly: "At that, he didn't get panicky. There were no marks on her that he had made and he still had the poison, so he poured a little in her mouth. The trouble was, Nick Cerroni must have seen him leave.

"As long as the death was listed as suicide, everything was all right. Murder made it different. Cerroni might talk. Fielding went there this afternoon, and the old man probably didn't yet know it was murder and they had a drink and—"

"And if you hadn't come when you did," Mary said, "he'd be dead now."

He saw again the two pictures on the buffet, and somehow he did not feel so bad. He looked at Mary and saw the warm glow in her cheeks. He thought, She's lovely, and she understands.

He felt his grin come. All at once, though he did not know why, he felt better. "Hey," he said, "I'm hungry! How about you?"

"Yes," Mary said.

"Then let's eat." Standish rose and pulled her with him. "Get your coat," he said. "A Martini for me and maybe a spot of sherry for you and some food, huh?"

She bobbed her head. She didn't say anything, but her eyes did, and what Standish saw there was sufficient.

THE END

MANY MANSIONS

Continued from Page 29

things easier for his folks, he brought on the very thing he was trying to avoid. Aunt Millie could still cook Hite's meals, it seemed, but every time he left the house she went into a panic. She thought he'd left her again and she had to find him.

"Have you seen Hite?" she'd rush out to ask anyone going by in the road, no matter what she happened to have on, her cotton-flannel nightgown or what. It got so bad, Hen said, that Cap'n Hite had to take her with him even when he milked and did the chores. But she was harmless, wouldn't hurt a flea.

"Poor Aunt Millie," I said. "How's Cap'n Hite's heart? What if he had an attack and couldn't look after her? You'd think the town fathers would make him at least take her up to the hospital to be examined."

"He won't even let on there's anything wrong with her. Hite keeps his forty-four handy inside his shed door. *You* tell him."

"All right, I will," I retorted. "I got to go get the milk anyway." But the cap'n was well known as a crack shot and I felt less intrepid than I sounded.

Cap'n Hite was sitting whittling on the back steps as I came up and he greeted me after a winter of absence with, "Trouble 'n' dogfish 'n' summer folks all come to oncet, seems like." Could he possibly read what was in my mind? I jumped when he raised his voice to a bellow: "Millie! Come on out here. Comp'ny!"

Oh, dear, what should I say to her if she didn't know me? As it turned out, I didn't have to say anything at all. At first glance Aunt Millie looked much as usual. She had on a clean gray calico dress with

(Continued on page 72)

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(*Continued from page 70*)

the collar fastened by a cameo pin, and her thin gray hair was done up in a neat tight knob; but in her arms she carried a blue blanket.

"I was just putting Jimmy to bed," she told Cap'n Hite. "He's so good, Hite, with you home."

But Jimmy was in Chicago and there wasn't any baby in the blue blanket. Cap'n Hite told her steadily, "I'm never going away again. Remember that, Millie."

It was like a play that had been rehearsed many times. And suddenly I wanted to run, to get out of here, for Aunt Millie's face was as clean of all meaning as if an eraser had been rubbed over it; it was like seeing someone who wasn't there at all. But I didn't dare move with the cap'n's cold blue sailor eyes watching while Millie sat down on the step and began patting the blue blanket and singing:

"Oh, come to the church in the wildwood,
Come to the church in the dell."

It was one of the hymns we used at the Sings. She hesitated, uncertain, and instantly the cap'n's big voice took up the tune. He knew all the words, so he must have sung it with her many times, bless him. I began singing, too:

"For no spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the dell."

CHITCHAT

Talk, in a group that is clever and deft,
Patterns itself in a plot:
Scandal remembers the ones who have left;
Flattery those who have not.

—JOHN E. DONOVAN.

Then all at once, singing, I didn't feel bad about it any more. For looking at Millie sitting there singing her lullaby, I saw what the cap'n saw. *Aunt Millie, with her children safe back home again and with Cap'n Hite, who'd never leave her any more, was in heaven already.* She'd wanted it for him in the next world, but he'd given it to her in this. That was all.

"Hey, you forgot something!" As I went back down the path with my milk pail, not having said a single word of what I'd come to say, I heard the cap'n calling me. He'd gone into the kitchen and was holding out a plate. He was magnificent, really; he wouldn't admit that a single thing was changed. For the plate was full of ginger cookies.

Things rocked along this way most of the summer. I came often to the Higgenses' after that, and more often than not I found Mr. Strong there too, swopping stories with the cap'n. For they had become great pals. And, believe me, it was something [illegible] sit there on the little veranda, with the sea making organ music down below, and listen to the two of them.

All the time Millie would squat there on the step, content as long as she could reach out her hand and touch Hite. There was something rather grand about the way her body went on loving him even when her mind was, as he put it delicately, "away."

THE village soon got used to Millie's ways, and when she had one of her wandering spells, everyone looked after her. Even the children, berrying in some far pasture and startled when she rose up from behind a blueberry bush to demand, "Have you seen my Hite?" knew what to do. "Sure, Mil," they'd say. "Come on." And take her home. But, significantly, they called her no longer "Aunt Millie" but just "Mil."

Only once did I hear Cap'n Hite admit that his Millie wasn't just right. One evening when I'd missed the bus and had to walk home, a fog shut in so thick that even with my flashlight and knowing every step of the way, I was hard put to stay on the road. Once I got clean off and bumped into a white picket fence around the little graveyard where I'd picked blackberries as a child. The biggest ones, I remembered, grew on the grave of a man whom the villagers had buried face down because he was a suicide.

"Oh!" I gasped and stared at the woman in white who'd materialized out of the fog. "Have you seen my Hite?" the ghost asked.

"Good heavens, Aunt Millie, you scared me!" I told her.

A shining came through the fog behind her, and when Cap'n Hite held up his lantern to look for her, I saw that, though it was a cool evening, there was perspiration on his forehead. He looked at me and then at his wife. "You called her Aunt Millie," he said slowly. "It was kind of you." There was fear and weariness in his voice as he added, "If anything was to happen to me, they'd put her away. Maybe it'd be better if she was to go first."

It wasn't long after that that the Higgens place got on fire; faulty wiring in the attic, they said later. There was a nor'easter on that afternoon and the sea was making such a racket on our rocks that I didn't hear the "syrene" at first. It wasn't till I noticed smoke like a gray rag in the darkening sky that I jumped into my jaloppy and gave it the precious gas.

I had no difficulty finding out where the fire was. The engine was still at Higgenses', with practically the whole town swarming over the place. Since the Navy and Coast Guard had taken all our young men, everyone, even Mr. Strong, was helping Hen and the others to pull the hose up from the cove down below the cliff where they'd been pumping up sea water into the house.

"Is it all out, Hen? Where's the cap'n and Millie?" I went over to ask anxiously. "They all right?"

"Mostly smoke and water damage, I guess," Hen drawled. "Yup, it's out." He hauled away on the hose, pulling slowly, systematically and efficiently, before he nodded toward the barn. "Millie got scairt. She hid in there. Hite's gone after her."

"Enough to scare anyone, that banshee siren and all this mob!" Mr. Strong said.

"Oh, dear, there she is!" I breathed. There was no doubt that Millie was still frantic. She shot out from the barn door and her gray calico dress was open at the throat instead of being decently closed with her cameo pin, and her white hair was hanging down in wisps. She gave one

(*Continued on page 74*)

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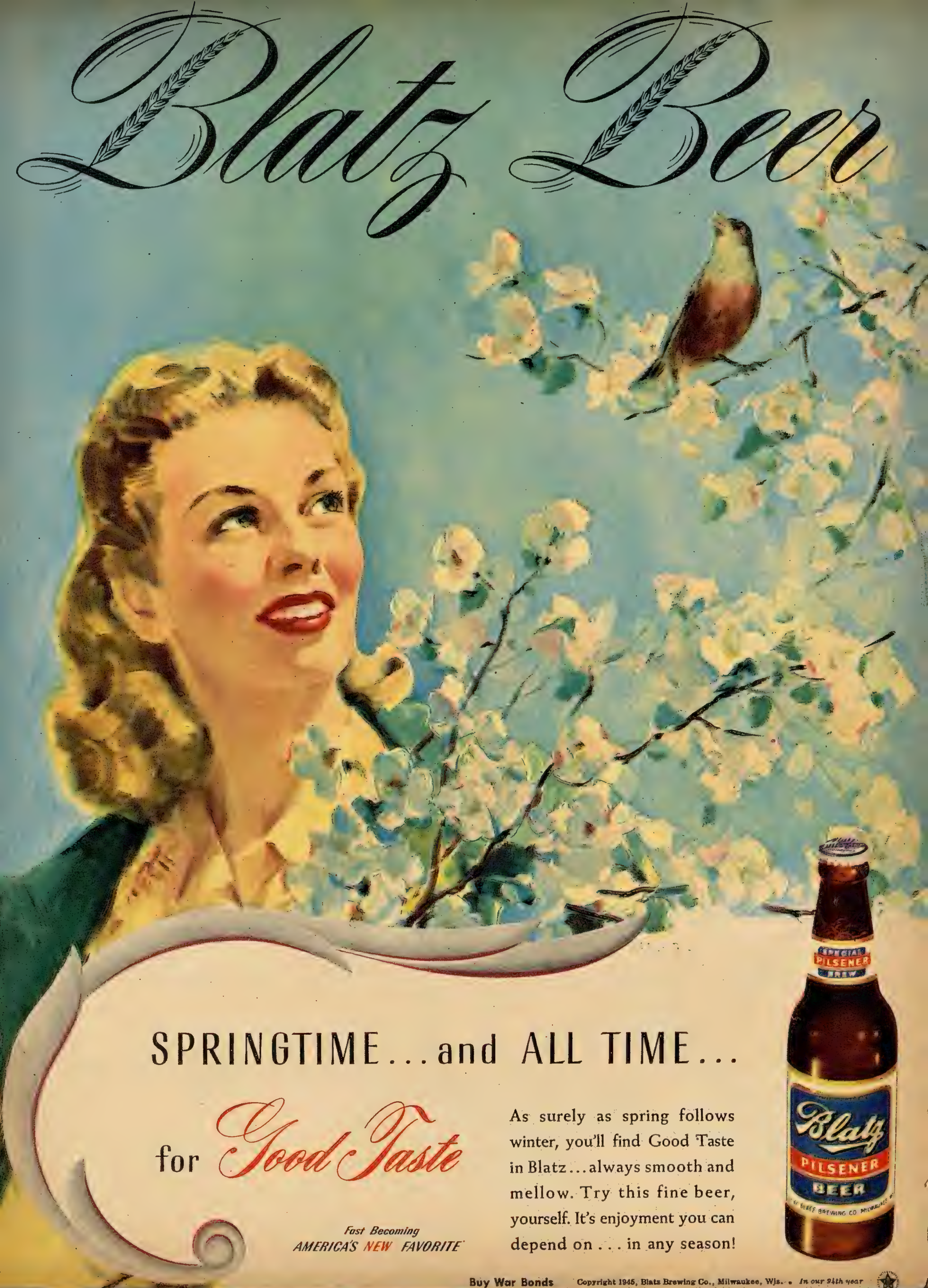
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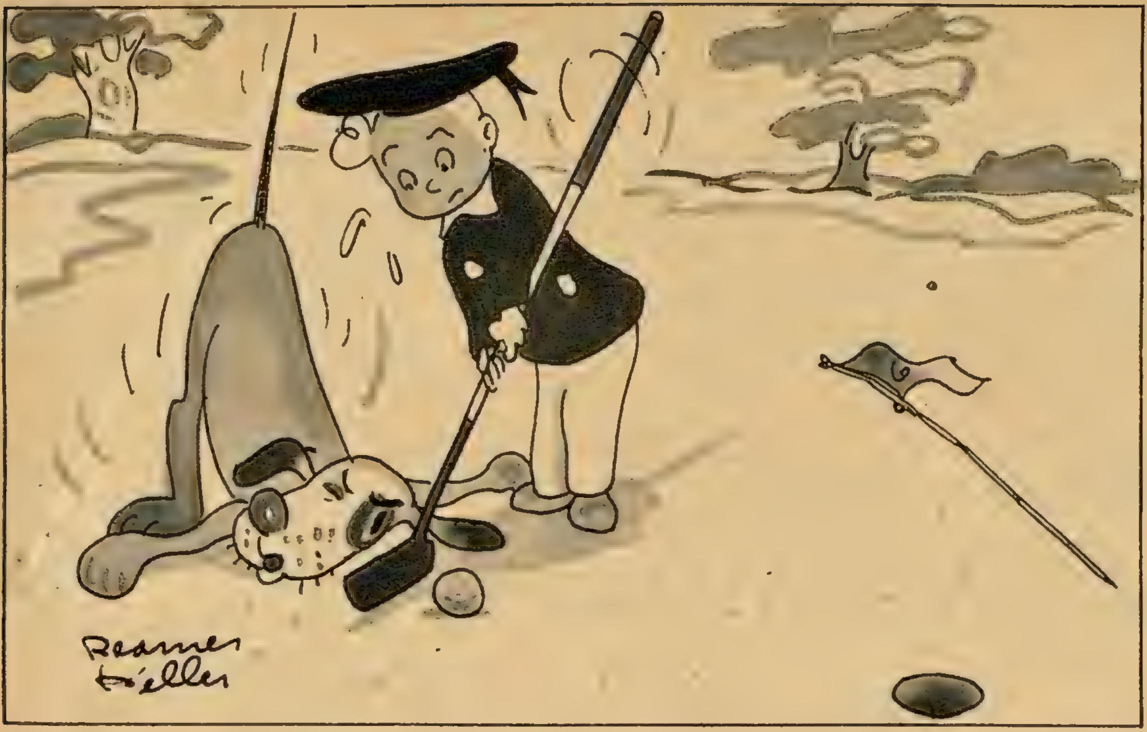

(Continued from page 72)

frightened look at all of us and then ran toward the house and into her familiar kitchen. Cap'n Hite went after her. He looked all in; his big hip boots were dragging and his face was white and worn.

"I'm going to try to get them both to come home with me," I told Hen and Mr. Strong rapidly. "Likely they won't, but I can try. Keep the gang out till I have a chance, will you?"

So the three of us were alone when it happened, the benediction or the tragedy, or the end of the fairy tale—whatever you want to call it. What is heaven anyway, a place or a state of mind? I know what Millie would have said. I'd heard her once, a long time ago, when Mr. Strong was first talking to Hite, begging the parson, "Now don't you go praying Hite any further into heaven than I am!" For her it would always be wherever Hite was. But I wasn't philosophizing at the time of the fire, I can tell you.

There was the strong choking smell of smoke in the kitchen when I went inside, and the walls, ceiling, and windows were wet and dirty. Millie wasn't there, but the cap'n was standing by the open bulkhead door in the middle of the floor that led to a small cellar hole where they kept vegetables.

"Come out of there, Millie!" the cap'n was ordering.

His lips were blue and his breath was coming in great gasps from hurrying, so I didn't speak to startle him. "Millie!" he boomed again. When she still didn't answer, he reached for the trouble light that hung on the wall—a bulb on the end of a long frayed wire that had obviously made plenty of trips to the cellar before—switched it on and held it up. I stepped forward to look, too.

She was down there, all right. You could see her clinging to a big rock that jutted out from the dirt wall, and she must have walked through the water that had run into the cellar, for her skirts were wet up to her knees. When she whimpered, Cap'n Hite's hand shook so that the trouble light slipped from his fingers and fell down into the hole, and Millie grabbed for it.

"Leave it be!" the cap'n roared. "Don't touch it. You'll get a shock, maybe!"

Didn't she hear him? Or was she so mad with fear she thought she could swing back on the frayed cord to the safety of the steps? In any case, she grabbed for it again as it swung by, and suddenly, watching, the queerest change came over the cap'n's face. It hardened. And as he straightened his back, he seemed to grow and grow till he filled the little kitchen, till he was once more the reckless adventurer who'd killed a man in a bar in Singapore, who'd quelled a mutiny single-handed on the China Sea, who wasn't afraid of the devil himself.

But there's one thing he's afraid of. As I stood there, watching him breathing hard and staring down at the poor whimpering thing his Millie had become, the fog seemed to shut in again around the three of us, thick, stifling, so I could hardly

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breathe. *"Maybe it'd be better if she was to go first."* "No. Oh, no!" Had I spoken the words aloud or merely thought them? But as I took a step forward the cap'n brushed me aside.

"It's dangerous down there! Hold on to the rock, Millie!" he roared. "I'm coming!"

HIS struggle with himself had taken only seconds; his new self had won. He swung down the steps toward her with his arms wide, but he never reached her, for he fell down the last two steps and lay there very still, face downward in the water. His heart had failed him finally when he needed it most. As I ran down to him, Millie gave a cry of triumph that gurgled into terrible silence, for she'd finally grasped the swinging frayed wire and she couldn't let go. If only the light would go out so I wouldn't have to see her clinging there! I could hear my own voice calling thinly, "Hen! Mr. Strong! Come quick!"

"They must've both gone instant," Hen said soberly later, when we all stood around in the deepening twilight waiting for the ambulance to come. I was shaken, but I had a funny feeling that I mustn't walk out on the cap'n and Millie yet, that somehow the thing wasn't finished. They'd tried artificial respiration on Millie, but she was too old and feeble to stand the shock, and there was nothing to be done for the cap'n.

"What I can't see," Hen went on, "is why Hite let that light down there, with the water and all. He must've known it wasn't safe."

The faces of the villagers lifted like men sniffing at smoke to see how much fire there is. They know their own, and have an uncanny way of thinking a man's thoughts after him till they get at the truth. If they buried a man face down because he committed suicide, what, I wondered frantically then, would they do to a man who—

"It was an accident!" I said quickly. Why did my voice have to shake so? "The light slipped out of his hand." I added hotly, "I was there! I ought to know. Why, Cap'n Hite loved Millie! He wouldn't"—let the ugly word come out then and fumigate it—"murder!"

It was Mr. Strong who came to my rescue. He said the only thing that could have moved a bunch of New Englanders like us. "No Higgens for three generations has died with his boots off. They went down fighting, not cheating: Cap'n Hite was the biggest man I know, even in his sins. He couldn't do anything small or—mean."

A murmur went around the crowd. Was it assent or disagreement? Just then the light went on at Cunners' Ledge and the beam flashed across the circle of intent weathered faces and was gone. "Once one of these Maniacs makes up his mind, you can't budge him more than a rock." *But they had to believe me!*

"Yup," Hen said slowly. "I guess that's right. Anyways, he sure did love Millie. Well, it's all over but the shoutin' now."

It was at once an epitaph and the end of the strangest love story any of us were likely to see. I was so limp with relief I had to sit down on the veranda steps, and Mr. Strong sat down beside me. "Maybe it isn't the end?" I asked him. "Maybe it's just the beginning?"

He didn't answer at once. We sat there listening to the organ music of the sea thunder down below on the cliff and watching the light flash across the little veranda where Cap'n Hite had repented for Millie's sake.

"Who are we to judge?" Mr. Strong said. For an instant the beam lighted his face to glory. " 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' "

THE END

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Jamisons (Tracy and Hepburn) are strictly scientific, even on their wedding day.

WITHOUT LOVE

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Lucille Ball, Keenan Wynn

PHILIP BARRY'S Broadway stage play of a few seasons ago gave Katharine Hepburn and Elliott Nugent a chance to bridle, rear, and whinny for several glibly written acts before cantering into the nuptial pasture they were headed for all along. As a movie, this slender situation of a bride and groom dead set on acting like distant cousins receives some attractive padding in the way of sets, clothes, and scenery, and the Hepburn airs and vapors are neatly set off by the forthright masculinity of Spencer Tracy. There's even an added angle which keeps the two tinkering around industriously with a new kind of oxygen mask for aviators—but when you get right down to it, the main problem is still where the restlessly platonic pair is going to sleep.

Luckily, the competent and engaging performances of Hepburn and Tracy give more substance to the whole thing than it actually deserves. Tracy's a disillusioned scientist who's through with love—and in spite of the overpolished script he succeeds in seeming like a sensible and worthwhile guy. Hepburn, as a brainy young widow who's sure she can never love again, achieves a brittle distinction of looks and manner; at times she takes on a wistful radiance which is promptly eclipsed in a farcical bedroom scramble. Privacy's the thing she wants most out of their marriage. Tracy wisely refuses to commit himself—but he occasionally walks in his sleep. Keenan Wynn as a lovably bibulous friend, and Lucille Ball as a hard-boiled business gal brighten up the general surroundings, and there's quite an air of verve and gaiety all through. Such blithe side lights as Hepburn hanging by her knees in a decompression chamber may not make much sense, but they're indubitably diverting.

But science doesn't help much when it comes to solving problems like this.

BY EVE STANLEY

Gail Russell knows Alan Ladd's in a spot.

SALTY O'ROURKE

(Paramount)

Alan Ladd, Gail Russell, Stanley Clements

FANS of the popular Alan Ladd will doubtless follow this latest adventure with considerable interest, even though it's next to impossible to figure out what the story's all about. Without an incentive, though, it's a bit difficult to get into the spirit of the thing. Everybody's extremely tough and taciturn, and as time goes by even hero Ladd seems to get shiftier and shiftier, so you're likely to end up losing your faith in human nature entirely.

The only person in the story who can be trusted is Gail Russell. You can bank on her because she's supporting her nice fluttery little mother (Spring Byington) by teaching school. Not an ordinary school, though—it's a jockey school, where the pupils all whistle when Teacher walks in, and are not above throwing a race to get the dough to buy her a new dress. Gambler Ladd comes into the picture because he's sponsoring a jockey (Stanley Clements) who's too tough for his own good. School only makes him smoke more cigars and buy Teacher a big sparkler. Meanwhile Ladd's got to win twenty grand in a hurry or he's a dead duck, because an even crookeder hombre is on his trail. Or maybe Ladd isn't really crooked after all. Anyhow, everything ends up with a big race and a lot of gunplay, and the schoolteacher doesn't have to marry a jockey. Why should she, with Alan Ladd around?

SPECIAL MENTION

A ROYAL SCANDAL (20th Century-Fox). Tallulah Bankhead, William Eythe.

COLONEL BLIMP (Eagle Lion-U. A.). Anton Walbrook, Roger Livesey, Deborah Kerr.

HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND (U. A.). Zachary Scott, Betty Field.

THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE (RKO). Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Herbert Marshall.

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY (M-G-M). George Sanders, Hurd Hatfield.

THE THREE CABALLEROS (Walt Disney-RKO). Donald Duck, Joe Carioca, Panchito.

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(*Continued from page 58*)

ferry station on Staten Island. A number of men are studying the big maps of the five boroughs against the wall opposite the desk. It is all about the flow of traffic, tunnels after the war, appropriations. They are warming up. Everybody's excited. They seem to be making their point.

Leaning back at his desk with his glasses pushed back on his forehead, the Mayor is playing with a gold pencil case. He frowns with pursed lips. "That's money in a different order of magnitude. . . . Can't you do it in two or three bites? . . . I'm a little timid—I'm a little scared of it."

As the men say good-by and walk out, there's a general stir in the office. I manage to get in a word about postwar planning. The Mayor hands me a cable he's just received from a committee of the English House of Commons asking the same question. As if by magic, one of the pleasant-faced girl stenographers has reappeared. The Mayor throws himself into dictating a reply. "Forging forward . . ." In the middle of it he leans over and hands me the last cigar on his desk. "You smoke this. I've still got my old butt," he says. "I oughtn't to smoke too much anyway."

Before he's finished his reply to the House of Commons a group of city officials have clustered round the big desk waiting to discuss the budget. "Gee whiz, Thursday's the first of the month!" the Mayor blurts out in the midst of it. There is a flutter of secretaries. The black ledger is spread out in front of him. "I've got to change my whole schedule. Tomorrow I'll do my thinking. Don't crowd me in the morning so I'll be all tired out. Call off everything else Monday so I can do that."

An education headache is waiting, a committee on medical insurance, a truck drivers' strike, the Department of Health, research, the incidence of measles, the quarantine against rabies in the Bronx. . . .

At four thirty he's signing his mail, while the secretaries who have brought the letters in hang over his shoulders. He grumbles over the letters as he turns them over. His face wrinkles up. "What's this? Where did you get those facts? I won't sign that one. . . . Let me look at that." He sticks out his lip. His eyes go very black. "I think they are playing politics with that. It's just an outrage to play politics with that." A spike of hair shakes down on his forehead. "Cheap bastards."

BEFORE he's finished, the man with the gold braid comes in to report that the Mayor is late for his appointment in Brooklyn. We go charging out, somebody again running after him with the broad-brimmed rancher's hat. He talks over his shoulder with the newspapermen as he runs down the steps. On the pavement outside we tangle with an elderly man with blank eyes, carrying a suitcase under one arm, who announces in a loud voice that he is waiting to remind the Mayor that he's promised that today he'll appoint him Commissioner of Bugs and Poisons Dropped from the Air.

"Tomorrow!" shouts the Mayor and ducks into the police car. "Who the devil's that?" I ask. He answers, a little breathless, "Been going on for years. He's bats. He peddles socks and neckties in office buildings. Seems to have enough sense to make his own living."

We whisk across Brooklyn Bridge and pile out of the car in front of a brick building newly converted into a firehouse. The firemen are all lined up. There's a band, a glee club, admirals from the nearby Navy Yard, a small crowd of neighbors. The band strikes up. The glee club sings God Bless America. There are some speeches. Photographers' bulbs flash. Then off we go, speeding through Brooklyn to a clubhouse, where drinks and canapés are laid out on a long table to celebrate the occasion.

A couple of gulps, a few hands shaken, a little low-voiced talk with this man and that, and we are off again, back across the Williamsburg Bridge to Manhattan. On lower Park Avenue we stop for a quiet drink at one of the Mayor's clubs.

In the sudden solitude of the empty bar we sit blinking at each other. Now is the time.

How to begin? I want to ask about his life in Arizona as a kid; what it was like to work in a U. S. consulate in the old days of the Austro-Hungarian Empire; how much he feels he has accomplished since he first charged out into the streets of the Italian sections of Manhattan to defeat Tammany on its home ground; what recollections he has of his years as an insurgent congressman in Washington.

But even now, when the rush of business has let up for a second, there's still no time. We have scarcely begun to talk before the Mayor has to go. He hands me a ticket for the concert that evening and whisks me uptown to drop me politely at my door on the way home. My day with the Mayor is over.

WALKING out after dinner into the floor of Madison Square Garden, looking up at the tiers of blurred faces under the crisscrossing spotlights, listening to the hollow rumble of voices muffled by the hugeness of the hall and the strains of the double symphony orchestra tuning up on the platform, it strikes me that this is what Fiorello LaGuardia probably dreamed of for himself when he was a small boy. He loves music. He loves a crowd. There he sits, a small man in a business suit, in his box beside his wife. With the LaGuardias are a modestly dressed group of friends. There are no uniforms or white shirt fronts or ermine. You wouldn't know where he was sitting if you came casually into the hall.

And yet he knows he is the skipper. He's the man who is running the town. He's happy in that knowledge.

Applause beats about the maestro's head as it rises above the ranked violins.

Then the maestro taps with the baton. The hall vibrates to volleys of handclapping. The maestro's arms wave. The long strains of Lohengrin, immensely amplified by the augmented orchestra, fill the huge hall. The Mayor sits quiet on the edge of his chair. His face is relaxed. He is drinking in the music and the feeling of expectation in the crowd. This is his life as he likes it.

After the concert I meet a friend in a bar. He knows what I've been doing all day. "Well, did he jump down your throat?" he asks sarcastically.

"No. Quite the contrary. He was a little sharp at times, but he didn't blow up once all day."

"Not once? Amazing. That can mean only one thing," my friend says, laughing. "He's going to run again. He's going to run for a fourth term for Mayor."

THE END

A MATTER OF OPINION

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To think they're clever
Are almost always
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—*MARGARET McKEEVER ELLERT.*

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THE WAR AND ME

Continued from Page 25

and showers are usually equipped to accommodate from four to eight women simultaneously. They are usually very clubby. You go and shower gaily with a friend or so and toss cheery remarks to any strangers. I saw so many extraordinary curves and proportions that I longed to be Helen Hokinson just for an hour.

Each country provided interesting variations on this subject. But China was the most difficult. It was in Peishihyi that I met my worst moment. There are no women at all in the small American base there. The P. R. O., distracted at news of my arrival, asked the Chinese supervisor of the enlisted men's barracks to find me a bed. The supervisor banished his assistant and gave me the assistant's room. Before retiring I asked my usual question.

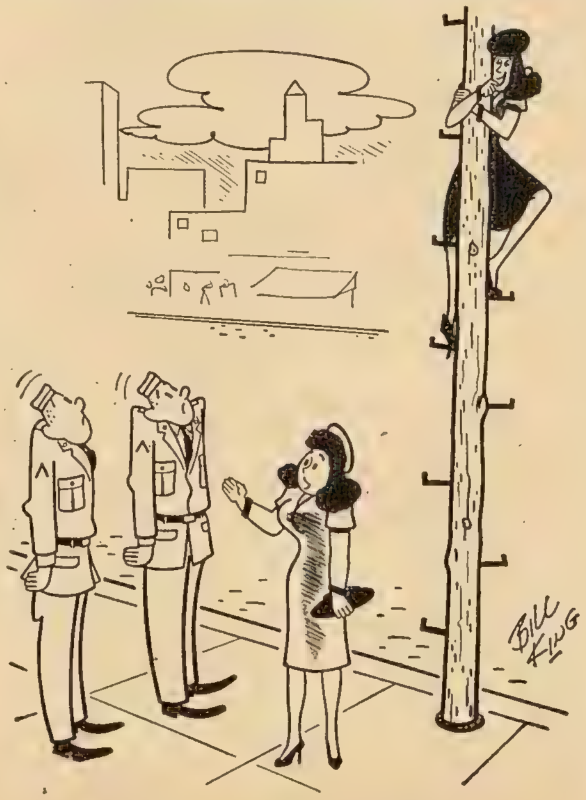
"There aren't any. Sorry. Good night," smiled my host.

Well, I sweated that night out in a fearful temper. I didn't dare to go out to the woods for fear of losing my way in the blackout. I sat through the night wide awake in a chair, fully dressed and huddled in my raincoat.

The next day the commanding general heard of my plight and gave me his quarters for the second night. I also met a warm-hearted corporal, a married man himself. About every four hours he called for me. The last thing at night he knocked at my door, and when I woke at six in the morning and peered out, there he was, waiting. I felt like a puppy, and I loved him.

But then, China was always eventful. Even leaving it was dramatic. I left in the middle of a two-ball, or red, alert. It was full moonlight and the Japs were roaming the skies. I was watching Virginia Fitzgerald, secretary to General Chennault, and a group of domestic officers concocting a pilaf on a primitive stove when the alert sounded. They refused to run off and let a few Japs spoil their pilaf. My knees and elbows were already water when the phone rang and I was told my plane was leaving in fifteen minutes. I reviewed my situation: Would I rather spend the night in a trench—after the pilaf, of course—or in a shiny easily spotted silver transport? I voted for the plane and scurried off, leaving only a few items of clothing behind.

That was nothing. Anyone could trace



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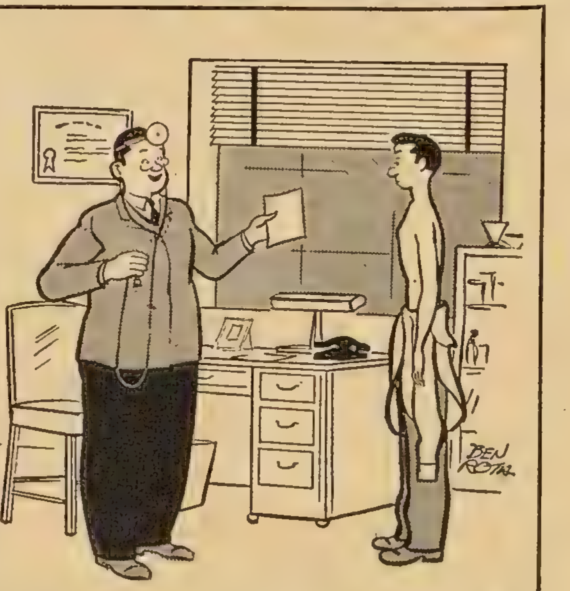


It's not a prescription—it's a *sub*scription—to LIBERTY—it'll do you more good than medicine!"

WHAT CAN YOU SPARE THAT THEY CAN WEAR?

If you haven't contributed a cast-off or two to the United National Clothing Collection, go right now to that attic or closet and see what you've got to give away. Just remember that in the liberated countries of Europe alone, more than 30,000,000 persons are "statistically naked," while four times that number—125,000,000 in all —are in desperate need of clothing, shoes, and bedding.

me around the world, like a Babe in the Wood, by the things I left behind me —my galoshes in Capri, my nose drops in Peishihyi, my bathrobe in Chabua, my other skirt goodness knows where. Some things I had to leave when I became too much overweight. Somehow one always collects things. The ATC expects everyone to cheat and I never disappointed it. I weigh about 145 pounds in full uniform, but I always conscientiously said I weighed 175, so I wouldn't overload the plane. Then I tucked things, such as jungle knives for the boys, brasses, etc., around my person. It was uncomfortable and served me right.

Only once during my journey was anything stolen, and that was, surprisingly, in China. I say surprisingly because, as a rule, the Chinese do not steal. When I was packing to leave Chungking, with all my clothes and gadgets strewed about the room, a lad who passed himself off as the No. 1 boy of the Press Hostel entered. He pointed to the picture of my husband and boys that I had set out to make my billets look homelike, and said with a big smile, "Mr. Macoo. Mercan Embassy."

Well, my husband, Colonel McHugh, had been naval attaché at the American Embassy, and I was pleased. He laughed happily and said, "You Mr. Macoo's *tai-tai*." So we had a fine few minutes elaborating on the charms and virtues of Mr. Macoo. When he had gone, forever, I found that my fountain pen, my flashlight, and my fine clothesbrush had departed with him. But I didn't mind. The Chinese always make you like it!

Anyhow, I was at the end of the line. I was going home. I finally reached Casablanca, and when I boarded the big C-54 waiting there, I almost wept. Here were no bucket seats. Here was some very brass hat's private plane, with eggshell-colored quilted leatherette soundproof lining, with lush chairs that reclined, with padded quilts, with a rug on the floor—and all feminine necessities in the lavatory.

The war was over for me.

THE END

* * *

Once, when Clarence Darrow had solved some pressing legal problems for a wealthy client, the dear lady gushed, "Oh, Mr. Darrow, how can I ever thank you?"

Darrow smiled his reply. "My good woman," he said, "ever since the Phoenicians invented money there has been only one answer to that question."

* * *

FUR FARMERS

Continued from Page 31

This year the Fromms will pelt some 1,500 platinum mink, enough for twenty-five coats. The strain is established, and platinum mink is now a standard, if an ultra-expensive, luxury fur.

But that's only part of it. Altogether, this year, the Fromm brothers will pelt some 30,000 silver fox, 2,000 blue fox, and 15,000 mink. Some of the mink skins will be in three new colors never before seen in the industry. One is arctic mink, with underfur ranging from pure white to slate blue and with a sprinkling of black-tipped guard hairs. Another is golden mink, blond as its name. The third is silver-sable mink which has underfur ranging from standard brown to an almost platinum color, with silver guard hairs. Enough skins will be pelted this year to make one complete coat of each color, and the three will be the most expensive coats in the world.

Rarest and newest of Fromm triumphs is pearl-platinum mink. It is similar to the arctic mink, except that it has bluish platinum guard hairs instead of black. But there won't be any pearl-platinum coats this year, for as yet there are only eighteen of the animals in existence. Next year, however, the Fromms hope to produce enough pelts to put at least one such coat on the market.

As Edward, Henry, Walter, John, and Arthur began to prosper, back in the early days of their audacious venture, they were worried by the fact that every year or so at least a third of the fox herd was wiped out by distemper or some other ailment.

The only known vaccine of the day was based on an English formula. The brothers tried it and found it ineffective.

They took their trouble to the University of Minnesota, where a group of young professors became intensely interested in the problems of immunization.

The Fromm brothers set up a laboratory on their farm, and the professors went to work. The results of their experiments were new vaccines, now shipped from the Fromm laboratories to most of the fur ranchers of the world, as well as to dog kennels and hospitals throughout the country. Fromm animal vaccines today are the most widely used immunizers in existence. And the biological laboratories in which they are produced are housed in modern buildings which stand in a landscaped park on the shores of Lake Michigan.

On their Hamburg farm the Fromms also have their own feed department, where they work out balanced menus for their pampered animals, make their own vitamin concentrates, mix their own feed.

THE Fromms started feeding vitamins to their fox and mink about twelve years ago, when the use of vitamins by human beings was still new. For several years they had noted that the foxes were less vigorous than formerly, the quality of the pelts was deteriorating, production had dropped.

The brothers were alarmed. Nothing they tried seemed to remedy the situation. Then, when vitamin-A concentrate came on the market, they started adding it to the diet of the animals. The improvement was marked and prompt.

Impressed by these results, the brothers and their associated scientists began experiments with other vitamins and types of feeding, striving for the combination which would produce the healthiest animals, the largest litters, and the glossiest coats. They found the quality of pelts vastly improved by vitamin feeding.

Today the diet of both fox and mink on the Fromm farms is made up of horse meat, cereals such as wheat, corn, and oats, a small percentage of carrots and cabbage to supply needed vitamin A, brewer's yeast for vitamin-B complex, milk powder for vitamin C.

The Fromm animals lead the life of Riley in their scientific homes. The mink, bad-tempered by nature, are kept in separate cubicles of wire netting, built three feet off the ground, each containing a nest box, and roofed.

The foxes, more gregarious, roam the forest contentedly in eighty-acre enclosures, 2,000 to a herd.

IN mating season the Fromm breeders have their troubles with the temperamental mink. The female of the species, accustomed to pampering, often refuses to accept the mate decreed for her by science, and the marts of trade must wait on her whim.

The stone-marten mink, for instance, which has a light-beige fur and is one of the most valuable Fromm mutations, is a recessive strain which for best results should be mated to a mink of the same color. But the stone-marten female mink refuses to accept a mate of her own kind; will mate only with a mink of standard brown color. The first litter from each mating, therefore, contains none of the mutation color, which appears only in the second generation.

There have been few dull moments in the lives of the Fromm brothers. When they had developed their first herds of silver fox to the standard they had set for themselves, they followed the usual fur rancher's practice of selling the pelts at auction each year.

They knew they had developed the finest silver-fox pelts in existence, and they demanded and got the highest prices.

But the Fromms were shocked to find that some fur manufacturers were switching labels, presenting Fromm furs as their own, and palming off inferior pelts as the product of the Fromm farms.

To protect the Fromm name, the brothers decided they must control all phases of their business. It was not enough to breed the finest silver foxes. They must follow through and produce the completed garments, which would go to the ultimate consumer bearing the label of Fromm.

Once decided on their course, the Fromms acted with characteristic directness. They hired the best designers and furriers in the trade, paying them top wages. They established the biggest fur factory in New York City in a Seventh Avenue skyscraper.

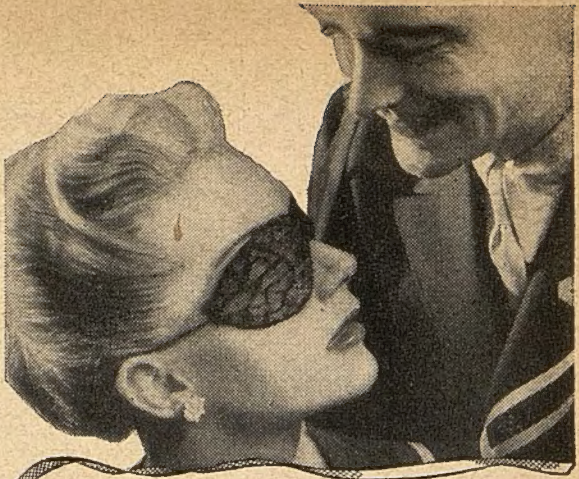
Today they breed the pedigreed animals on their Wisconsin farms, pelt and process the furs, store them in refrigerated warehouses until they are needed at the New York factory. There the pelts are made into coats, stoles, jackets, and muffs.

One or another of the brothers makes frequent trips to New York, to oversee the factory end of the business, but they always hurry back to their Wisconsin woods with a sense of relief.

Says Edward Fromm, president of the company: "A fur rancher belongs on his ranch."

Yet, when occasion demanded, the farmer Fromms proved they could pick up the marbles in the cutthroat competition of the city. In the crowded section of Manhattan where most of the nation's fur garments are produced, the Fromms are respected and feared. Their business runs into astronomical figures each year. There is no red ink on their ledgers. They believe that a man cannot be satisfied if he produces less than the best. Thus have the Fromm brothers of Wisconsin run a mortgage on the old homestead into the largest fur business in the world.

THE END



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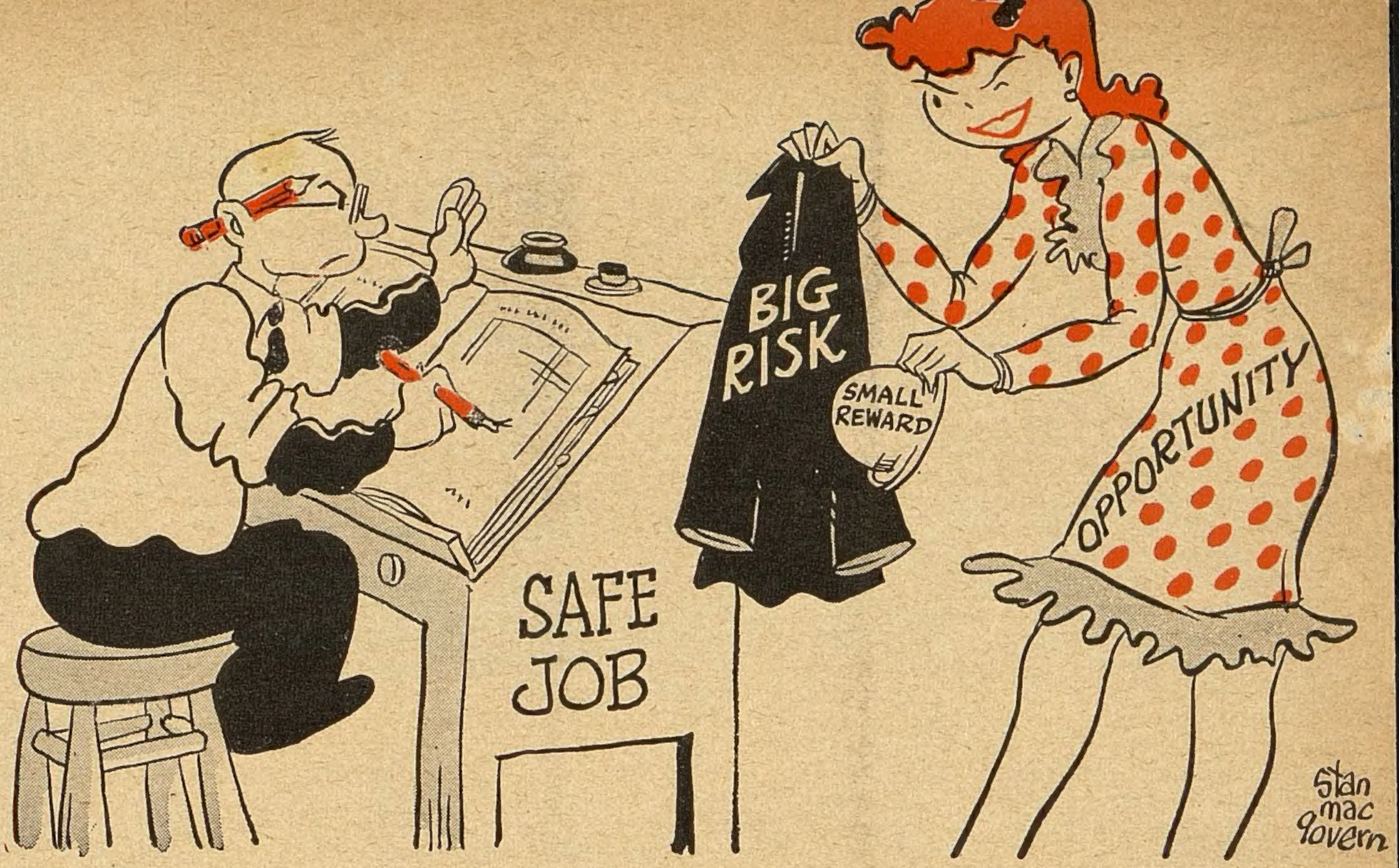


What's the use?

WE'RE ALL POORER WHEN NONE OF US CAN GET RICHER

THE country is overloaded with tax experts and we have neither the desire nor the qualifications to claim membership among them. However, once in a while somebody ought to speak up on behalf of the one indispensable figure in every tax equation, the little guy who pays them.

Yes, there's a war on. It's a terrifically expensive war. Also, protecting and assuring our liberty is well worth the cost, no matter what the final bill amounts to. The costs of victory are shouldered without complaint by the American people.

But we also know the functions of government unconnected with the war are multiplying in every direction and there are many people who wish to multiply them still further. The various economic and social projects in which the government is engaged, and those proposed, are no doubt beneficent in objective. Supposedly, they accomplish to a degree the purposes for which they are instituted. But they all cost money—big gobs of money.

While we indulge ourselves trying to provide for every contingency of life by government action, we may as well face the fact we are likely to do ourselves and our country more harm than good.

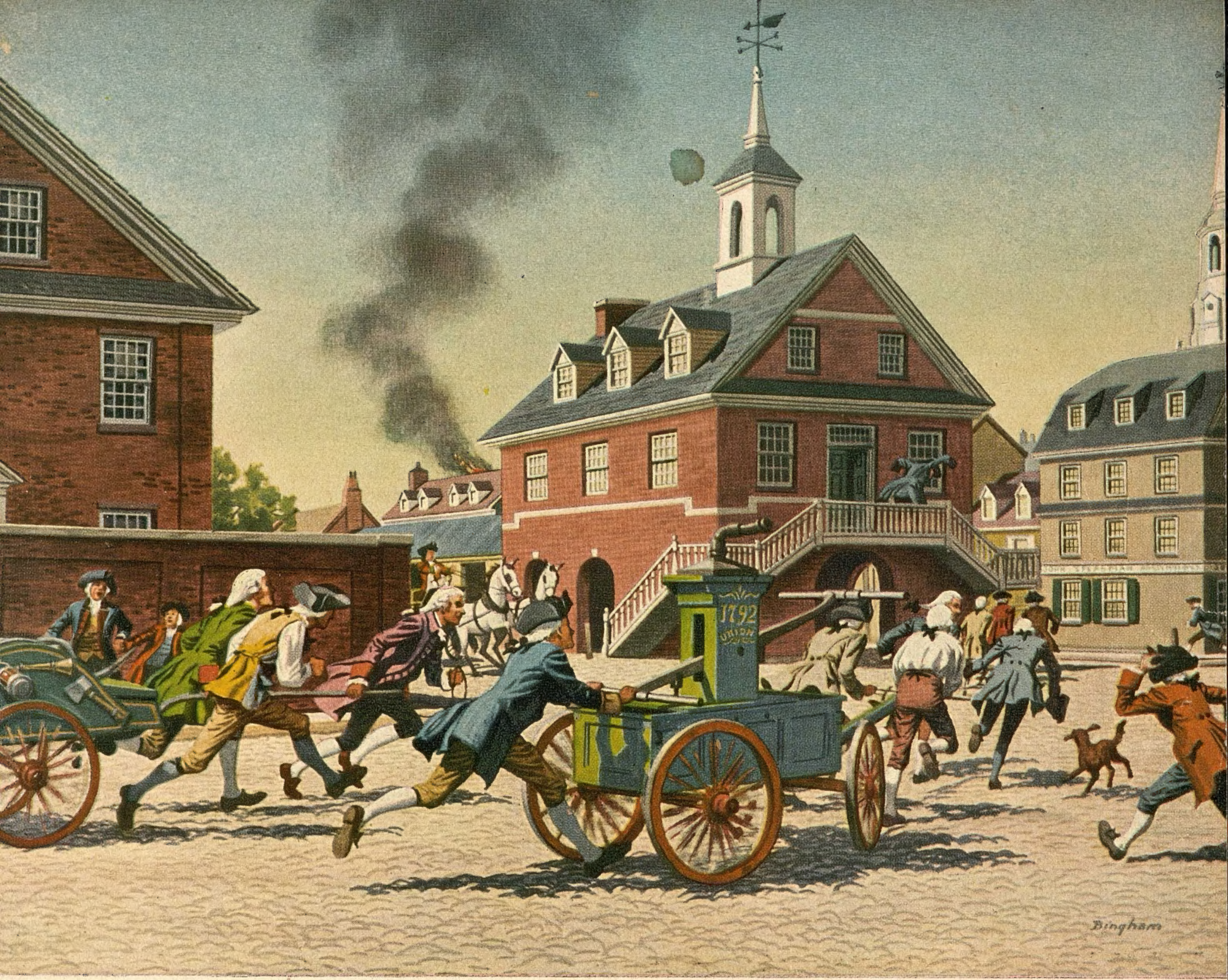
It is practically impossible to get rich in this country any more, and until the possibility of doing so is restored, something is missing from American life. This is not meant to be a weep for our poor starving millionaires. We intend merely to point out that we and our country are apt to be a lot poorer twenty-five years hence unless we restore the possibility every American used to have to make himself rich.

During the coming years, how many individuals of great initiative and organizing ability will have to be content to string along in safe, secure jobs working for someone else or for the government simply because the rewards they can hope to reap by striking out themselves are too small in comparison with the headaches they must assume and the risks they have to run? How many businesses, large and small, will never be born in coming years simply because there is little incentive to start them? How much potential wealth for the country as a whole will thus not be created? How many jobs will never come into existence?

There is more to tax planning than merely figuring out how much money can be collected with the least pain. It is trite but true that this country was built because individuals planned, worked, and took risks in the hope of getting rich. Any system of taxation which eliminates the possibility of getting rich, while it may serve to spread the wealth, certainly will impede its creation.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL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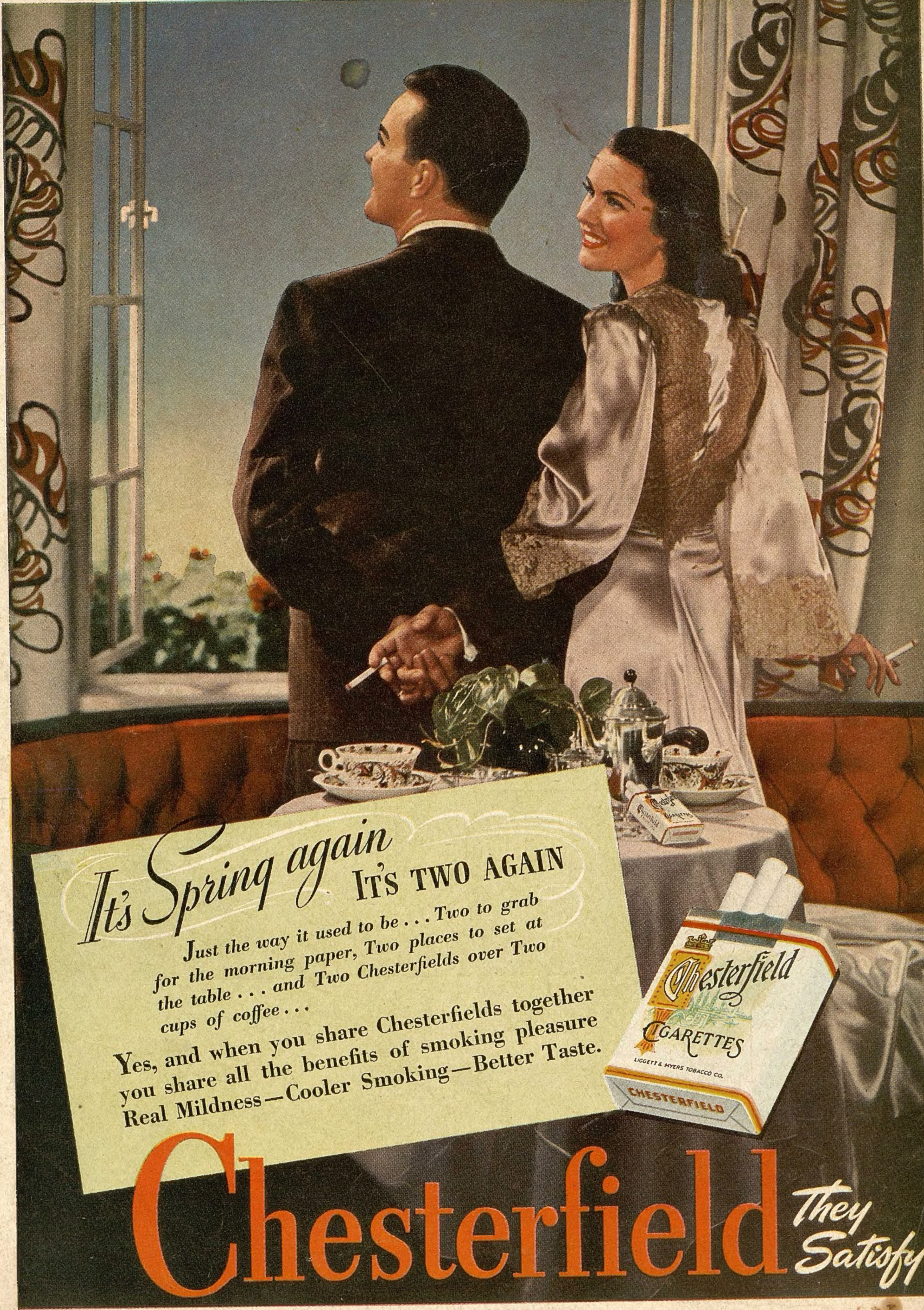
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